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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF MOLIÈRE.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

MOLIÈRE

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH

By HENRI VAN LAUN

B 904

WITH A PREFATORY MEMOIR, INTRODUCTORY NOTICES, APPENDICES AND NOTES.

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VOLUME FIRST

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATER

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1875

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TO

H. A. TAINE,

THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH AUTHOR AND LITERARY CRITIC,

THIS TRANSLATION

OF

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF MOLIÈRE

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE.

—o—

I THINK it will be generally admitted that Molière is the greatest comic poet France has produced, and that he is equal, if not superior, to any writer of character-comedies on the ancient or modern stage. His plays may be divided into six classes or groups:—*First*, the small dramatic poems or pastorals, such as *Psyché*, *les Amants magnifiques*, *la Princesse d'Élide*, *les Fâcheux*, *Mélicerte*, *la Pastorale comique*, and *Amphitryon*, which he wrote for court festivals, by order of Louis XIV.; *Second*, his farces, written to suit the taste of the less refined, such as *les Fourberies de Scapin*, *le Bourgeois-gentilhomme*, *la Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, *le Médecin malgré lui*, *George Dandin*, *le Sicilien*, *l'Amour Médecin*, *le Mariage forcé*, *Sganarelle*, and *les Précieuses Ridicules*,—and yet, notwithstanding their absurdity, attracting the higher classes by their witty descriptions of grotesque characters; *Third*, his comedies—*l'Étourdi*, *l'École des Maris*, *l'École des femmes*, *l'Avare*, *Don Garcie de Navarre*, *le Dépit amoureux*, and *le Malade imaginaire*,—in each of which the principal object seems to have been to bring into prominence one particular vice or folly, with all its necessary consequences; *Fourth*, those splendidly conceived plays, *Don Juan*, *les Femmes savantes*, *Tartuffe*, and *le Misanthrope*, which pourtray humanity in all its aspects; *Fifth*, those critical short pieces, *la Critique de l'École des femmes* and *l'Impromptu de Versailles*, in which, with

masterly acumen, he defends his own plays and attacks his adversaries; and *Sixth*, those early attempts of his comic muse, *le Médecin volant* and *la Jalousie du Barbouillé*, which gave ample promise of what he afterwards became.

It is always difficult to state when a playwright has taken from any other author, for the saying, "*Je prends mon bien partout où je le trouve*," has covered, and still covers, a multitude of literary sins. Moreover, Molière possessed a power of absorption and assimilation which enabled him so to vivify the materials he borrowed that they became new creations of incomparable value. In this sense, to take an idea or a mere thought from another author can hardly be called an imitation; and though Molière, in his first two or three plays, translated several scenes from Italian authors, he has scarcely ever done so in his latter pieces. To indicate which of his comedies I consider, or rather which are generally thought, the best, would be difficult, where everything is so eminent; for in all his plays characters will be found which demonstrate his thorough knowledge of nature and display his genius. To discover these little peculiarities in which the specific difference of character consists; to distinguish between what men do from custom or fashion, and what they perform through their own natural idiosyncracy; to select, unite, and draw these peculiarities to a dramatic point, demands real genius, and that of the highest order.

Generally Molière's satire is directed against hypocrites, against quacks, against the affectation of learning amongst ladies, and against snobbishness. If I were to enumerate, however, all the characters our author has created, I should arrive at the sum total of all human passions, all human feelings, all human vices, and at every type of the different classes of society. In *l'Avare* sordid avarice is represented by *Harpagon*, and want of order and lavish prodigality by his son *Cléante*; in *le Festin de Pierre* the type of shameless vice is

Don Juan, Donna Elvira displays resignation amidst love disgracefully betrayed, *Mathurine* primitive and uncultivated coquetry, and *Mons. Dimanche* the greed of a tradesman who wishes to make money. *Tartuffe,* in the comedy of that name, represents hypocrisy and downright wickedness. *M. Jourdain,* a tradesman who has made money and who imitates a nobleman, is, in *le Bourgeois-gentilhomme,* no bad specimen of self-sufficient vanity, folly, and ignorance; whilst *Dorante,* in the same play, is a well-copied example of the fashionable swindler of that period. In *le Misanthrope, Alceste* pourtrays great susceptibility of tenderness and honour, *Célimène,* wit without any feeling, and *Philinte,* quiet common sense, amiability, intelligence, instruction, knowledge of the world, and a spirit of refined criticism. This is also displayed by *Chrysalde* in *l'École des Femmes,* by *Béralde* in *le Malade imaginaire,* and by *Ariste* in *l'École des Maris;* whilst *Sganarelle* in the latter play is an example of foolish and coarse jealousy. *George Dandin,* in the comedy of that name, is a model of weakness of character and irresolution, *Angélique,* an impudent and heartless woman, and her father, *Monsieur de Sotenville,* the coarse, proud, country squire of that age. *Argan,* in *le Malade imaginaire,* represents egotism and pusillanimity; *Vadius* and *Trissotin,* in *les Femmes savantes,* pedantic foolishness and self-conceit; *Agnès,* in *l'École des Femmes,* cunning as well as ingenuity; and *Aglaure,* in *Psyché,* feminine jealousy. Finally, *Nicole, Dorine, Martine, Marotte, Toinette,* and *Lisette* personify the homely servant-girls, who, possessing plain, downright common-sense, point out the affectation and ridiculous pretensions of their companions and superiors; whilst *Claudine,* in *George Dandin, Nérine,* in *Mons. de Pourceaugnac,* and *Frosine,* in the *Avare,* represent the intriguant in petticoats,—a female *Mascarille.*

In how far it is true that many of Molière's characters were copied from persons well known at the time his plays were represented, there is now no certain means of judging; but I think it extremely unlikely that he should have brought on the stage and ridiculed persons of the highest rank, as it is said he has done; though it is very probable that a general likeness existed between the character produced and the person whom it was thought he imitated. In the Introductory Notice to each play of this translation, due attention will be paid to any such inuendoes, and to the degree of credence which they deserve.

The style of Molière is the style suitable for comedy, and therefore extremely difficult, if not impossible, to render into any other language. Perhaps of no writer are so many phrases quoted in French conversation; not seldom by people who have never read him, and who only, parrot-like, repeat what they have heard. Several of his expressions have become proverbial, or are used as wise saws to be uttered with solemn face and bated breath.

Another not less remarkable faculty of Molière is that the language his personages employ is precisely suited to them. It varies according to their age, character, rank, and profession, whilst the very sentence becomes long or short, stilted or tripping, pedantic or elastic, finical or natural, coarse or over-refined, according as an old or young man, a marquis or a citizen, a scholar or a dunce, has to speak. It can be said of Molière, more than of any other author we know, that he always employs the right word in the right place. Hence different commentators have tried to show that he was a kind of Admirable Crichton, and that he knew and understood everything. Mons. Castil-Blaze wrote a book to prove that Molière was a perfect musician; MM. Truinet and Paringault, barristers,

printed one to convince the world he was a most able and learned lawyer; Mons. M. Raynaud, that he must have studied medicine most thoroughly in order to be able to imitate so accurately the medical jargon of his time. And still a number of books might have been written to prove that he knew perfectly many more things. Even his peasants speak correctly the dialect of the province or county Molière gives them as the land of their birth; all his creations bear proofs of his genius in an incisiveness of expression and clearness of thought which no other writer has equalled.

Molière has written some of his comedies in prose, others in verse,—and in verse that has none of the stiffness of the ordinary French rhyme, but which becomes in his hands a delightful medium for sparkling sallies, bitter sarcasms, well sustained and sprightly conversations. He has also managed blank verse with wonderful precision,—a rare gift among French authors. The whole of *le Sicilien*, the love scenes of the *Avare*, the monologues of *Georges Dandin*, and certain scenes of *le Festin de Pierre*, are written in this metre.

Molière's plays have been translated into every language of Europe, and some of them even into the classical tongues; they have found admirers wherever intellectual beings are congregated; they have been carefully conned and studied by literary men of every age and clime; and Goethe himself read some of these comedies every year.

I have attempted to give a new translation of all Molière's plays. After mature consideration, the idea has been abandoned of reproducing, either in rhyme or blank verse, those which in the original are in poetry. The experiments which have been made to represent some of these in metre have not greatly charmed me; and as they were tried by men of talent, and as I do not pretend to possess greater gifts than my predecessors, I have come to

the conclusion that an imitation of Molière's style in any metre is next to an impossibility, but that a faithful and literal translation in prose, even if it cannot preserve the fire of the original, may still render the ideas, and represent to the English reader as clear a perception of Molière's characters as can be obtained in a foreign tongue.

I have however endeavoured not to be satisfied with a mere verbal version, but to preserve and convey the genuine spirit, as far as is consistent with the difference of the two languages. In the Introductory Notices a compact, critical judgment of the merits or demerits of each play is also given. But in order to place ourselves on a right standpoint for judging them, we must not forget that Molière wrote his plays to be represented on the stage, and not to be read in the study only; that therefore we must recall, on reading him, the change of voice, the step, the smile, the gesture, the twinkle of the eye or movement of the head in the actor. Thus we are never tired of perusing him; he never cloys; we can remember all his good sayings, quote them, study him again and again, and every time discover fresh beauties.

A remarkable characteristic of Molière is that he does not exaggerate; his fools are never over-witty, his buffoons too grotesque, his men of wit too anxious to display their smartness, and his fine gentlemen too fond of immodest and ribald talk. His satire is always kept within bounds, his repartees are never out of place, his plots are but seldom intricate, and the moral of his plays is not obtruded, but follows as a natural consequence of the whole. He rarely rises to those lofty realms of poetry where Shakespeare so often soars, for he wrote, not idealistic but character-comedies; which is, perhaps, the reason that some of his would-be admirers consider him rather commonplace. His claim to distinction is based only on strong common sense, good manners, sound morality, real

wit, true humour, a great, facile, and accurate command of language, and a photographic delineation of nature. It cannot be denied that there is little action in his plays, but there is a great deal of natural conversation; his personages show that he was a most attentive observer of men, even at court, where a certain varnish of over-refinement conceals nearly all individual features. He always makes vice appear in its most ridiculous aspect, in order to let his audience laugh at and despise it; his aim is to correct the follies of the age by exposing them to ridicule. Shakespeare, on the contrary, has no lack of incidents; he roves through camp, and court, and grove, through solitary forests and populous cities; he sketches in broad outlines rather than with minute strokes; he defines classes rather than individuals, and instead of pourtraying petty vanities and human foibles prefers to deal with deep and tumultuous passions, to such an extent that some of his comedies are highly dramatic. But both poets are great, and perhaps unsurpassed in their own way, and both have many similar passages. Whenever these occur I have taken notice of them. As specimens, let me refer to Mascarille's soliloquy in the *Blunderer* (iii. 1), and Launcelot Gobbo's speech in the *Merchant of Venice* (ii. 2); in the same play Mascarille refusing money, and Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale* (iv. 3) doing the same; the speech of Gros-René in *Sganarelle* (i. 7), and the scene between Sir Valentine and Speed (ii. 1) in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Monsieur Jourdain, in *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman* (*le Bourgeois-gentilhomme*), when putting on his hat at the entreaty of Dorante, says, "*J'aime mieux être civil qu' importun;*" Master Slender, upon entering the house before Mrs Page, says, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (i. 1), "I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome;" Sosia, in *Amphitryon* (i. 2), sings, in order to show that he is not afraid when Mercury appears;

Nick Bottom, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (iii. 1), says, "I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid." The description of the horse in *the Bores* (*les Fâcheux*) is also worthy of being compared with that spoken by the Dauphin in *Henry V.* (iii. 6), and with the "round-hoof'd, short-jointed" horse in *Venus and Adonis.*

Molière's plays have been already several times translated into English. I shall give a short history of each of these translations, observing however, beforehand, that though many faults may be found in them, I have no inclination to cavil at anything that my predecessors may have badly done or wholly omitted. And I here once and for all state that I have never scrupled to adopt any expression, turn of thought, or even page, of any or every translation of my predecessors, whenever I found I could not improve upon it.

The oldest of these English translations is by Mr John Ozell, appeared in six volumes, was published in London, and printed for Bernard Lintott, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the *Two Temple-Gates*, in *Fleet Street*, MDCCXIV. It is full of racy and sometimes even witty expressions. Unfortunately where Molière slightly hints at something indelicate, Ozell employs the broadest language possible. Moreover, he very often paraphrases or imitates, and on the whole translates rather too freely. This work is dedicated to the Earl of Dorset in the following words, which are rather a genealogical history of the Sackville family than an introduction to Molière:—

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LIONEL, EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

My Lord,—Having the honour to be personally known to your Lordship, and being a witness of that urbanity and generosity of temper which your lordship inherits from your ancestors, and for which they were ever particularly remarkable, I have presumed upon your lordship's patronage for the

following translation of *M. de Molière's* works. *England*, as well as *Italy*, can boast of more than one excellent comic writer, but *France* has none but *Molière* to keep her from envying her neighbours. His plays have not only been translated into *Italian*, but likewise into *High Dutch*. To the account of the author's life (which is the only one I have seen) must be added a circumstance too glorious for *Molière* to be forgot, *viz.*, that the *French* king, happening one day to be speaking of *Molière* and *Lully*, after their deaths, said, sighing, that the loss of those two men could never be repair'd.

But to return to your lordship. If instead of launching out into the praises of your lordship, I fill this epistle with encomiums of your noble ancestors, it is what I know will put your lordship to less pain, and will in time be perfectly fulfill'd by your lordship; *tandem fit surculus, arbor.* A person of your lordship's natural endowments and acquired parts, improved by travel, and an early acquaintance with the best men, cannot fail of making good all that *Mr Prior* has said of your excellent father, with this exception, that your lordship's character is perfectly free from those sallies and *little violences*, as *Mr Prior* calls them, which attended the beginning of his life.

'Tis with your ancestors, my lord, as with the family of the Fabii. This latter was one of the most illustrious of old *Rome*, and for several hundred years had supply'd her with her greatest men, both for the gown and sword, as is testified by all the Latin writers, some of whom fetch their original from *Hercules*. This noble family was, about the 277th year of *Rome*, reduced to one single infant, who afterwards was advanced to the chief employments of that republick, tho' extreamly young, and gave such proofs of his wisdom, that the senate had no cause to repent of raising him to the consulate. He was likewise the father of the greatest soldiers and statesmen which *Rome* ever knew. 'Tis of this infant *Livy* speaks: *Unum prope puberem aetate relictum stirpem genti Fabiae, dubiisque rebus Populi Romani saepe domi belli que vel maximum futurum auxilium.* The same might have been said some few years ago of your lordship, in whose single person the stream of the *Sackvilles* was limited, and in danger of being dry'd up. But that fear is now at an end, and may it never more return! How would it have fill'd with regret the breasts of all who revere the memory of what is praise-worthy, to see extinguished that family who came in with the Conqueror, as appears by an ancient manuscript or chronicle of *Britain*, where he is call'd a *Chieftain*, and is the seventh man ranked in a catalogue of names there. His family, *Frenchmen* born, had taken their surname from a town in Normandy, call'd *Sackville*, whereof they were then lords, and perhaps had been so from time immemorial. *This Gentleman* (says a careful searcher into antiquity)* *was the Father of three noble knights, and of a virtuous and beauteous lady, named* Avice, *who was marry'd to* Walter, *Lord of* Alfage *and* Huglevill. *The eldest son of these three was Sewer of* England, *by the gift of the Conqueror, but lived and died in* Normandy. What became of the second I don't find. *The younger son lived in* England, *and gave, together with his body, the manor of* Wickham *in* Suffolk, *to the Abbey of* St John

* This appears not only upon record in the Tower, and elsewhere, but is confirm'd by undoubted authorities remaining in the family at Knowle in Kent the fullest that any family in England can produce.

Baptist *in* Colchester, *leaving issue a son named* Sir Jordan de Sackville, *a very eminent man in the time of* King Richard the First, *as appears by a charter of the said king made to the monks of* Bordesley *in* Buckinghamshire. Sir Jordan de Sackville *obtained of* King John *a* Friday *market weekly, and a fair once a year in his town of* Sackville, *in* Normandy. Hollingshead *ranks* Jordan de Sackville *as a baron, calling him one of the assistants to the twenty-five peers of this realm, to see the liberties of Magna Charta confirm'd.* (By this it appears, they were early assertors of the publick liberty; nor have their successors in any time since degenerated from that character.) And a further proof that they were men of the first class is: *an entry in the Red Book of the Exchequer, in the* 12*th and* 13*th years of the said king's reign, in these words, Hubertus de Aneslie tenet* 2. *feod in Aneslie, et parva Hornmead, et dimid. feod. in Aneslie de Honore Richardi de* Sackvyle. (Being barons, they had vassals holding under them in their proper demesnes, which vassals, according to the form of government then established all over *Europe*, and which continued for eleven hundred years, were, in case of war to wait the motion of the lords, and not that of the king.) Again, Sir Jordan de Sackville, *knight, grandchild to the said* Jordan de Sackville, *was taken prisoner at the battle of* Evesham, *for siding with the barons* (those perpetual strugglers against tyranny) *in the forty-ninth year of* Henry the Third. *This gentleman's son and heir, named* Andrew Sackville, *being under age at the time of his father's death, and the king's ward, was likewise imprisoned in the Castle of* Dover, *An.* 3, Edw. 1, *and afterwards, by the special Command of the said king, did marry* Ermyntude, *an honourable lady, of the houshold to* Queen Eleanor, *whereby he not only gain'd the king's favour, but the greatest part of his inheritance again.*

To omit their being founders of several abbies and churches in this kingdom before the Reformation, I shall proceed to the time of Queen Elizabeth, to whom they had the honour to be related in blood. In her reign we find *that provident and wise man,* Sir Richard Sackville, *or as the people then call'd him* Fill-Sack, *by reason of his great wealth and vast patrimony, which he left to his son,* Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, *whereof he spent in his youth the best part, until the queen, by her frequent admonitions, diverted the torrent of his profusion. This last was,* says a good author, *a very fine gentleman of person and endowments, both of art and nature. His elocution is much commended, but the excellency of his pen more; for he was a scholar and a person of faculties, very facetious, and choice in phrase and style. He wrote excellent poems in* Latin *and* English. *He stood high in the queen's favour, and was wholly intent on her service, and such were his abilities, that she received assiduous proofs of his sufficiency, not only by two embassies, one to* France, *the other to the* Netherlands, *but likewise in the place of Lord High Treasurer* of England. Another historian says of this *Thomas,* who was made Lord *Buckhurst* and Knight of the Garter by Queen *Elizabeth,* and Earl of *Dorset* by King *James* the First, that *he had heard many chequermen say, there never was a better treasurer, both for the king's profit, and the good of his subjects.* Robert, *the second Earl of* Dorset, *founded an alms-house in* Sussex, *and endowed it with* 300£ *per an. in lands, in the reign of King* James I. The third Earl I think was *Richard,* who was succeeded by *Edward,* Earl of *Dorset,* Lord Chamberlain to King *Charles* the First's queen, and Knight

of the Garter. Of him Sir *Kenelm Digby* says, *He never forgot anything which deserved a room in his memory;* and of whom a nobleman of his own rank and order said very aptly and truly, *That when the* Earl of Dorset *spoke in any business, he impos'd oblivion on what was said before him, and silence on any one that should speak after him.* It shou'd have been mention'd, that one of their ancestors, by marrying a daughter and co-heir of *Ralph de Denne*, son of *Robert Pincerna*, who held the lordship of *Buckhurst*, with divers other manors and lands in *Sussex*, about the time of the *Norman* Conquest, they have ever since continued lords of the said manor of *Buckhurst*, with divers other manors and lands in *Sussex*, &c.

As to the character of your lordship's father, which is so wonderfully well drawn by *Mr Prior*, I have nothing to say but that I had the honour of knowing great part of it to be true, and likewise that your lordship resembles him no less in the qualities of his mind than in his aspect and dignity of person. Before I take my leave of your lordship, I ought to acquaint you, that the *Misanthrope* and *Malade Imaginaire*, two of the following plays, are translated by other persons, whose names I forbear to mention, since they have thought fit to conceal themselves.—I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN OZELL.

The second translation is called, "Select Comedies of M. de Molière, French and English, in eight volumes, with a frontispiece to each Comedy; to which is prefix'd a curious print of the author, with his life in *French* and *English*. Hic meret æra liber Sociis; hic et mare transit, et longum noto scriptori prorogat aevum. *Horat.* London, printed for John Watts, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, MDCCXXXII." This translation is less racy, but far more literal than the former. One of the translators, in the Preface to *The Self-deceived Husband* (see page 270), oddly enough dedicated to Miss Wolstenholme, dates from Enfield, Jan. 1st 1731-2, and signs himself "H. B.," probably Henry Baker; the other, in the Preface to *Tartuffe*, dedicated to Mr Wyndham, dates from the Academy in *Soho-Square, London, July* 25, 1732, and subscribes himself, "*Your most obliged and obedient humble servant*, Martin Clare;" who appears to fame unknown. Some of the pictures in this edition have been drawn by Hogarth, of which the one before *Sganarelle ou le Cocu imaginaire* is the

best. Of the thirty-one plays then known to have been written by Molière, only seventeen are translated; each of them is dedicated to a separate person, and the whole to the Queen, in the following words:—

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,—When MAJESTY vouchsafes to patronise the *wise* and the *learned*, and a QUEEN recommends KNOWLEDGE and VERTUE to her people, what blessings may we not promise ourselves in such happy circumstances? That this is the great intention and business of your MAJESTY'S Life, witness the reception, which the labours of a *Clark*, a *Newton*, a *Locke*, and a *Wollaston* have met with from your MAJESTY, and the immortal honours you have paid their names. Whatever therefore can any ways conduce to those glorious ends, need not question your royal approbation and favour; and upon this presumption MOLIERE casts himself at your MAJESTY'S feet for protection.

This merry philosopher, MADAM, hath taken as much pains to laugh ignorance and immorality out of the world, as the other great sages did to reason 'em out; and as the generality of mankind can stand an argument better than a jest, and bear to be told how good they ought to be, with less concern than to be shown how ridiculous they are, his success, we conceive, has not been much inferior.

Your MAJESTY need not be informed how much the manners and conduct of a people are dependent on their diversions; and you are therefore convinced how necessary it is (since diversions are necessary) to give 'em such as may serve to polish and reform 'em. With this view, MADAM, was the following translation undertaken. By a perusal of these scenes, every reader will plainly perceive that obscenities and immoralities are no ways necessary to make a diverting comedy; they'll learn to distinguish betwixt honest satire and scurrilous invective; betwixt decent repartee and tasteless ribaldry; in short, between vicious satisfactions and rational pleasures. And if these plays should come to be read by the generality of people (as your Majesty's approbation will unquestionably make 'em), they'll by degrees get a more just and refined taste in their diversions, be better acquainted, and grow more in love with the true excellencies of dramatick writings. By this means our poets will be encouraged to aim at those excellencies, and blush to find themselves so much outdone in manners and vertue by their neighbours. Nay, there's no reason can possibly be given, MADAM, why these very pieces should not most of 'em be brought upon the *English* stage. For, tho' our translation of 'em, as it now stands, may be thought too literal and close for that purpose, yet the dramatick writers might, with very little pains, so model and adapt them to our theatre and age, as to procure 'em all the success could be wished; and we may venture to affirm, that 'twould turn more to their own account, and the satisfaction of their audiences, than anything they are able to produce themselves. This, too, they ought to be the more earnest to attempt, as the most probable means of drawing down a larger share of royal influence on the stage,

which has been too justly forfeited by the licentious practice of modern play-wrights.

We might here, MADAM, take occasion to particularize our author's perfections and excellencies, but those your MAJESTY wants no information of. All we shall therefore observe to your MAJESTY is, that wherever learning, wit, and politeness flourish, MOLIERE has always had an extraordinary reputation; and his plays, which are translated into so many languages, and acted in so many nations, will gain him admiration as long as the stage shall endure. But what will contribute more than all to his glory and happiness, will be the patronage of a BRITISH PRINCESS, and the applause of a BRITISH audience.

We dare not think, MADAM, of offering anything in this address that might look like panegyrick, lest the world should condemn us for meddling with a task above our talents, and saying too little—Your MAJESTY, for presuming to say anything at all. There are many vertues and perfections, so very peculiar in your MAJESTY'S character, and so rarely found amongst the politicks of princes, that they require a masterly and deliberate hand to do 'em justice—Such a zeal for religion moderated by reason—such a benevolent study for composing all factions and dissensions—such a laudable ambition, which aims at power only in order to benefit mankind, and yet such a glorious contempt, even of empire it self, when inconsistent with those Principles whose Truth you were satisfy'd of. These are such elevated and shining vertues, as even the vicious themselves must have a secret veneration for—But as your MAJESTY'S great pleasure is privately to merit applause, not publickly to receive it; for fear we should interrupt you in that noble delight, we'll beg leave to subscribe Our Selves,—May it please your MAJESTY, your MAJESTY'S most obedient and most devoted humble servants,

THE TRANSLATORS.

The third translation is "The works of Molière, French and English, in ten volumes, a new edition, London, printed for John Watts, MDCCXXXIX." This translation appears to be precisely the same as the former one, a few words slightly altered; the motto from Horace on the title-page is the same; and the plays not found in the "Select Comedies" are here translated. The pictures are identical with those of the translation mentioned above, with the exception of those in front of the fourteen comedies added, which have engravings, and very good ones too, drawn by the celebrated Boucher. According to Lowndes, this translation was executed by Henry Baker and the Rev. Mr Miller. The work is dedicated to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the dedication of the former translation to the Queen

does duty here, somewhat abridged. The chief difference is, that whilst, in the former, the virtues of the Queen are all specified and catalogued in the paragraph beginning, "We dare not think," under the headings "zeal for religion," "benevolent study," "laudable ambition," and "glorious contempt," they are only mentioned in the present preface in a lump as "many vertues and perfections;" but, to make up for it, the Prince and Princess of Wales are praised for their "unparallel'd union of hearts and affections."

The dedication begins thus :—

TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE
PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

May it please your Royal Highnesses,—The refined taste your Royal Highnesses are both so celebrated for in the *Belles Lettres*, and the peculiar countenance you have shewn to theatrical performances, have embolden'd the editors and translators of the following work to lay it at your feet.

Moliere has been translated into most of the languages, and patronis'd by most of the Princes in *Europe:* But if we have been capable of doing him as much justice in our version, as we have been prudent enough to do him in the choice of patrons, he'll be more happy in speaking *English* than all the rest.

The rest of the dedication is taken from that to the queen, beginning from "Your Majesty (your Royal Highnesses) need not be informed" until "with the true excellencies of Dramatick Writings." The ending varies, and we give it here below :—

By this means our poets will be encourag'd to aim at those excellencies, and be assisted in producing entertainments more agreeable to nature, good sense, and your Royal Highnesses taste.

We dare not think of offering anything in this address that might look like panegyrick ; there are many virtues and perfections so singular in your Royal Highnesses characters, that they require a masterly and deliberate hand to do 'em justice. Give us leave, SIR and MADAM, only to hint at one, which is that unparallel'd union of hearts and affections so rarely found in the palaces of princes, and which shines so conspicuously in your Royal Highnesses that we durst not presume so much as to separate your very names, or make our address to either singly.

That your Royal Highnesses may long enjoy that mutual bliss is the universal prayer of mankind, and of none more than of your Royal Highnesses most obedient and most devoted humble servants,

THE TRANSLATORS.

Another similar edition of our author was published by the same firm in MDCCXLVIII.

Two editions of this same translation of Molière's works were also published by D. Browne and A. Millar in MDCCXLVIII. and in MDCCLV.

The next Molière, an elegant Scottish reprint of the English part of the above edition in ten volumes, was published in Glasgow in five volumes, "printed by Robert Urie, and sold by John Gilmour, Bookseller in the Salt-mercat, MDCCLI."

An edition of our author, according to Lowndes, was also published in Berwick-on-Tweed, 1770, 6 vols., but I have not been able to get hold of a copy of this translation. In the *British Museum* there is however a translation of five plays of Molière, published in one volume, and printed at Berwick for R. Taylor, 1771.

Seven comedies of Molière, most spiritedly translated, form the fourth and fifth volumes of "the Comic Theatre, being a free translation of all the best French Comedies by Samuel Foote, Esq., and others, London: printed by Dryden Leach, for J. Coote, in Paternoster Row; G. Kearsly, in Ludgate Street; and S. Crowder and Co., in Paternoster Row. MDCCLXII." The proprietors state, however, to the public, "One Comedy in each volume of this work will be translated by Mr Foote, his other avocations not permitting him to undertake more; and the rest by two other gentlemen, who, it is presumed, will acquit themselves in such a manner as to merit the approbation of the public."

It appears that of the above "Comic Theatre" an edition

was prepared for Ireland. At least I have seen a volume with a separate printed title-page; printed for J. Coote, and sold by R. Bell, in Stephen Street, Dublin. MDCCLXV.

Of single translated comedies of Molière no notice has been taken, in order not to increase these already too long bibliographical remarks.

Generally the proper names used by Molière have not been Italianized or rendered into an English form in this translation, for wherever the scene of his play is laid, his characters, manners, and customs are always thoroughly French, and should therefore as much as possible remain so.

In the Appendix to each comedy the particular passages are also given which English dramatic authors have borrowed, and then adapted or imitated from Molière. Dryden, Vanbrugh, Flecknoe, Fielding, Bickerstaffe, Murphy, Miller, Ravenscroft, Shadwell, Mrs Centlivre, Mrs Aphra Behn, Crowne, Lacy, Wycherley, Colman, Garrick, Swiney, Sheridan, Otway, Foote, Cibber, and several other less known dramatic authors, are among the borrowers; and though not rarely showing great talent in their adaptation, yet, as a general rule, they have always been careful to leave nothing to the imagination, and to emphasise the slightest *mot* of our author in the broadest language possible. Too often they have verified the saying of one of the admirers of our poet, "*Là où Molière glisse, ses traducteurs appuyent et s'enfoncent.*"

Several farces which have never been printed have been attributed to Molière. Two of these, *le Médecin volant* and *la Jalousie du Barbouillé*, have of late been added to the complete edition of his works. They give indications of what our author promised to become, and will be found in the last volume of this edition, for the first time rendered into English.

The illustrations which adorn these volumes have been

drawn and etched specially for this edition by Mons. Ad. Lalauze, of Paris. Any commendation of mine seems superfluous. They speak for themselves.

An engraving by Nolin, done in 1685, from an excellent portrait of Molière, painted by Mignard, is at the present moment (1875) in the print-room of the *British Museum*, and in the *Musée des Estampes* of the National Library of Paris. It has been etched for this edition by Mons. Ad. Lalauze. It does not shadow forth the fancy-image of our author as generally given, but represents to my mind a faithful portrait of the man as he was during the latter part of his life.* The whole of the countenance is literally beaming with intellect, whilst a melancholy gloom spreads over it at the same time. The eyes are piercing, and seem to take in everything; the wide nostrils and firm-set yet sarcastic mouth, as well as the whole of the lower part of the face, denote determination. In England, in the Dulwich Gallery, there is a portrait of Molière in his youth; in the Crystal Palace, a copy of the bust of Houdon to be found in the foyer of the *Comédie Française;* and a certain Lord Sunderland, whose name does not appear in the peerage, is said in the *Iconographie* to have bought an oil-portrait of Molière, which had been for a considerable time in the family of Mons. A. Lenoir.

Nearly all known editions of Molière have been consulted by me whilst engaged upon this translation; but in any cases of doubt I always referred to the literal reprints of the original editions published in 1666 and 1682, and only lately republished in eight volumes by Mons. A. Lemerre, of Paris;

* See about the authenticity of this portrait, *Iconographie Molièresque, contenant la liste générale des portraits de Molière, &c.*, by the bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), Nice, 1872, Preface, pp. x, xiv, xvi.

as distinguished for their accuracy and good and pithy notes as for their typographical excellence.

In the *Prefatory Memoir* I have admitted no hypothetical or fanciful assertions, but have only stated what is really known of him.

My best thanks are due to Mons. Eugène Despois, the learned editor of the new edition of Molière, now in course of publication by Messrs. Hachette, for valuable advice and elucidations kindly given.

I have likewise to express my great obligations to Mons. Guillard, the archiviste of the *Comédie Française,* for willing and kind assistance rendered with regard to the correct costumes of the times of Louis XIV.

Last, but not least, I have to thank the superintendents and employés of the reading-room in the British Museum, for many kind suggestions, which have often shortened my labours, and for their untiring willingness to aid me, whenever required.

H. VAN LAUN.

PREFATORY MEMOIR.

JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, afterwards Molière, was born at Paris, January 15th, 1622. His father, Jean Poquelin, was a well-to-do upholsterer in the Rue St Honoré, who in 1631 attained to the height of his ambition in becoming one of the "tapissiers ordinaires," and later one of the "valets de chambre tapissiers" to the king. It was a post which Jean Poquelin's brother had held before; and he coveted nothing better for his son than that he should pursue the path thus clearly mapped out for him. But the boy did not take kindly to the upholsterer's shop; and his maternal grandfather, Louis de Cressé, is said to have secretly encouraged him in his rebellion. His mother died when he was ten years old, and the father lost no time in providing the house with a new mistress. Tradition states that it was partly due to the ungenial influence of the stepmother that Louis de Cressé took every opportunity of carrying off his grandson to the hôtel de Bourgogne, where the king's tragedians gave their bombastic interpretation of the classical drama. Here, the future comedian was inoculated with a passion for the histrionic art, and when Molière, later in life, became an actor, his father shuddered at the notion of so vast a descent from the level of respectability and prosperity to which the family had risen.

The young Poquelin was brought up at the College de Clermont, at that time (1637) the best and most popular school in Paris. Amongst its four hundred scholars were many members of the first families in France; and during this attendance on its classes, tradition mentions that he was the schoolfellow of the Prince de Conti, the poet Hesnaut, the rollicking Chapelle, Bernier the traveller, and the astronomer Gassendi. Poquelin distinguished himself at the College, both in classics and in philosophy; and afterwards, following the usual course of a com-

plete education, he proceeded to Orleans to attend a series of lectures on civil law.[1]

The period of Molière's life was the period of France's greatest glory. Louis XIII. died in 1643, and gave place to Louis le Grand —then only five years old, but destined to be a patron of literature, science, and art; and in particular, the unvarying, though selfish protector of Molière. Corneille had written some of his most famous tragedies before Molière came of age, La Fontaine wrote his charming allegories, Pascal and Bossuet added the sparkle of literature to the dignity of religion, Descartes and Gassendi advanced the limits of scientific knowledge, Madame de Sévigné combined the masculine strength of her intellect with feminine grace, whilst Racine in his tragedies, and Boileau in his satires, aimed at raising and sustaining the literary taste of the age of Louis XIV. Port Royal, within three leagues of Versailles, made its conscientious effort after moral and ethical reform; whilst in Paris itself, the hôtel de Rambouillet—the domain of three generations of magnificent women—gathered to its alcove the wits, fops, and littérateurs of the Metropolis, until Molière, in 1659, gave a death-blow to the *Précieuses*. The court of Louis the Grand was by far more splendid than the court of Louis Treize. The new and gorgeous palace at Versailles welcomed all who offered a fresh entertainment to the self-indulgent monarch and his crowd of pleasure-seeking courtiers. Amongst such entertainments none was more acceptable to the cultivated taste of the Parisians than the drama. Even in the time of Louis XIII. the earlier plays of Corneille obtained the first recognition of their merit, but before Molière came French comedy was meagre in the extreme. The court and the people were addicted to the rounded periods and sonorous enunciation of the hôtel de Bourgogne; and Torelli's Italian farces at the Petit Bourbon were never sufficiently popular

[1] Grimarest (*La Vie de M. de Molière*, 1705, p. 14), says, "*quand Molière eut achevé ses études, il fut obligé à cause du grand âge de son père, d'exercer sa charge pendant quelque temps, et même il fit le voyage de Narbonne à la suite de Louis XIII.*" This journey was in 1642, at which time Beffara (*Dissertation sur J. B. Poquelin-Molière*, 1821, p. 25), has conclusively proved that the elder Poquelin was no more than forty-seven years old. It is also said that Jean Baptiste Poquelin studied at Orleans in 1642. Others of his biographers mention that Molière performed temporarily the duties of valet-tapissier to Louis XIII. The circumstance appears hardly probable; but our knowledge is not sufficiently definite to warrant us in describing it as absolutely impossible.

to excite in the tragedians the envy and alarm afterwards aroused by Molière.

In the latter part of the year 1643 a number of young men and women, members of certain well-to-do families of Parisian bourgeois, established in Paris a dramatic company, to which they gave the high-sounding name of *L'Illustre Théâtre.*[2] One Madeleine Béjart,[3] the daughter of a procureur, was the life and soul of the undertaking. At the time when she commenced her rôle of impressario and manageress she was twenty-seven years old, and had been the mistress of Esprit de Raymond de Moirmoiron, Marquess of Modène, gentilhomme ordinaire de Monsieur (Gaston duke of Orléans), brother of Louis XIII. With her were her brother, Joseph,[4] and a sister Geneviève, scarcely twenty years old; Clérin, Pinel, Bonenfant, Madeleine Malingre, Catherine des Urlis, and Catherine Bourgeois, Denis or Charles Beys, and Desfontaines, two writers of comedies, and Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who, on adopting the career of an actor, no doubt in deference to the scruples of his family, assumed the surname of Molière. He never explained the reason for this assumption in particular; but the name of a popular dancer and musician, attached to the private chapel of the king, Louis de Mollier, was often written Molière; a novel-writer, who at that time enjoyed a certain reputation, was also called François de Molière, whilst the name itself was not uncommon.

Molière was on terms of intimate friendship with Madeleine Béjart, and it is natural that he should at once have obtained a supreme influence over the company. After trying their fortune successively on three stages—one near the Tour de Nesle, another in the rue des Barrés, a third in the faubourg St Germain—and meeting with scant fortune, seven of them quitted Paris in 1646, and for nearly twelve years were engaged in a tour through the provinces. Before leaving Paris they had run considerably into debt, and that in spite of the fact that they were partially supported by Gaston, duke of Orléans. The widowed mother of the

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[2] The biographers of Molière are not agreed about the date of the opening of the *Illustre Théâtre.* Moland and several others say 1645; Soulié, in his *Recherches sur Molière*, 1863, proves by official documents that it was either December 31st 1643, or at the very beginning of 1644.

[3] Béjart is sometimes written "Béjard." Soulié always spells it thus, though the members of that family generally wrote it with a *t.*

[4] Several commentators say he was called Jacques, Soulié says Joseph.

Béjarts, Marie Hervé, became surety for her children and for Molière; whilst the other associates gave bonds to their creditors for a considerable amount. For the non-payment of one obligation Molière was arrested and imprisoned; nor does this seem to have been the only debt which brought about the like result during the career of the *Illustre Théâtre* in Paris. Documents have been discovered which show that he was successively arrested at the suit of a number of tradesmen who had furnished or supplied the different theatres. Over and over again he was rescued by his friends; often at the cost of his entering into new engagements, bearing more or less exorbitant interest. Fourteen years later we find him discharging one of those debts, with interests, expenses, and "*loyaux coûts*" which had in the meantime accumulated.[5]

The plays with which the undaunted company commenced their histrionic career were of indifferent merit. Amongst them were the comedies of Scarron, and no doubt, of Denis Beys, such as *l'Hôpital des fous*, and of Desfontaines, such as *Eurymédon ou l'illustre Pirate*, and *l'illustre Comédien, ou le Martyre de Saint-Genest*. It would be difficult to fix the exact date at which Molière's earliest plays were produced, but it is probable that he began to write for his company as soon as he had enlisted in it. He seems, like Shakspeare, to have in part at least adapted the plays of others; but in the year 1653, if not earlier, he had produced *l'Étourdi* and in 1656 *le Dépit amoureux*.

In 1648 we hear of the Béjart-Molière company at Nantes, Limoges, and Bordeaux. From Bordeaux they went to Toulouse; and in 1650 they were at Narbonne; after which time they appear to have peregrinated to the south of France, until in 1653 we find them at Lyons, where *l'Étourdi*, Molière's earliest important venture in verse, is supposed to have been represented for the first time, and where Berthelot, generally known as Duparc and Gros-René, joined them. Here the tide of their fortune was caught at the flood. The whole town flocked to hear them; and during the next two or three years they made Lyons their head-quarters, from whence they visited the populous places in the south-east of France. Occasionally they were invited to the castles of the nobility, as for instance, in 1653, to the country-seat of the Prince de Conti, near Pézenas. *Le Dépit amoureux* was produced in 1656

[5] Eud. Soulié, *Recherches sur Molière*, 1863, p. 42.

at Béziers, during the meeting of the States of Languedoc in that town. It was at Grenoble, in the early spring of 1658, that Molière's friends—among them the painter Mignard—persuaded him once more to try his fortune in Paris. After a summer trip to Rouen, he returned to Paris in the autumn, when he was introduced to Cardinal Mazarin, and renewed his acquaintance with the Prince de Conti. Through the latter's friend, the bishop of Valence, he was brought under the notice of the king's brother, Philippe, then duke of Anjou, who was at that time but eighteen years of age, but who had already formed the design of supporting a dramatic company. The *Illustre Théâtre* acted before him, and pleased him; he invited Molière to repeat the experiment before the court. This was what the company most desired; the opportunity for which they had been conscientiously labouring through their twelve years' apprenticeship. They accepted the offer with gratitude.

The company was not precisely the same on its return to Paris as it had been in 1646. There were now four ladies, Madeleine Béjart, Geneviève Béjart, Duparc, and Debrie; the two brothers Béjart, Duparc, Debrie, Dufresne, and Croisac, making, with Molière himself, eleven persons. It may be concluded that their tour—or at all events the part of it which dated from Lyons—had been very successful; for we find that Joseph Béjart, who died early in 1659, left behind him a fortune of twenty-four thousand golden crowns. So at least we are told by the physician, Guy-Patin, in a letter dated May 27, 1659; and he adds, "Is it not enough to make one believe that Peru is no longer in America, but in Paris?"

It was on the 24th of October 1658—about the same time, in fact, as Sir William D'Avenant was establishing his theatre in London[6]—that Molière and his fellow-actors played before Louis le Grand in a theatre which had been raised in the "salle des Gardes" of the Louvre. The piece chosen was Corneille's *Nicomède*, and after that Molière's farce *le Docteur amoureux*. From that time forward the *Illustre Théâtre* was called the *Comédiens*

[6] The Dramatic Works of Sir William D'Avenant, with Prefatory Memoir and Notes, 5 vols. Edinburgh. "D'Avenant began his operatic performances May 21st, 1656. *The cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru* was played in 1658. Immediately after the restoration of the House of Stuart, 1660, patents were granted to Thomas Killegrew, Esq., and to Sir William D'Avenant, to form two separate companies of players."

de Monsieur; and the company was allowed the use of the Petit Bourbon on alternate days with Torelli's Italians. Molière paid Torelli 1500 livres a-year for the monopoly of four days in the week. On November 3d *l'Étourdi* was given, with Molière in the part of Mascarille; and *le Dépit amoureux* followed in December. The success of those pieces was so great that the prices of admission had to be raised; and at the close of the season each actor's share of the profits amounted to about 800 livres.

There were in Paris at this time at least six theatres; one at the hôtel de Bourgogne, one at the Marais, the companies of Monsieur, of which Molière was the manager, and of Mademoiselle,[7] a Spanish company, and Torelli's. The latter was broken up at the Easter of 1659, when Molière had the Petit Bourbon to himself. This theatre was 108 feet long, by 48 broad and high, the stage being raised six feet above the floor.

The taste of the age, before Molière's plays had cultivated an appreciation for high-class comedy, was centred in the tragedies of Corneille and his school, or in the grotesque farces of Scarron and Scudéry. Molière's own earliest efforts were in the latter vein, and his first encouragement arose from the discovery that his intermezzos were more successful on the stage than those of his juvenile models. Several of his best comedies were founded upon the less ambitious efforts which had laid the basis of his company's fame, such as *le Docteur amoureux, les trois Docteurs rivaux, le Maître d' école, Gorgibus dans le sac, le Fagoteur, le Docteur pédant, la Casaque, la Jalousie du Barbouillé,* and *le Médecin volant.* The fourth farce appears to be the foundation of a scene of *les Fourberies de Scapin,* the fifth as well as the last that of the *Médecin malgré lui,* and the eighth that of *George Dandin.*

At the commencement of the next season, November 18, 1659, appeared *les Précieuses ridicules.* This admirably conceived satire upon the imitations of the hôtel de Rambouillet was Molière's first grand hit in the Metropolis. Paris was entranced by the novelty and precision of the delineation, and flocked to see it. The *Précieux* and *Précieuses* themselves went down to the theatre of the Petit Bourbon, in order to criticise their critics. Madame de Rambouillet, the head of that famous coterie, Madame

[7] *Mademoiselle* was the title given to Madlle de Montpensier, the daughter of Gaston, duke of Orleans, uncle of Louis XIV. She was sometimes called *la grande Mademoiselle* to distinguish her from the daughter of Philip of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV. See also note 15, page xxx.

de Grignan, Chapelain and Ménage, Scudéry and Benserade, all were compelled to praise the author who ridiculed them. Chapelain sought out his old schoolfellow, and facilitated his good reception by the Parisians. Ménage, quitting the theatre on the first night, is reputed to have said to Chapelain, "Now, like Clovis, we must burn what we have adored, and adore what we have burnt." According to tradition, a spectator was so overcome by admiration that he called out in the middle of the piece, "*Courage Molière! Voilà la bonne comédie!*" The king, who disliked the Rambouillet coterie, but who was at this time at the foot of the Pyrénées, commanded that the play should be represented before him.

Molière's success was unequivocal, but the incisiveness of his satire had raised up many enemies, and the shrinking receipts of the other theatres added many more. Those who were in authority during the king's absence were induced to forbid *les Précieuses ridicules;* but the Parisians would not consent to lose the best comedy in the language. In fourteen days the prohibition was removed; and then, although the prices of nearly the whole house were raised by about one half, public curiosity would hardly be satisfied.[8]

As we have already mentioned, Joseph Béjart died in 1659, ere he had recognised to what a height of fame and fortune the company was destined to reach, but having already succeeded in amassing a competence. In 1660 another member of the company, Jodelet, died; and Duparc and his wife, who had for a time withdrawn, again placed themselves at Molière's disposal.

In the month of May 1660, was produced *Sganarelle ou le Cocu Imaginaire,* the poet again taking the leading part. It is recorded

[8] In general people have not a correct idea about the prices of admittance to the theatre in Molière's time. In the theatre of the Palais Royal, where all his pieces were played, with the exception of the first four, the prices for the *billets de théâtre* (tickets admitting on the stage) were five livres ten sous, representing about eighteen francs at the present time; those for the boxes four livres; those for the amphitheatre three livres; for the boxes on the second tier, one livre ten sous; for the upper boxes, one livre; and for the pit, fifteen sous. In representations *au double* or *à l'extraordinaire,* all the prices were raised except those of five livres ten sous. During ordinary representations, the salle du Petit-Bourbon could hold 1400 livres, that of the Palais Royal 2860 livres; the Comédie Française can at present (1875) hold 6000 francs; so that, considering the relative value of money, the latter place cannot make more, though it has room for 1650 persons.

that one Neufvillenaine, after a few representations of this one-act comedy, had learned it thoroughly by heart. He wrote it down, had it printed, and put it up for sale through the bookseller Ribou. Molière was advised to invoke the law in defence of his copyright, and he did so successfully. He did not, however, publish his play before 1663, and then it was found word for word the same with Neufvillenaine's copy.

In August 1660 Louis le Grand returned to Paris with his young wife, and the Louvre being committed to Claude Perrault for renovation and re-decoration, the theatre of the Petit Bourbon was doomed. Molière's company was transferred to the Palais Royal, the great hall being capable of holding four thousand spectators.[9] Whilst this building was preparing, the actors played several times at the houses and seats of the nobility, and even in the Louvre itself, where, on the 26th of October, the *Étourdi* and the *Précieuses* were performed before the king and Cardinal Mazarin, the latter being carried in on his sick-bed. On this occasion the company was presented with 3000 livres. The Palais Royal was ready by the 20th of January 1661, and opened with the *Dépit amoureux* and *Sganarelle*. In honour of the King's Spanish spouse the poet now wrote an inflated piece called *Don Garcie de Navarre*. It met with no success, and was dropped after five representations. A few of the scenes were afterwards adopted in the *Misanthrope*, *Amphitryon*, the *Fâcheux*, *Tartuffe*, and the *Femmes savantes*.

The office of "tapissier valet de chambre," which had been held by Molière's father was probably transferred by the latter to his younger son, Jean Poquelin, who exercised it during his elder brother's absence from Paris. Jean Poquelin the younger died in 1660, and Molière then assumed the office to himself. Apart from the emoluments attached to this position, the poet no doubt found it extremely useful in bringing him constantly into the presence of the king, and in providing him with abundant opportunities for making the necessary studies of the foibles of humanity. That he suffered somewhat in his dignity as a poet we may well imagine; but Molière's mind was sufficiently strong to bear the rebuffs of smaller men with equanimity. On one occasion a fel-

[9] Sauval in his *Histoire et Recherches des Antiquités de la ville de Paris*, 1724, 3 vols., iii., p. 47, says the theatre of the Palais Royal could contain 4000 persons, M. Taschereau states 1000; the first number appears to be the most probable, considering the money the room could hold. See also note 8, page xxv.

low-valet declined to assist the comedian in making the king's bed. Bellocq, a courtier known by some pretty verses, heard this remark, and walking towards them, said, "M. de Molière, permit me to have the honour of making his majesty's bed with you." But the king himself delighted to honour Molière; and the latter made his own position wherever he went. He was recognised not only as an admirable actor, but as an author of the first rank; from this time forward, although he wrote a few complimentary or farcical pieces which were not quite worthy of his genius, he continued to throw off, with great rapidity and yet with marvellous finish, the series of comedies on which his fame is securely built. Well might he say, "I need no longer study Plautus and Terence, and filch the fragments of Menander my models henceforth are the world, and the living."

In June 1661 Molière produced his *École des Maris*, and in August, at a grand entertainment given by Fouquet to the king and queen, to the former duke of Anjou, who had become duke of Orleans, and to the Princess Henrietta of England, a few days before he was replaced by Colbert, *les Fâcheux* made another good impression. It was during the representation of this play that Louis XIV. pointed out to Molière his future Master of the Hunt, the marquis de Soyecourt, as a character well worthy of his attention. In a few days the piece was richer by a part; though some critics maintained that Molière did not actually write the principal scene which sprang out of this suggestion of the king, but that he merely versified what had been supplied to him by another.

On the 20th February 1662 Molière married Armande-Grésinde-Claire-Elizabeth Béjart, the youngest sister of Madeleine Béjart, and at this time aged about twenty years.[10] Her dowry was ten thousand livres; her widow's portion four thousand. The marriage-contract, and other documents relating to this period of Molière's life, which were discovered by Beffara,[11] the most able of his earlier biographers, show clearly that Armande's mother, brother, and eldest sister were present at and consenting to the ceremony—so that Grimarest, and several of Molière's early biographers must have been mistaken in saying that Madeleine was

[10] Some of Molière's biographers state that Armande Béjart, at the time of her marriage, was not yet seventeen years old; Soulié gives the very marriage-contract, which proves that she was twenty or thereabout. This contract is dated January 23, 1662.

[11] *Dissertation sur J. B. Poquelin-Molière*, 1821, p. 7.

opposed to this union, and that it was kept secret for some time. Geneviève Béjart, however, the second daughter of Marie Hervé, does not seem to have been present at the marriage; and it is surmised by Soulié that whatever opposition existed may have come from her, and that Molière's connection with her may have dated back to the time at which he first resolved to follow the career of an actor. Geneviève married two years after her younger sister. The affection between Molière and Armande had been sincere from the beginning. Armande was brought up, if not born, in the company; and her wit and manners seem to have secured for her in after-life the tenderness which the poet displayed towards her when a child. Molière's enemies have coupled his name injuriously with those of Madeleine and Geneviève Béjart. There is hardly any evidence in support of such suggestions; but there is abundant proof of his love and respect for his wife. His happiness with her was not, however, as great as he had hoped to find it. Armande was fond of pleasure and admiration; Molière, amidst the avocations and anxieties of his position, could not always attend upon her with the devotion and ardour of a lover; and she sought and found adulation at the hands of others. On the stage, therefore, he acted Sganarelle to the life, and in his most melancholy moods could not hold himself free from the twinges of but too well founded jealousy.

In the latter part of 1662 the *École des Femmes* was performed. This play met with some opposition, and was answered by our author's *La Critique de l'École des Femmes*, which was brought out the 1st of June 1663. The comedians of the hôtel de Bourgogne had long envied and hated Molière, and they took now the opportunity of attacking him. Boursault wrote a piece entitled *le Portrait du Peintre ou la Contre-critique de l'École des Femmes.* Molière replied in *l'Impromptu de Versailles.* De Villiers and Montfleury took up the cudgels on the other side, and wrote *la Vengeance des Marquis* and *l'Impromptu de l'hôtel de Condé.* At the same time Montfleury's father was base enough to accuse Molière before the king of having married his own daughter; the insinuation being that Armande was the child of Madeleine Béjart. The court did not listen to this tale; and presently after the King and Henrietta, duchess of Orléans, stood sponsors for Molière's eldest son, who was born on the 19th January 1664.[12]

[12] Eud. Soulié, *Recherches sur Molière*, p. 59. "This child died in the same year."

Molière was satisfied with his triumph, and soon after stopped the sale of the *Impromptu de Versailles.*

Molière regarded himself henceforth as the court dramatist *par excellence*, and he was anxious to show by every means in his power the gratitude aroused in him by the king's favour. In January 1664 he wrote, for a court high festival, *le Mariage forcé*, a one-act piece with eight *entrées de ballet*,[13] and in which Sganarelle re-appears; who had figured in several previous plays. Louis himself danced in one of the sets. In May of the same year the Grand Monarque gave a grand festival in honour of Louise de la Vallière, lasting over a week, to which Molière contributed the *Princesse d'Élide*, a five-act piece, strung together in such haste that only the first act was in verse, and—a far more ambitious flight of the Muse, which had no doubt been for some time past in preparation—the first three acts of *Tartuffe*.

Tartuffe was a protest and satire against the ecclesiastical intolerance and religious hypocrisy which were amongst the characteristics of the day. A revival of orthodoxy had followed upon the restless period of the Ligue and the Fronde; and this reaction had brought in its train more of the outward show than of the reality of religion. Molière hated cant with an unfeigned hatred; and besides, he had a private quarrel of his own against the ecclesiastics, who had excommunicated himself and his brother actors. In *Tartuffe* he hit the priests and the hypocrites very hard, and multiplied the number of his enemies. The play seems to have been acted tentatively from the first, and then only before the king, or certain select audiences at Versailles, Villers-Cotterets, and Raincy. Paris did not see it at the Palais Royal for years after; but this partial publicity was sufficient to ensure for it the abhorrence of those who regarded themselves as the guardians of popular morality and orthodoxy. Their objection to *Tartuffe*, and to *le Festin de Pierre*, which was first acted in February 1665, and which treated hypocrisy in the like ungentle fashion, was

[13] The *ballets de cour*, according to M. Bazin's *Notes historiques sur la vie de Molière*, 1851, were composed of *entrées*, *vers*, and *récits*. The *entrées* were represented by persons who said nothing, but whose gestures, dancing, and dress sufficiently showed what the author intended to represent; this was, moreover, elucidated by the *vers*, which were not spoken on the stage, but only printed in the libretto. The *récits* were verses spoken, or couplets sung, generally by professional actors or actresses.

much akin to those raised against Paul by the copper-smiths of Ephesus. But it was successful; and both pieces were interdicted, after the last-named had been represented for fifteen days before crowded houses. Pierre Roulès, curé of St Barthélemy, and another clergyman, de Rochemont,[14] wrote treatises to counteract the evil effect of Molière's works; and the enemies of the latter produced a disreputable pasquinade in his name, wherein he was made to cast shameful reflections against the priests. He subsequently thought it worth his while to expose this trick in the fifth act of the *Misanthrope*. The king hardly dared to withstand the Church in the then existing condition of the public mind. Unwilling to remove the prohibition by his royal fiat, he paid Molière the compliment of permitting his troupe to be styled "Comédiens du Roi," which title they held from this time forward: and they were subsidised by a yearly pension of seven thousand livres.

An intermittent source of trouble and anxiety to Molière was found in the ingratitude of his company, who now and again forgot that he had made the fortunes of every one of them. When a play did not draw, or when the public found a momentary attraction elsewhere, they seem generally to have laid the blame upon their manager. Such was the case when "Scaramouch" (Torelli), the manager of the Italian farce-company, who had earned enough to buy an estate at Florence of about ten thousand livres per annum, being driven from his retirement by his wife and children, returned to Paris and resumed his career as an actor. The public had not lost their appreciation of the Italian harlequinades,—the receipts of Molière's theatre began to fall off, and his company—especially one of the Béjarts and Madlle.[15] Duparc—pretended that the cause of the failure originated with him.

Molière's path was by no means an easy one to tread; the fol-

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[14] In the re-impression of *Observations sur le Festin de Pierre par de Rochemont et Réponses aux Observations*, edited by the bibliophile Jacob, Genève, 1869, it is stated, p. 11, that though de Rochemont may have been an advocate, as many of Molière's biographers had said, he was a clergyman at the time he wrote his *Observations*.

[15] All ladies who were not of noble birth, or those of inferior nobility, were in Molière's time called *Mademoiselle*, the others *Madame*; nevertheless the expressions *une demoiselle, une femme demoiselle*, were often used for a noble-born married or unmarried lady. For the use of *Mademoiselle* as a special name see note 7, page xxiv.

lowing anecdote may serve as another illustration of the fact. The king's body guards, and other household troops, had formerly been allowed to see the play for nothing, and Molière, who was doubtless more troubled by the abuse of "paper" than are the managers of to-day, was urged by his company to obtain the removal of this privilege from the king. His request was granted; but the change gave great umbrage to the soldiers. They came down to the house in a body, killed the door-keeper, and uttered loud threats against the actors. On the next day the king had them drawn up on parade, and sent for Molière to harangue them. This he did with so much tact and good humour, and he gave them such excellent reasons why they should pay for their seats like gentlemen, and leave the free admissions for such as could not afford a trifle, that they made no further difficulty in the matter.

Like many comic actors, Molière was often melancholy, morose, and timid off the stage; and the lack of sympathy from the young wife whom he loved so much tended to aggravate those symptoms. He was, moreover, afflicted by a spasmodic cough and pulmonary attacks, very possibly due to frequent exposures during his provincial tours, and compelled to live a most abstemious life. He had taken a house at Auteuil, where he passed all the time that could be spared from his arduous duties; hither his friends were wont to come and visit him, trying, with but little success, to rouse him from his characteristic melancholy. A very touching story is related of one of these visits, which we may quote as an instance of the genuine friendship which existed between the poet and his friends, and of the essentially dramatic constitution of Molière's mind.

Chapelle, La Fontaine, Lulli, director of the Royal Academy of Music, Boileau, Mignard the artist, and Corneille, came one evening to Auteuil to make merry with their friend. Molière was obliged to excuse himself on the ground of ill-health, but he requested Chapelle to do the honours of his house. The guests sat down, and presently, warmed with wine, they fell to talking of religion, futurity, the vanity of human life, and such other lofty and inexhaustible topics as are wont to occupy the vinous moments of intellectual men. Chapelle led the conversation, and indulged in a long tirade against the folly of most things counted wise; at length one of them suggested the idea of suicide, and proposed that they should all go and drown themselves in the river. This

splendid notion was received with acclamation; the tipsy philosophers hurried down to the bank, and seized upon a boat in order to get into the middle of the stream. Meanwhile Baron, Molière's favourite pupil,[16] who lived in the house with him, and who had been present at the debauch, aroused his master, and sent off the servants in quest of the would-be suicides. The latter were already in the water when assistance arrived, and they were pulled out; but, resenting such an impertinence, they drew their swords on their deliverers, and pursued them to Molière's house. The poet displayed complete presence of mind, and pretended to approve of the plan which had been formed; but he professed to be much annoyed that they should have thought of drowning themselves without him. They admitted their error, and invited him to come back with them and finish the business. "Nay," said Molière, "that would be very clumsy. So glorious a deed should not be done at night, and in darkness. Early to-morrow, when we have all slept well, we will go, fasting and in public, and throw ourselves in." To this all assented, and Chapelle proposed that in the meantime they should finish the wine that had been left. It need not be added that the next day found them in a different mood.[17]

In September 1665, *l'Amour Médecin* was written, studied, and rehearsed within a period of five days, and acted first at Versailles, afterwards in Paris. In December the Palais Royal had to be closed on account of Molière's serious illness. It was the beginning of the end, but he fought against his weakness valiantly. The death of Anne of Austria delayed the re-opening of the theatre until June 1666, in which month Molière produced his *Misanthrope*, a play which has been ranked as high in comedy as *Athalie* is ranked in French tragedy. The circumstances under which it was written were such as might almost warrant us in calling it a tragedy itself; for the great satirist, who had spent his life in copying the eccentricities of others, had now employed the season of his illness and convalescence to commit to paper a drama in which he was himself the principal actor. The misanthrope, Alceste, loves the coquette Célimène almost against his will; and we can imagine the feelings with which Molière himself took the

[16] Subsequently the most finished actor in France.

[17] Boileau repeated this story to Racine, whose son has recorded it in his Memoirs. A sceptic might perhaps suspect that the attempted suicide was only a trick to get Molière to join in the revels.

rôle of Alceste to his wife's Célimène. The general sarcasm of the piece is very bitter; but Paris heard it eagerly for close upon a month. It was succeeded by the *Médecin malgré lui;* and at the beginning of the next year followed the charming operetta of *le Sicilien ou l' Amour peintre.* Shortly after the appearance of this piece the author was again confined to his bed for upwards of two months.

Philip IV. of Spain died in September 1665, and Louis XIV. claimed Brabant, Flanders, Hainault, and Limburg in the right of his wife. He went in the spring of 1667 with a corps d'armée to take possession of this territory, and with him went the Queen, Madame de Montespan, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and the whole court. During their absence Molière, relying on a previously implied permission of the King, once more produced *Tartuffe,* the name of which he had changed to *l' Imposteur.* It was immediately prohibited by the President de Lamoignon, and Molière sent off two of his company to ask for the King's sanction. The latter gave an evasive reply, undertaking to enquire into the matter on his return. Louis returned on the 7th of September, but his promise was not at once redeemed. In January 1668 *Amphitryon* appeared, and a little later, in the course of a festival given in honour of Condé's victories in Franche-Comté, *George Dandin.* In the autumn of this year *l' Avare* was first acted, but it was coldly received by the public. It was not until February 1669 that *Tartuffe* finally made its appearance before a Parisian audience, with the full permission and protection of the king. The objections raised against it were as strong as ever, but Louis was less anxious than formerly to please the ecclesiastics. The play had an immense success, and appears to have run for several months. In the same month (February) died Molière's father, and in the papers he left behind him there is a bitter allusion to "Monsieur Molière." In October of the same year Molière played the title-rôle in his new farce *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac.* In reference to this bright play Diderot has remarked that it would be a mistake to suppose that there are many more men capable of writing *Pourceaugnac* than the *Misanthrope;* and the judgment of later critics has confirmed the observation.

As his infirmities increased upon him, and his short life drew to a close, Molière's pen was more fruitful than ever. In the year 1670 he produced in addition to a comedy-ballet, *les Amants magnifiques,* an excellent comedy, *le Bourgeois-Gentilhomme,* in

which he played the title-rôle. The same year died Marie Hervé, the mother of the Béjarts. Baron took this year also the place of Louis Béjart. In the following year (1671) were brought out *Psyché*, a tragédie-ballet, of which he only wrote a part, and two farces, *les Fourberies de Scapin* and *la Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*. In 1672 was played a satire-comedy in the highest mood of his trenchant mind, *les Femmes savantes*, a sort of sequel to *les Précieuses ridicules*, though with more general application.

In 1671 his friends succeeded in bringing about a better understanding between Molière and his wife, who for some time past had rarely met except on the stage. One cause of disagreement between them had been the absurd jealousy with which Armande regarded the affection of her husband for the young actor, Baron, whom on one occasion she drove from the house by her petulant reproaches. The reconciliation extended to this faithful pupil of the great comedian, and the last scenes of Molière's life were brightened by the affectionate devotion of the two people whom he loved best. The year 1672 was nevertheless a sad one; and as it were by an omen of his approaching end, more than one of the ties which bound him with his earlier career were broken. Madeleine Béjart, the companion of his life-long labours, died in February, leaving many legacies to religious foundations, but the bulk of her property to her favourite sister Armande, with reversion to Madeleine Esprit, Molière's only surviving child, whose second son had died a few days previously. Of the famous company which in 1646 had quitted Paris on its twelve years' provincial tour, only two now remained—the poet and Geneviève Béjart.

Bowed down by sorrow and pain, weakened by a racking cough which never left him a day's peace, he could not be persuaded to spare himself. Within a few months of his death he wrote his *Malade Imaginaire*, a happy conception, which must have done much to rob his bodily sufferings of their sting. On the 17th of February 1673, in spite of the dissuasion of his wife and Baron, he played the part of Argan, and acted the piece through, though he was very ill. In the evening of the same day, in his house in the Rue Richelieu, he burst a blood-vessel. Two nuns who had for some time past been living in the house stood by his bed, and to them he expressed his complete resignation to the will of God. They sent in succession for two priests to administer the last consolations of religion, but both refused to come. Before a third

could be found, Molière was dead. He was buried four days later, almost without the rites of religion, in a church-yard adjoining the Rue Montmartre.

The daughter of the actor Du Croisy, Madame Poisson, herself an actress, and one who had seen Molière, when she was very young, has left us an exact description of his personal appearance, which she wrote in the *Mercure de France* for May, 1740: "He was neither too stout nor too thin; his stature was rather tall than short; his carriage was noble; and he had a remarkable good leg. He walked measuredly; had a very serious air; a large nose, an ample mouth, with full lips; brown complexion, and eyebrows black and thick; while the varied motion he gave to these latter rendered his physiognomy extremely comic." [18]

[18] In that monument of accuracy and erudition, *Dictionaire critique de Biographie et d'Histoire*, by A. Jal, Paris, 1872, it is stated in the article "Poisson," p. 983, that this actress died at St.-Germain en Laye, the 12th of December, 1756, at the age of ninety. Moliére died in 1673; therefore, if she saw him even in 1672, she must have been six years old, a rather early age to receive impressions of personal appearance. Moland, in his life of Molière, states she was fifteen years old at our author's death, but Jal is always exact. I suppose Madame Poisson, who in 1740, was seventy-four years old, gave as her own personal impressions what she could only have known by hearsay.

L'ÉTOURDI, OU LES CONTRE-TEMPS.

COMÉDIE.

THE BLUNDERER; OR, THE COUNTERPLOTS.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN VERSE.)

1653. (?)

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Blunderer is generally believed to have been first acted at Lyons in 1653, whilst Molière and his troupe were in the provinces. In the month of November 1658 it was played for the first time in Paris, where it obtained a great and well-deserved success. It is chiefly based on an Italian comedy, written by Nicolo Barbieri, known as Beltrame, and called *L'Inavvertito*, from which the character of Mascarille, the servant, is taken, but differs in the ending, which is superior in the Italian play. An imitation of the classical boasting soldier, Captain Bellorofonte Martellione, and a great number of *concetti*, have also not been copied by Molière. The fourth scene of the fourth act of *l'Etourdi* contains some passages taken from the *Angelica*, a comedy by Fabritio de Fornaris, a Neapolitan, who calls himself on the title-page of his play "il Capitano Coccodrillo, comico confidente." A few remarks are borrowed from *la Emilia*, a comedy by Luigi Grotto, whilst here and there we find a reminiscence from Plautus, and one scene, possibly suggested by the sixteenth of the *Contes et Discours d'Eutrapel*, written by Noël du Fail, Lord of la Hérissaye. Some of the scenes remind us of passages in several Italian *Commedia del' arte* between *Arlecchino* and *Pantaleone*, the personifications of impudence and ingenuity, as opposed to meekness and stupidity; they rouse the hilarity of the spectators, who laugh at the ready invention of the knave, as well as at the gullability of the old man. Before this comedy appeared the French stage was chiefly filled with plays full of intrigue, but with scarcely any attempt to delineate character or manners. In this piece the plot is carried on, partly in imitation of the Spanish taste, by a servant, Mascarille, who is the first original personage Molière has created; he is not a mere imitation of the valets of the Italian or classical comedy; he has not the coarseness and base feelings of the servants of his contemporaries, but he is a lineal descendant of Villon, a free and easy fellow, not over-nice in the choice or execution of his plans, but inventing new ones after each failure, simply to keep in his hand; not too valiant, except perhaps when in his cups, rather jovial and chaffy, making fun of himself and everybody else besides, no respecter of persons or things, and doomed probably not to die in his bed. Molière must have encountered many such a man whilst the wars of the Fronde were raging, during his peregrinations in the provinces. Even at the present time, a Mascarille is no impossibility; for, "like master like man." There

are also in *The Blunderer* too many incidents, which take place successively, without necessarily arising one from another. Some of the characters are not distinctly brought out, the style has often been found fault with, by Voltaire and other competent judges,[1] but these defects are partly covered by a variety and vivacity which are only fully displayed when heard on the stage.

In the third volume of the "Select Comedies of M. de Molière, London, 1732," *The Blunderer* is dedicated to the Right Honourable Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, in the following words:—

"My Lord,—The translation of *L'Etourdi*, which, in company with the original, throws itself at your lordship's feet, is part of a design form'd by some gentlemen, of exhibiting to the public a *Select Collection of Molière's Plays*, in *French* and *English*. This author, my lord, was truly a genius, caress'd by the greatest men of his own time, and honour'd with the patronage of princes. When the translator, therefore, of this piece was to introduce him in an *English* dress, in justice he ow'd him an *English* patron, and was readily determin'd to your lordship, whom all the world allows to be a genius of the first rank. But he is too sensible of the beauties of his author, and the refined taste your lordship is universally known to have in polite literature, to plead anything but your candour and goodness, for your acceptance of this performance. He persuades himself that your lordship, who best knows how difficult it is to speak like *Molière*, even when we have his sentiments to inspire us, will be readiest to forgive the imperfections of this attempt. He is the rather encouraged, my lord, to hope for a candid reception from your ordship, on account of the usefulness of this design, which he flatters himself will have your approbation. 'Tis to spirit greater numbers of our countrymen to read this author, who wou'd otherwise not have attempted it, or, being foil'd in their attempts, wou'd throw him by in despair. And however generally the *French* language may be read, or spoke in England, there will be still very great numbers, even of those who are said to understand *French*, who, to master this comic writer, will want the help of a translation; and glad wou'd the publishers of this work be to guide the feebler steps of some such persons, not only till they should want no translation, but till some of them should be able to make a much better than the present. The great advantage of understanding *Molière* your Lordship best knows. What

[1] Victor Hugo appears to be of another opinion. M. Paul Stapfer, in his *les Artistes juges et parties* (2e Causerie, the Grammarian of Hauteville House, p. 55), states:—"the opinion of Victor Hugo about Molière is very peculiar. According to him, the best written of all the plays of our great comic author is his first work, *l'Etourdi*. It possesses a brilliancy and a freshness of style which still shine in *le Dépit amoureux* but which gradually fade, because Molière, yielding unfortunately to other inspirations than his own, enters more and more upon a new way."

is it, but almost to understand mankind? He has shown such a compass of knowledge in human nature, as scarce to leave it in the power of succeeding writers in comedy to be originals; whence it has, in fact, appear'd, that they who, since his time, have most excelled in the *Comic* way, have copied *Molière*, and therein were sure of copying nature. In this author, my lord, our youth will find the strongest sense, the purest moral, and the keenest satyr, accompany'd with the utmost politeness; so that our countrymen may take a *French* polish, without danger of commencing fops and apes, as they sometimes do by an affectation of the dress and manners of that people; for no man has better pourtray'd, or in a finer manner expos'd fopperies of all kinds, than this our author hath, in one or other of his pieces. And now, 'tis not doubted, my lord, but your lordship is under some apprehensions, and the reader under some expectation, that the translator should attempt your character, in right of a dedicator, as a refin'd wit, and consummate statesman. But, my lord, speaking the truth to a person of your lordship's accomplishments, wou'd have the appearance of flattery, especially to those who have not the honour of knowing you; and those who have, conceive greater ideas of you than the translator will pretend to express. Permit him, then, my lord, to crave your lordship's acceptance of this piece, which appears to you with a fair and correct copy of the original; but with a translation which can be of no manner of consequence to your lordship, only as it may be of consequence to those who *would* understand Molière if they *could*. Your lordship's countenance to recommend it to such will infinitely oblige, my lord, your lordship's most devoted, and most obedient, humble servant, THE TRANSLATOR."

To recommend to Lord Chesterfield an author on account of "the purest moral," or because "no man has . . . . in a finer manner expos'd fopperies of all kinds," appears to us now a bitter piece of satire; it may however, be doubted if it seemed so to his contemporaries.[2]

Dryden has imitated *The Blunderer* in *Sir Martin Mar-all; or, the Feigned Innocence*, first translated by William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards adapted for the stage by "glorious John." It must have been very successful, for it ran for no less than thirty-three nights, and was four times acted at court. It was performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields by the Duke of York's servants, probably at the desire of the Duke of Newcastle, as Dryden was engaged to write for

[2] Lord Chesterfield appeared not so black to those who lived in his own time as he does to us, for Bishop Warburton dedicated to him his *Necessity and Equity of an Established Religion and a Test-Law Demonstrated*, and says in his preface: "It is an uncommon happiness when an honest man can congratulate a patriot on his becoming minister," and expresses the hope, that "the temper of the times will suffer your Lordship to be instrumental in saving your country by a reformation of the general manners."

the King's Company. It seems to have been acted in 1667, and was published, without the author's name, in 1668. But it cannot be fairly called a translation, for Dryden has made several alterations, generally not for the better, and changed *double entendres* into single ones. The heroine in the English play, Mrs Millisent (Celia), marries the roguish servant, Warner (Mascarille), who takes all his master's blunders upon himself, is bribed by nearly everybody, pockets insults and money with the same equanimity, and, when married, is at last proved a gentleman, by the disgusting Lord Dartmouth, who "cannot refuse to own him for my (his) kinsman." With a fine stroke of irony Millisent's father becomes reconciled to his daughter having married a serving-man, as soon as he hears that the latter has an estate of eight hundred a-year. Sir Martin Mar-all is far more conceited and foolish than Lelio; Trufaldin becomes Mr Moody, a swashbuckler; a compound of Leander and Andrès, Sir John Swallow, a Kentish knight; whilst of the filthy characters of Lord Dartmouth, Lady Dupe, Mrs Christian, and Mrs Preparation, no counterparts are found in Molière's play. But the scene in which Warner plays the lute, whilst his master pretends to do so, and which is at last discovered by Sir Martin continuing to play after the servant has finished, is very clever.[3] Dryden is also said to have consulted *l'Amant indiscret* of Quinault, in order to furbish forth the Duke of Newcastle's labours. Sir Walter Scott states in his introduction: "in that part of the play, which occasions its second title of 'the feigned Innocence,' the reader will hardly find wit enough to counterbalance the want of delicacy." We have given in the Appendix the chief passages taken by Dryden from the French comedy. Murphy has likewise borrowed from *The Blunderer* some incidents of the second act of his *School for Guardians*, played for the first time in 1767. These will also be given in the Appendix.

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[3] According to Geneste, *Some Accounts of the English Stage*, 10 vols., 1832, vol. i., p. 76, Bishop Warburton, in his *Alliance of Church and State* (the same work is mentioned in Note 2), and Porson in his *Letters to Travis* allude to this scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[4]

LELIO, *son to* PANDOLPHUS.
LEANDER, *a young gentleman of good birth.*
ANSELMO, *an old man.*
PANDOLPHUS, *an old man.*
TRUFALDIN, *an old man.*
ANDRÈS, *a supposed gipsy.*
MASCARILLE,[5] *servant to* LELIO.
ERGASTE, *a servant.*
A MESSENGER.
Two Troops of Masqueraders.

CELIA, *slave to* TRUFALDIN.
HIPPOLYTA, *daughter to* ANSELMO.

Scene—MESSINA.

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[4] Molière, Racine, and Corneille always call the dramatis personæ *acteurs*, and not *personnages*.

[5] *Mascarille* is a name invented by Molière, and a diminutive of the Spanish *mascara*, a mask. Some commentators of Molière think that the author, who acted this part, may sometimes have played it in a mask, but this is now generally contradicted. He seems, however, to have performed it habitually, for after his death there was taken an inventory of all his dresses, and amongst these, according to M. Eudore Soulié, *Recherches sur Moliere*, 1863, p. 278, was : "a . . . dress for *l'Étourdi*, consisting in doublet, knee-breeches, and cloak of satin." Before his time the usual name of the intriguing man-servant was *Philipin*.

THE BLUNDERER: OR, THE COUNTER PLOTS.

(*L'ETOURDI, ou LES CONTRE-TEMPS.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.

LELIO, *alone.*

Lel. Very well! Leander, very well! we must quarrel then,—we shall see which of us two will gain the day; and which, in our mutual pursuit after this young miracle of beauty, will thwart the most his rival's addresses. Do whatever you can, defend yourself well, for depend upon it, on my side no pains shall be spared.

SCENE II.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Lel. Ah! Mascarille!

Masc. What's the matter?

Lel. A great deal is the matter. Everything crosses my love. Leander is enamoured of Celia. The Fates have willed it, that though I have changed the object of my passion, he still remains my rival.

Masc. Leander enamoured of Celia!

Lel. He adores her, I tell you.[6]

Masc. So much the worse.

Lel. Yes, so much the worse, and that's what annoys

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[6] In French, *tu, toi,* thee, thou, denote either social superiority or familiarity. The same phraseology was also employed in many English comedies of that time, but sounds so stiff at present, that the translator has everywhere used "you."

me. However, I should be wrong to despair, for since you aid me, I ought to take courage. I know that your mind can plan many intrigues, and never finds anything too difficult; that you should be called the prince of servants, and that throughout the whole world. . . .

Masc. A truce to these compliments; when people have need of us poor servants, we are darlings, and incomparable creatures; but at other times, at the least fit of anger, we are scoundrels, and ought to be soundly thrashed.

Lel. Nay, upon my word, you wrong me by this remark. But let us talk a little about the captive. Tell me, is there a heart so cruel, so unfeeling, as to be proof against such charming features? For my part, in her conversation as well as in her countenance, I see evidence of her noble birth. I believe that Heaven has concealed a lofty origin beneath such a lowly station.

Masc. You are very romantic with all your fancies. But what will Pandolphus do in this case? He is your father, at least he says so. You know very well that his bile is pretty often stirred up; that he can rage against you finely, when your behaviour offends him. He is now in treaty with Anselmo about your marriage with his daughter, Hippolyta; imagining that it is marriage alone that may-hap can steady you: now, should he discover that you reject his choice, and that you entertain a passion for a person nobody knows anything about; that the fatal power of this foolish love causes you to forget your duty and disobey him; Heaven knows what a storm will then burst forth, and what fine lectures you will be treated to.

Lel. A truce, I pray, to your rhetoric.

Masc. Rather a truce to your manner of loving, it is none of the best, and you ought to endeavour . . .

Lel. Don't you know, that nothing is gained by making me angry, that remonstrances are badly rewarded by me,

and that a servant who counsels me acts against his own interest?

Masc. (*Aside*) He is in a passion now. (*Aloud*) All that I said was but in jest, and to try you. Do I look so very much like a censor, and is Mascarille an enemy to pleasure? You know the contrary, and that it is only too certain people can tax me with nothing but being too good-natured. Laugh at the preachings of an old greybeard of a father; go on, I tell you, and mind them not. Upon my word, I am of opinion that these old, effete and grumpy libertines come to stupify us with their silly stories, and being virtuous, 'out of necessity, hope through sheer envy to deprive young people of all the pleasures of life! You know my talents; I am at your service.

Lel. Now, this is talking in a manner I like. Moreover, when I first declared my passion, it was not ill received by the lovely object who inspired it; but, just now, Leander has declared to me that he is preparing to deprive me of Celia; therefore let us make haste; ransack your brain for the speediest means to secure me possession of her; plan any tricks, stratagems, rogueries, inventions, to frustrate my rival's pretensions.

Masc. Let me think a little upon this matter. [*Aside*] What can I invent upon this urgent occasion?

Lel. Well, the stratagem?

Masc. What a hurry you are in! My brain must always move slowly. I have found what you want; you must . . . No, that's not it; but if you would go . . .

Lel. Whither?

Masc. No, that's a flimsy trick. I thought that . . .

Lel. What is it?

Masc. That will not do either. But could you not . .?

Lel. Could I not what?

Masc. No, you could not do anything. Speak to Anselmo.

Lel. And what can I say to him?

Masc. That is true; that would be falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. Something must be done however. Go to Trufaldin.

Lel. What to do?

Masc. I don't know.

Lel. Zounds! this is too much. You drive me mad with this idle talk.

Masc. Sir, if you could lay your hand on plenty of pistoles,[7] we should have no need now to think of and try to find out what means we must employ in compassing our wishes; we might, by purchasing this slave quickly, prevent your rival from forestalling and thwarting you. Trufaldin, who takes charge of her, is rather uneasy about these gipsies, who placed her with him. If he could get back his money, which they have made him wait for too long, I am quite sure he would be delighted to sell her; for he always lived like the veriest curmudgeon; he would allow himself to be whipped for the smallest coin of the realm. Money is the God he worships above everything, but the worst of it is that...

Lel. What is the worst of it? . . .

Masc. That your father is just as covetous an old hunk, who does not allow you to handle his ducats, as you would like; that there is no way by which we could now open ever so small a purse, in order to help you. But let us endeavour to speak to Celia for a moment, to know what she thinks about this affair; this is her window.

Lel. But Trufaldin watches her closely night and day. Take care.

Masc. Let us keep quiet in this corner. What luck! Here she is coming just in the nick of time.

[7] The pistole is a Spanish gold coin worth about sixteen shillings sterling; formerly the French pistole was worth in France ten *livres*—about ten francs—they were struck in Franche-Comté.

SCENE III.

CELIA, LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Lel. Ah! madam, what obligations do I owe to Heaven for allowing me to behold those celestial charms you are blest with! Whatever sufferings your eyes may have caused me, I cannot but take delight in gazing on them in this place.

Cel. My heart, which has good reason to be astonished at your speech, does not wish my eyes to injure any one; if they have offended you in anything, I can assure you I did not intend it..

Lel. Oh! no, their glances are too pleasing to do me an injury. I count it my chief glory to cherish the wounds they give me; and . . .

Masc. You are soaring rather too high; this style is by no means what we want now; let us make better use of our time; let us know of her quickly what . . .

Truf. [*Within*] Celia!

Masc. [*To Lelio*] Well, what do you think now?

Lel. O cruel mischance! What business has this wretched old man to interrupt us!

Masc. Go, withdraw, I'll find something to say to him.

SCENE IV.

TRUFALDIN, CELIA, MASCARILLE, *and* LELIO *in a corner.*

Truf. [*To Celia*] What are you doing out of doors? And what induces you to go out,—you, whom I have forbidden to speak to any one?

Cel. I was formerly acquainted with this respectable young man; you have no occasion to be suspicious of him.

Masc. Is this Signor Trufaldin?

Cel. Yes, it is himself.

Masc. Sir, I am wholly yours; it gives me extreme pleasure to have this opportunity of paying my most humble respects to a gentleman who is everywhere so highly spoken of.

Truf. Your most humble servant.

Masc. Perhaps I am troublesome, but I have been acquainted with this young woman elsewhere; and as I heard about the great skill she has in predicting the future, I wished to consult her about a certain affair.

Truf. What! Do you dabble in the black art?

Cel. No, sir, my skill lies entirely in the white.[8]

Masc. The case is this. The master whom I serve languishes for a fair lady who has captivated him. He would gladly disclose the passion which burns within him to the beauteous object whom he adores, but a dragon that guards this rare treasure, in spite of all his attempts, has hitherto prevented him. And what torments him still more and makes him miserable, is that he has just discovered a formidable rival; so that I have come to consult you to know whether his love is likely to meet with any success, being well assured that from your mouth I may learn truly the secret which concerns us.

Cel. Under what planet was your master born?

Masc. Under that planet which never alters his love.

Cel. Without asking you to name the object he sighs for, the science which I possess gives me sufficient information. This young woman is high spirited, and knows how to preserve a noble pride in the midst of adversity; she is not inclined to declare too freely the secret sentiments of her heart. But I know them as well as herself, and am going with a more composed mind to unfold them all to you, in a few words.

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[8] The white art (*magie blanche*) only dealt with beneficent spirits, and wished to do good to mankind; the black art (*magie noire*) invoked evil spirits.

Masc. O wonderful power of magic virtue!

Cel. If your master is really constant in his affections, and if virtue alone prompts him, let him be under no apprehension of sighing in vain: he has reason to hope, the fortress he wishes to take is not averse to capitulation, but rather inclined to surrender.

Masc. That's something, but then the fortress depends upon a governor whom it is hard to gain over.

Cel. There lies the difficulty.

Masc. [*Aside, looking at Lelio*] The deuce take this troublesome fellow, who is always watching us.

Cel. I am going to teach you what you ought to do.

Lel. [*Joining them*] Mr Trufaldin, give yourself no farther uneasiness; it was purely in obedience to my orders that this trusty servant came to visit you; I dispatched him to offer you my services, and to speak to you concerning this young lady, whose liberty I am willing to purchase before long, provided we two can agree about the terms.

Masc. [*Aside*] Plague take the ass!

Truf. Ho! ho! Which of the two am I to believe? This story contradicts the former very much.

Masc. Sir, this gentleman is a little bit wrong in the upper story: did you not know it?

Truf. I know what I know, and begin to smell a rat. Get you in [*to Celia*], and never take such a liberty again. As for you two, arrant rogues, or I am much mistaken, if you wish to deceive me again, let your stories be a little more in harmony.

SCENE V.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Masc. He is quite right. To speak plainly, I wish he had given us both a sound cudgelling. What was the good

of showing yourself, and, like a Blunderer, coming and giving the lie to all that I had been saying?

Lel. I thought I did right.

Masc. To be sure. But this action ought not to surprise me. You possess so many counterplots that your freaks no longer astonish anybody.

Lel. Good Heavens! How I am scolded for nothing! Is the harm so great that it cannot be remedied? However, if you cannot place Celia in my hands, you may at least contrive to frustrate all Leander's schemes, so that he cannot purchase this fair one before me. But lest my presence should be further mischievous, I leave you.

Masc. [*Alone*] Very well. To say the truth, money would be a sure and staunch agent in our cause; but as this mainspring is lacking, we must employ some other means.

SCENE VI.

ANSELMO, MASCARILLE.

Ans. Upon my word, this is a strange age we live in; I am ashamed of it; there was never such a fondness for money, and never so much difficulty in getting one's own. Notwithstanding all the care a person may take, debts now-a-days are like children, begot with pleasure, but brought forth with pain. It is pleasant for money to come into our purse; but when the time comes that we have to give it back, then the pangs of labour seize us. Enough of this, it is no trifle to receive at last two thousand francs which have been owing upwards of two years. What luck!

Masc. [*Aside*] Good Heavens! What fine game to shoot flying! Hist, let me see if I cannot wheedle him a little. I know with what speeches to soothe him. [*Joining him*] Anselmo I have just seen . . .

Ans. Who, prithee?

Masc. Your Nerina.

Ans. What does the cruel fair one say about me?

Masc. Say? that she is passionately fond of you.

Ans. Is she?

Masc. She loves you so that I very much pity her.

Ans. How happy you make me!

Masc. The poor thing is nearly dying with love. "Oh, my dearest Anselmo," she cries every minute, "when shall marriage unite our two hearts? When will you vouchsafe to extinguish my flames?"

Ans. But why has she hitherto concealed this from me? Girls, in troth, are great dissemblers! Mascarille, what do you say, really? Though in years, yet I look still well enough to please the eye.

Masc. Yes, truly, that face of yours is still very passable; if it is not of the handsomest in the world, it is very agreeable.[9]

Ans. So that . . . .

Masc. [*Endeavouring to take the purse*] So that she dotes on you; and regards you no longer. . . . .

Ans. What?

Masc. But as a husband: and fully intends . . . .

Ans. And fully intends . . . .?

Masc. And fully intends, whatever may happen, to steal your purse. . . . .

Ans. To steal . . . .?

Masc. [*Taking the purse, and letting it fall to the ground*] To steal a kiss from your mouth.[10]

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[9] The original has a play on words which cannot be translated, as, *ce visage est encore fort mettable . . . s'il n'est pas des plus beaux, il est des agréables;* which two last words, according to pronunciation, can also mean disagreeable. This has been often imitated in French. After the Legion of Honour was instituted in France in 1804, some of the wits of the time asked the Imperialists: *êtes-vous des honorés?*

[10] There is here again, in the original, a play on the words *bourse*, purse, and *bouche*, mouth, which cannot be rendered in English.

Ah! I understand you. Come hither! The next time you see her, be sure to say as many fine things of me as possible.

Masc. Let me alone.

Ans. Farewell.

Masc. May Heaven guide you!

Ans. [*Returning*] Hold! I really should have committed a strange piece of folly; and you might justly have accused me of neglect. I engage you to assist me in serving my passion. You bring good tidings, and I do not give you the smallest present to reward your zeal. Here, be sure to remember: . . . .

Masc. O, pray, don't.[11]

Ans. Permit me . . . .

Masc. I won't, indeed: I do not act thus for the sake of money.

Ans. I know you do not. But however . . . .

Masc. No, Anselmo, I will not. I am a man of honour; this offends me.

Ans. Farewell then, Mascarille.

Masc. [*Aside*] How long-winded he is!

Ans. [*Coming back*] I wish you to carry a present to the fair object of my desires. I will give you some money to buy her a ring, or any other trifle, as you may think will please her most.

Masc. No, there is no need of your money; without troubling yourself, I will make her a present; a fashionable ring has been left in my hands, which you may pay for afterwards, if it fits her.

Ans. Be it so; give it her in my name; but above all, manage matters in such a manner that she may still desire to make me her own.

[11] Compare in Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale* Autolycus' answer to Camillo (Act IV., Scene 3), who gives him money, "I am a poor fellow, sir, . . . I cannot with conscience take it."

SCENE VII.

LELIO, ANSELMO, MASCARILLE.

Lel. [*Taking up the purse*] Whose purse is this ?[12]

Ans. Oh Heavens ! I dropt it, and might have afterwards believed somebody had picked my pocket. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness, which saves me a great deal of vexation, and restores me my money. I shall go home this minute and get rid of it.

SCENE VIII.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Masc. Od's death ! You have been very obliging, very much so.

Lel. Upon my word ! if it had not been for me he would have lost his money.

Masc. Certainly, you do wonders, and show to-day a most exquisite judgment and supreme good fortune. We shall prosper greatly ; go on as you have begun.

Lel. What is the matter now ? What have I done ?

Masc. To speak plainly, as you wish me to do, and as I ought, you have acted like a fool. You know very well that your father leaves you without money ; that a formidable rival follows us closely ; yet for all this, when to oblige you I venture on a trick of which I take all the shame and danger upon myself. . . .

Lel. What ? was this . . . ?

Masc. Yes, ninny ; it was to release the captive that I was getting the money, whereof your officiousness took care to deprive us.

[12] During the whole of the preceding scene Mascarille has quietly kicked the purse away, so as to be out of sight of Anselmo, intending to pick it up when the latter has gone.

Lel. If that is the case, I am in the wrong. But who could have imagined it ?

Masc. It really required a great deal of discernment.

Lel. You should have made some signs to warn me of what was going on.

Masc. Yes, indeed ; I ought to have eyes in my back. By Jove,[13] be quiet, and let us hear no more of your nonsensical excuses. Another, after all this, would perhaps abandon everything ; but I have planned just now a masterstroke, which I will immediately put into execution, on condition that if . . .

Lel. No, I promise you henceforth not to interfere either in word or deed.

Masc. Go away, then, the very sight of you kindles my wrath.

Lel. Above all, don't delay, for fear that in this business . . .

Masc. Once more, I tell you, begone ! I will set about it. [*Exit Lelio*] Let us manage this well ; it will be a most exquisite piece of roguery, if it succeeds, as I think it must. We'll try. . . . But here comes the very man I want.

SCENE IX.

PANDOLPHUS, MASCARILLE.

Pand. Mascarille !

Masc. Sir ?

Pand. To tell you the truth, I am very dissatisfied with my son.

Masc. With my master ? You are not the only one who complains of him. His bad conduct, which has grown

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[13] The play is supposed to be in Sicily; hence pagan oaths are not out of place. Even at the present time Italians say, *per Jove ! per Bacco !*

unbearable in everything, puts me each moment out of patience.

Pand. I thought, however, you and he understood one another pretty well.

Masc. I? Believe it not, sir. I am always trying to put him in mind of his duty: we are perpetually at daggers drawn. Just now we had a quarrel again about his engagement with Hippolyta, which, I find, he is very averse to. By a most disgraceful refusal he violates all the respect due to a father.

Pand. A quarrel?

Masc. Yes, a quarrel, and a desperate one too.

Pand. I was very much deceived then, for I thought you supported him in all he did.

Masc. I? See what this world is come to! How is innocence always oppressed! If you knew but my integrity, you would give me the additional salary of a tutor, whereas I am only paid as his servant. Yes, you yourself could not say more to him than I do in order to make him behave better. "For goodness' sake, sir," I say to him very often, "cease to be driven hither and thither with every wind that blows,—reform; look what a worthy father Heaven has given you, what a reputation he has. Forbear to stab him thus to the heart, and live, as he does, as a man of honour."

Pand. That was well said; and what answer could he make to this?

Masc. Answer? Why only nonsense, with which he almost drives me mad. Not but that at the bottom of his heart he retains those principles of honour which he derives from you; but reason, at present, does not sway him. If I might be allowed to speak freely, you should soon see him submissive without much trouble.

Pand. Speak out.

Masc. It is a secret which would have serious consequences for me, should it be discovered; but I am quite sure I can confide it to your prudence.

Pand. You are right.

Masc. Know then that your wishes are sacrificed to the love your son has for a certain slave.

Pand. I have been told so before; but to hear it from your mouth pleases me.

Masc. I leave you to judge whether I am his secret confidant . . .

Pand. I am truly glad of it.

Masc. However, do you wish to bring him back to his duty, without any public scandal? You must . . . (I am in perpetual fear lest anybody should surprise us. Should he learn what I have told you, I should be a dead man.) You must, as I was saying, to break off this business, secretly purchase this slave, whom he so much idolizes, and send her into another country. Anselmo is very intimate with Trufaldin; let him go and buy her for you this very morning. Then, if you put her into my hands, I know some merchants, and promise you to sell her for the money she costs you, and to send her out of the way in spite of your son. For, if you would have him disposed for matrimony, we must divert this growing passion. Moreover, even if he were resolved to wear the yoke you design for him, yet this other girl might revive his foolish fancy, and prejudice him anew against matrimony.

Pand. Very well argued. I like this advice much. Here comes Anselmo; go, I will do my utmost quickly to obtain possession of this troublesome slave, when I will put her into your hands to finish the rest.

Masc. [*Alone*] Bravo, I will go and tell my master of this. Long live all knavery, and knaves also!

SCENE X.

HIPPOLYTA, MASCARILLE.

Hipp. Ay, traitor, is it thus that you serve me? I overheard all, and have myself been a witness of your treachery. Had I not, could I have suspected this? You are an arrant rogue, and you have deceived me. You promised me, you miscreant, and I expected, that you would assist me in my passion for Leander, that your skill and your management should find means to break off my match with Lelio; that you would free me from my father's project; and yet you are doing quite the contrary. But you will find yourself mistaken. I know a sure method of breaking off the purchase you have been urging Pandolphus to make, and I will go immediately. . . .

Masc. How impetuous you are! You fly into a passion in a moment; without inquiring whether you are right or wrong, you fall foul of me. I am in the wrong, and I ought to make your words true, without finishing what I began, since you abuse me so outrageously.

Hipp. By what illusion do you think to dazzle my eyes, traitor? Can you deny what I have just now heard?

Masc. No; but you must know that all this plotting was only contrived to serve you; that this cunning advice, which appeared so sincere, tends to make both old men fall into the snare; that all the pains I have taken for getting Celia into my hands, through their means, was to secure her for Lelio, and to arrange matters so that Anselmo, in the very height of passion, and finding himself disappointed of his son-in-law, might make choice of Leander.

Hipp. What! This admirable scheme, which has angered me so much, was all for my sake, Mascarille?

Masc. Yes, for your sake; but since I find my good offices meet with so bad a return,—since I have thus to

bear your caprices, and as a reward for my services, you come here with a haughty air, and call me knave, cur, and cheat, I shall presently go, correct the mistake I have committed, and undo what I had undertaken to perform.

Hipp. [*Holding him*] Nay, do not be so severe upon me, and forgive these outbursts of a sudden passion.

Masc. No, no; let me go. I have it yet in my power to set aside the scheme which offends you so much. Henceforth you shall have no occasion to complain of my zeal. Yes, you shall have my master, I promise you.

Hipp. My good Mascarille, be not in such a passion. I judged you ill; I was wrong; I confess I was. [*Pulls out her purse.*] But I intend to atone for my fault with this. Could you find it in your heart to abandon me thus?

Masc. No, I cannot, do what I will. But your impetuosity was very shocking. Let me tell you that nothing offends a noble mind so much as the smallest imputation upon its honour.

Hipp. It is true; I treated you to some very harsh language, but here are two louis to heal your wounds.

Masc. Oh! all this is nothing. I am very sensitive on this point; but my passion begins to cool a little already. We must bear with the failings of our friends.

Hipp. Can you, then, bring about what I so earnestly wish for? Do you believe your daring projects will be as favourable to my passion as you imagine?

Masc. Do not make yourself uneasy on that account. I have several irons in the fire, and though this stratagem should fail us, what this cannot do, another shall.

Hipp. Depend upon it, Hippolyta will at least not be ungrateful.

Masc. It is not the hope of gain that makes me act.

Hipp. Your master beckons and wishes to speak with you. I will leave you, but remember to do what you can for me.

SCENE XI.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Lel. What the deuce are you doing there? You promised to perform wonders, but I am sure your dilatory ways are unparalleled. Had not my good genius inspired me, my happiness had been already wholly overthrown. There was an end to my good fortune, my joy. I should have been a prey to eternal grief; in short, had I not gone to this place in the very nick of time, Anselmo would have got possession of the captive, and I should have been deprived of her. He was carrying her home, but I parried the thrust, warded off the blow, and so worked upon Trufaldin's fears as to make him keep the girl.

Masc. This is the third time! When we come to ten we will score. It was by my contrivance, incorrigible scatterbrains, that Anselmo undertook this desirable purchase; she should have been placed into my own hands, but your cursed officiousness knocks everything on the head again. Do you think I shall still labour to serve your love? I would sooner a hundred times become a fat old woman, a dolt, a cabbage, a lantern, a werwolf, and that Satan should twist your neck!

Lel. [*Alone.*] I must take him to some tavern and let him vent his passion on the bottles and glasses.

ACT II. SCENE I.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Masc. I have at length yielded to your desires. In spite of all my protestations I could hold out no longer; I am going to venture upon new dangers, to promote your interest, which I intended to abandon. So tender-hearted

am I! If dame nature had made a girl of Mascarille, I leave you to guess what would have happened. However, after this assurance, do not deal a back stroke to the project I am about to undertake; do not make a blunder and frustrate my expectations. Then, as to Anselmo, we shall anew present your excuses to him, in order to get what we desire. But should your imprudence burst forth again hereafter, then you may bid farewell to all the trouble I take for the object of your passion.

Lel. No, I shall be careful, I tell you; never fear; you shall see. . . .

Masc. Well, mind that you keep your word. I have planned a bold stratagem for your sake. Your father is very backward in satisfying all your wishes by his death. I have just killed him (in words, I mean); I have spread a report that the good man, being suddenly smitten by a fit of apoplexy, has departed this life. But first, so that I might the better pretend he was dead, I so managed that he went to his barn. I had a person ready to come and tell him that the workmen employed on his house accidentally discovered a treasure, in digging the foundations. He set out in an instant, and as all his people, except us two, have gone with him into the country, I shall kill him today in everybody's imagination and produce some image which I shall bury under his name. I have already told you what I wish you to do; play your part well; and as to the character I have to keep up, if you perceive that I miss one word of it, tell me plainly I am nothing but a fool.

SCENE II.

LELIO, *alone.*

It is true, he has found out a strange way to accomplish my wishes fully; but when we are very much in love with a

fair lady, what would we not do to be made happy? If love is said to be an excuse for a crime, it may well serve for a slight piece of imposture, which love's ardour to-day compels me to comply with, in expectation of the happy consequences that may result from it. Bless me! How expeditious they are. I see them already talking together about it; let us prepare to act our part.

SCENE III.

MASCARILLE, ANSELMO.[14]

Masc. The news may well surprise you.

Ans. To die in such a manner!

Masc. He was certainly much to blame. I can never forgive him for such a freak.

Ans. Not even to take time to be ill.

Masc. No, never was a man in such a hurry to die.

Ans. And how does Lelio behave?

Masc. He raves, and has lost all command over his temper; he has beaten himself till he is black and blue in several places, and wishes to follow his father into the grave. In short, to make an end of this, the excess of his grief has made me with the utmost speed wrap the corpse in a shroud, for fear the sight, which fed his melancholy, should tempt him to commit some rash act.

Ans. No matter, you ought to have waited until evening. Besides, I should have liked to see Pandolphus once more. He who puts a shroud on a man too hastily very often commits murder; for a man is frequently thought dead when he only seems to be so.

Masc. I warrant him as dead as dead can be. But now, to return to what we were talking about, Lelio has resolved (and it will do him good) to give his father a fine funeral,

[14] See Appendix, Note A.

and to comfort the deceased a little for his hard fate, by the pleasure of seeing that we pay him such honours after his death. My master inherits a goodly estate, but as he is only a novice in business, and does not see his way clearly in his affairs, since the greater part of his property lies in another part of the country, or what he has here consists in paper, he would beg of you, after having entreated you to excuse the too great violence which he has shewn of late, to lend him for this last duty at least. . . .

Ans. You have told me so already, and I will go and see him.

Masc. [*Alone*] Hitherto, at least, everything goes on swimmingly; let us endeavour to make the rest answer as well; and lest we should be wrecked in the very harbour, let us steer the ship carefully and keep a sharp look out.

SCENE IV.

ANSELMO, LÈLIO, MASCARILLE.

Ans. [*Coming out of Pandolphus's house*] Let us leave the house. I cannot, without great sorrow, see him wrapped up in this strange manner. Alas! in so short a time! He was alive this morning.

Masc. We go sometimes over a good deal of ground in a short time.

Lel. [*Weeping*] Oh!

Ans. Dear Lelio, he was but a man after all; even Rome can grant no dispensation from death.

Lel. Oh!

Ans. Death smites men without giving warning, and always has bad designs against them.

Lel. Oh!

Ans. That merciless foe would not loosen one grip

of his murderous teeth, however we may entreat him. Everybody must feel them.

Lel. Oh!

Masc. Your preaching will all be in vain; this sorrow is too deep-rooted to be plucked up.

Ans. If, notwithstanding all these arguments, you will not cast aside your grief, at least, my dear Lelio, endeavour to moderate it.

Lel. Oh!

Masc. He will not moderate it; I know his temper.

Ans. However, according to your servant's message, I have brought you the money you want, so that you might celebrate your father's funeral obsequies!

Lel. Oh! oh!

Masc. How his grief increases at these words! It will kill him to think of his misfortune.

Ans. I know you will find by the good man's books that I owe him a much larger sum, but even if I should not owe anything, you could freely command my purse. Here it is; I am entirely at your service, and will show it.

Lel. [*Going away*] Oh!

Masc. How full of grief is my master!

Ans. Mascarille, I think it right he should give me some kind of receipt under his hand.

Masc. Oh!

Ans. Nothing in this world is certain.

Masc. Oh! oh!

Ans. Get him to sign me the receipt I require.

Masc. Alas! How can he comply with your desire in the condition he now is? Give him but time to get rid of his sorrow; and, when his troubles abate a little, I shall take care immediately to get you your security. Your servant, sir, my heart is over-full of grief, and I shall go to take my fill of weeping with him. Hi! Hi!

Ans. [*Alone*] This world is full of crosses; we meet with them every day in different shapes, and never here below . . .

SCENE V.

PANDOLPHUS, ANSELMO.

Ans. Oh Heavens! how I tremble! It is Pandolphus who has returned to the earth! God grant nothing disturbed his repose! How wan his face is grown since his death! Do not come any nearer, I beseech you; I very much detest to jostle a ghost.

Pand. What can be the reason of this whimsical terror?

Ans. Keep your distance, and tell me what business brings you here. If you have taken all this trouble to bid me farewell, you do me too much honour; I could really have done very well without your compliment. If your soul is restless, and stands in need of prayers, I promise you you shall have them, but do not frighten me. Upon the word of a terrified man, I will immediately set prayers agoing for you, to your very heart's content.

> "Oh, dead worship, please to go!
> Heaven, if now you disappear,
> Will grant you joy down there below,
> And health as well, for many a year."[15]

Pand. [*Laughing*] In spite of my indignation, I cannot help laughing.

Ans. It is strange, but you are very merry for a dead man.

Pand. Is this a joke, pray tell me, or is it downright madness to treat a living man as if he were dead?

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[15] This seems to be an imitation of a spell, charm, or incantation to lay the supposed ghost, which Anselmo says kneeling and hardly able to speak for terror.

Ans. Alas! you must be dead; I myself just now saw you.

Pand. What? Could I die without knowing it?

Ans. As soon as Mascarille told me the news, I was ready to die of grief.

Pand. But, really, are you asleep or awake? Don't you know me?

Ans. You are clothed in an aerial body which imitates your own, but which may take another shape at any moment. I am mightily afraid to see you swell up to the size of a giant, and your countenance become frightfully distorted. For the love of God, do not assume any hideous form; you have scared me sufficiently for the nonce.

Pand. At any other time, Anselmo, I should have considered the simplicity which accompanies your credulity an excellent joke, and I should have carried on the pleasant conceit a little longer; but this story of my death, and the news of the supposed treasure, which I was told upon the road had not been found at all, raises in my mind a strong suspicion that Mascarille is a rogue, and an arrant rogue, who is proof against fear or remorse, and who invents extraordinary stratagems to compass his ends.

Ans. What! Am I tricked and made a fool of? Really, this would be a compliment to my good sense! Let me touch him and be satisfied. This is, indeed, the very man. What an ass I am! Pray, do not spread this story about, for they will write a farce about it, and shame me for ever. But, Pandolphus, help me to get the money back which I lent them to bury you.

Pand. Money, do you say? Oh! that is where the shoe pinches; that is the secret of the whole affair! So much the worse for you. For my part, I shall not trouble myself much about it, but will go and lay an information against this Mascarille, and if he can be caught he shall be hanged, whatever the cost may be.

Ans. [*Alone*] And I, like a ninny, believe a scoundrel, and must in one day lose both my senses and my money. Upon my word, it well becomes me to have these grey hairs and to commit an act of folly so readily, without examining into the truth of the first story I hear. . . ! But I see. . . .

SCENE VI.

LELIO, ANSELMO.

Lel. Now, with this master-key, I can easily pay Trufaldin a visit.

Ans. As far as I can see, your grief has subsided.

Lel. What do you say? No; it can never leave a heart which will ever cherish it dearly.

Ans. I came back to tell you frankly of a mistake I made in the money I gave you just now; amongst these louis-d'or, though they look very good, I carelessly put some which I think are bad. I have brought some money with me to change them. The intolerable audacity of our coiners is grown to such a height in this state, that no one can receive any money now without danger of being imposed upon. It would be doing good service to hang them all!

Lel. I am very much obliged to you for being willing to take them back, but I saw none among them that were bad, as I thought.

Ans. Let me see the money; let me see it; I shall know them again. Is this all?

Lel. Yes.

Ans. So much the better. Are you back again? my dear money! get into my pocket. As for you, my gallant sharper, you have no longer got a penny of it. You kill people who are in good health, do ye? And what would you have done, then, with me, a poor infirm father-in-law? Upon my word, I was going to get a nice addition to my

family, a most discreet son-in-law. Go, go, and hang yourself for shame and vexation.

Lel. [*Alone*] I really must admit I have been bit this time. What a surprise this is! How can he have discovered our stratagem so soon?

SCENE VII.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Masc. What, you were out? I have been hunting for you everywhere. Well, have we succeeded at last? I will give the greatest rogue six trials to do the like. Come, give me the money that I may go and buy the slave; your rival will be very much astonished at this.

Lel. Ah! my dear boy, our luck has changed. Can you imagine how ill fortune has served me?

Masc. What? What can it be?

Lel. Anselmo having found out the trick, just now got back every sou he lent us, pretending some of the gold pieces were bad, and that he was going to change them.

Masc. You do but joke, I suppose?

Lel. It is but too true.

Masc. In good earnest?

Lel. In good earnest; I am very much grieved about it. It will put you into a furious passion.

Masc. Me, sir! A fool might, but not I! Anger hurts, and I am going to take care of myself, come what will. After all, whether Celia be captive or free, whether Leander purchases her or whether she remains where she is, I do not care one stiver about it.

Lel. Ah! do not show such indifference, but be a little more indulgent to my slight imprudence. Had this last misfortune not happened, you would have confessed that I did wonders, and that in this pretended decease I deceived

everybody, and counterfeited grief so admirably that the most sharp-sighted would have been taken in.

Masc. Truly you have great reason to boast.

Lel. Oh! I am to blame, and I am willing to acknowledge it; but if ever you cared for my happiness, repair this mishap, and help me.[16]

Masc. I kiss your hands, I cannot spare the time.

Lel. Mascarille, my dear boy!

Masc. No.

Lel. Do me this favour.

Masc. No, I will not.

Lel. If you are inflexible, I shall kill myself.

Masc. Do so—you may.

Lel. Can I not soften your hard heart?

Masc. No.

Lel. Do you see my sword ready drawn?

Masc. Yes.

Lel. I am going to stab myself.

Masc. Do just what you please.

Lel. Would you not regret to be the cause of my death?

Masc. No.

Lel. Farewell, Mascarille.

Masc. Good bye, Master Lelio.

Lel. What . . . ?

Masc. Kill yourself quick. You are a long while about it.

Lel. Upon my word, you would like me to play the fool and kill myself, so that you might get hold of my clothes.

Masc. I knew all this was nothing but a sham; whatever people may swear they will do, they are not so hasty now-a-days in killing themselves.

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[16] See Appendix, Note B.

SCENE VIII.

TRUFALDIN, LEANDER, LELIO, MASCARILLE.

[*Trufaldin taking Leander aside and whispering to him.*]

Lel. What do I see? my rival and Trufaldin together! He is going to buy Celia. Oh! I tremble for fear.

Masc. There is no doubt that he will do all he can; and if he has money, he can do all he will. For my part I am delighted. This is a just reward for your blunders, your impatience.

Lel. What must I do? Advise me.

Masc. I don't know.

Lel. Stay, I will go and pick a quarrel with him.

Masc. What good will that do?

Lel. What would you have me do to ward off this blow?

Masc. Well, I pardon you; I will yet cast an eye of pity on you. Leave me to watch them; I believe I shall discover what he intends to do by fairer means. [*Exit Lelio.*

Truf. [*To Leander*] When you send by and by, it shall be done.

Masc. [*Aside and going out*] I must trap him and become his confidant, in order to baffle his designs the more easily.

Leand. [*Alone*] Thanks to Heaven, my happiness is complete. I have found the way to secure it, and fear nothing more. Whatever my rival may henceforth attempt, it is no longer in his power to do me any harm.

SCENE IX.

LEANDER, MASCARILLE.[17]

Masc. [*Speaking these words within, and then coming on the stage*] Oh! oh! Help! Murder! Help! They are killing me! Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Traitor! Barbarian!

[17] See Appendix, Note C.

Leand. Whence comes that noise? What is the matter? What are they doing to you?

Masc. He has just given me two hundred blows with a cudgel.

Leand. Who?

Masc. Lelio.

Leand. And for what reason?

Masc. For a mere trifle he has turned me away and beats me most unmercifully.

Leand. He is really much to blame.

Masc. But, I swear, if ever it lies in my power I will be revenged on him. I will let you know, Mr Thrasher, with a vengeance, that people's bones are not to be broken for nothing! Though I am but a servant, yet I am a man of honour. After having been in your service for four years you should not pay me with a switch, nor affront me in so sensible a part as my shoulders! I tell you once more, I shall find a way to be revenged! You are in love with a certain slave, you would fain induce me to get her for you, but I will manage matters so that somebody else shall carry her off; the deuce take me if I don't!

Leand. Hear me, Mascarille, and moderate your passion. I always liked you, and often wished that a young fellow, faithful and clever like you, might one day or other take a fancy to enter my service. In a word, if you think my offer worthy of acceptance, and if you have a mind to serve me, from this moment I engage you.

Masc. With all my heart, sir, and so much the rather because good fortune in serving you offers me an opportunity of being revenged, and because in my endeavours to please you I shall at the same time punish that wretch. In a word, by my dexterity, I hope to get Celia for . . .

Leand. My love has provided already for that. Smitten by a faultless fair one, I have just now bought her for less than her value.

Masc. What! Celia belongs to you, then?

Leand. You should see her this minute, if I were the master of my own actions. But alas! it is my father who is so; since he is resolved, as I understand by a letter brought me, to make me marry Hippolyta. I would not have this affair come to his knowledge lest it should exasperate him. Therefore in my arrangement with Trufaldin (from whom I just now parted), I acted purposely in the name of another. When the affair was settled, my ring was chosen as the token, on the sight of which Trufaldin is to deliver Celia. But I must first arrange the ways and means to conceal from the eyes of others the girl who so much charms my own, and then find some retired place where this lovely captive may be secreted.

Masc. A little way out of town lives an old relative of mine whose house I can take the freedom to offer you; there you may safely lodge her, and not a creature know anything of the matter.

Leand. Indeed! so I can: you have delighted me with the very thing I wanted. Here, take this, and go and get possession of the fair one. As soon as ever Trufaldin sees my ring, the girl will be immediately delivered into your hands. You can then take her to that house, when . . . But hist! here comes Hippolyta.

SCENE X.

HIPPOLYTA, LEANDER, MASCARILLE.

Hipp. I have some news for you, Leander, but will you be pleased or displeased with it?

Leand. To judge of that, and make answer off-hand, I should know it.

Hipp. Give me your hand, then, as far as the church,[18] and I will tell it you as we go.

Leand. [*To Mascarille*] Go, make haste, and serve me in that business without delay.

SCENE XI.

MASCARILLE, *alone.*[19]

Yes, I will serve you up a dish of my own dressing. Was there ever in the world so lucky a fellow? How delighted Lelio will be soon! His mistress to fall into our hands by these means! To derive his whole happiness from the man he would have expected to ruin him! To become happy by the hands of a rival! After this great exploit, I desire that due preparations be made to paint me as a hero crowned with laurel, and that underneath the portrait be inscribed in letters of gold: *Vivat Mascarillus, rogum imperator.*

SCENE XII.

TRUFALDIN, MASCARILLE.

Masc. Soho, there!

Truf. What do you want?

Masc. This ring, which you know, will inform you what business brings me hither.

Truf. Yes, I recognise that ring perfectly; stay a little, I will fetch you the slave.

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[18] Generally it was thought preferable, during Molière's lifetime, to use the word *temple* for "church," instead of *église*.

[19] See Appendix, Note D.

SCENE XIII.

TRUFALDIN, A MESSENGER, MASCARILLE.

Mess. [*To Trufaldin*] Do me the favour, sir, to tell me where lives a gentleman . . . .

Truf. What gentleman?

Mess. I think his name is Trufaldin.

Truf. And what is your business with him, pray? I am he.

Mess. Only to deliver this letter to him.

Truf. [*Reads*] "*Providence, whose goodness watches over my life, has just brought to my ears a most welcome report, that my daughter, who was stolen from me by some robbers when she was four years old, is now a slave at your house, under the name of Celia. If ever you knew what it was to be a father, and if natural affection makes an impression on your heart, then keep in your house this child so dear to me, and treat her as if she were your own flesh and blood. I am preparing to set out myself in order to fetch her. You shall be so well rewarded for your trouble, that in everything that relates to your happiness (which I am determined to advance) you shall have reason to bless the day in which you caused mine.*"

DON PEDRO DE GUSMAN,
From Madrid. Marquess of MONTALCANA.

Though the gipsies can be seldom believed, yet they who sold her to me told me she would soon be fetched by somebody, and that I should have no reason to complain. Yet here I was going, all through my impatience, to lose the fruits of a grand expectation. [*To the Messenger*] Had you come but one moment later, your journey would have been in vain; I was going, this very instant, to give the girl up into this gentleman's hands; but it is well, I shall take great care of her. [*Exit Messenger.*] [*To Mascarille*] You yourself

have heard what this letter says, so you may tell the person who sent you that I cannot keep my word, and that he had better come and receive his money back.

Masc. But the way you insult him . . .

Truf. Go about your business, and no more words.

Masc. [*Alone*] Oh, what a curse that this letter came now! Fate is indeed against me. What bad luck for this messenger to come from Spain when he was not wanted! May thunder and hail go with him! Never, certainly, had so happy a beginning such a sad ending in so short a time.

SCENE XIV.

LELIO *laughing*, MASCARILLE.[20]

Masc. What may be the cause of all this mirth?

Lel. Let me have my laugh out before I tell you.

Masc. Let us laugh then heartily, we have abundant cause so to do.

Lel. Oh! I shall no longer be the object of your expostulations; you who always reproach me shall no longer say that I am marring all your schemes, like a busy-body as I am. I myself have played one of the cleverest tricks in the world. It is true I am quick-tempered, and now and then rather too hasty; but yet, when I have a mind to it, I can plan as many tricks as any man alive; even you shall own that what I have done shows an amount of sharpness rarely to be met with.

Masc. Let us hear what tricks you have invented.

Lel. Just now, being terribly frightened on seeing Trufaldin along with my rival, I was casting about to find a remedy for that mischief, when, calling all my invention to my aid, I conceived, digested, and perfected a stratagem,

[20] See Appendix, Note E.

before which all yours, however vain you may be of them, ought undoubtedly to lower their colours.

Masc. But what may this be?

Lel. May it please you to have a little patience. Without much delay I invented a letter, written by an imaginary nobleman to Trufaldin, setting forth that, having fortunately heard that a certain slave, who lives in the latter's house, and is named Celia, was this grandee's daughter formerly kidnapped by thieves, it was his intention to come and fetch her; and he entreats him at least to keep her and take great care of her; for, that on her account he was setting out from Spain, and would acknowledge his civility by such handsome presents, that he should never regret being the means of making him happy.

Masc. Mighty well.

Lel. Hear me out; here is something much cleverer still. The letter I speak of was delivered to him, but can you imagine how? Only just in time, for the messenger told me, had it not been for this droll device, a fellow, who looked very foolish, was waiting to carry her off that identical moment.

Masc. And you did all this without the help of the devil?

Lel. Yes. Would you have believed me capable of such a subtle piece of wit? At least praise my skill, and the dexterity with which I have utterly disconcerted the scheme of my rival.

Masc. To praise you as you deserve, I lack eloquence; and feel unequal to the task. Yes, sufficiently to commend this lofty effort, this fine stratagem of war achieved before our eyes, this grand and rare effect of a mind which plans as many tricks as any man, which for smartness yields to none alive, my tongue wants words. I wish I had the abilities of the most refined scholars, so that I might tell you in the noblest verse, or else in

learned prose, that you will always be, in spite of everything that may be done, the very same you have been all your life; that is to say, a scatter-brain, a man of distempered reason, always perplexed, wanting common sense, a man of left-handed judgment, a meddler, an ass, a blundering, hare-brained, giddy fellow,—what can I think of? A . . . a hundred times worse than anything I can say. This is only an abridgement of your panegyric.

Lel.[21] Tell me, what puts you in such a passion with me? Have I done anything? Clear up this matter.

Masc. No, you have done nothing at all; but do not come after me.

Lel. I will follow you all over the world to find out this mystery.

Masc. Do so. Come on, then; get your legs in order, I shall give you an opportunity to exercise them.

Lel. [*Alone*] He has got away from me! O misfortune which cannot be allayed! What am I to understand by his discourse? And what harm can I possibly have done to myself?

ACT III. SCENE I.

MASCARILLE, *alone.*[22]

Silence, my good nature, and plead no more; you are a fool, and I am determined not to do it. Yes, my anger, you are right, I confess it! To be for ever doing what a meddler undoes, is showing too much patience, and I ought to give it up after the glorious attempts he has marred. But let us argue the matter a little without passion; if I should

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[21] See Appendix, Note F.

[22] Compare Launcelot Gobbo's speech about his conscience in Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice* (ii., 2.)

now give way to my just impatience the world will say I sank under difficulties, that my cunning was completely exhausted. What then becomes of that public esteem, which extols you everywhere as a first-rate rogue, and which you have acquired upon so many occasions, because you never yet were found wanting in inventions? Honour, Mascarille, is a fine thing; do not pause in your noble labours; and whatever a master may have done to incense you, complete your work, for your own glory, and not to oblige him. But what success can you expect, if you are thus continually crossed by your evil genius? You see he compels you every moment to change your tone; you may as well hold water in a sieve as try to stop that resistless torrent, which in a moment overturns the most beautiful structures raised by your art. Well, once more, out of kindness, and whatever may happen, let us take some pains, even if they are in vain; yet, if he still persists in baffling my designs, then I shall withdraw all assistance. After all, our affairs are not going on badly, if we could but supplant our rival, and if Leander, at last weary of his pursuit, would leave us one whole day for my intended operations. Yes, I have a most ingenious plot in my head, from which I expect a glorious success, if I had no longer that obstacle in my way. Well, let us see if he still persists in his love.[23]

SCENE II.

LEANDER, MASCARILLE.[24]

Masc. Sir, I have lost my labour; Trufaldin will not keep his word.

Leand. He himself has told me the whole affair; but, what is more, I have discovered that all this pretty rigmarole about Celia being carried off by gypsies, and having a

[23] See Appendix, Note G [24] See Appendix, Note H.

great nobleman for her father, who is setting out from Spain to come hither, is nothing but a mere stratagem, a merry trick, a made-up story, a tale raised by Lelio to prevent my buying Celia.

Masc. Here is roguery for you!

Leand. And yet this ridiculous story has produced such an impression on Trufaldin, and he has swallowed the bait of this shallow device so greedily, that he will not allow himself to be undeceived.

Masc. So that henceforth he will watch her carefully. I do not see we can do anything more.

Leand. If at first I thought this girl amiable, I now find her absolutely adorable, and I am in doubt whether I ought not to employ extreme measures to make her my own, thwart her ill fortune by plighting her my troth, and turn her present chains into matrimonial ones.

Masc. Would you marry her?

Leand. I am not yet determined, but if her origin is somewhat obscure, her charms and her virtue are gentle attractions, which have incredible force to allure every heart.

Masc. Did you not mention her virtue?

Leand. Ha! what is that you mutter? Out with it; explain what you mean by repeating that word "virtue."

Masc. Sir, your countenance changes all of a sudden; perhaps I had much better hold my tongue.

Leand. No, no, speak out.

Masc. Well, then, out of charity I will cure you of your blindness. That girl. . . .

Leand. Proceed.

Masc. So far from being merciless, makes no difficulty in obliging some people in private; you may believe me, after all she is not stony-hearted, to any one who knows how to take her in the right mood. She looks demure, and would fain pass for a prude; but I can speak of her on sure

grounds. You know I understand something of the craft, and ought to know that kind of cattle.

Leand. What! Celia? . . .

Masc. Yes, her modesty is nothing but a mere sham, the semblance of a virtue which will never hold out, but vanishes, as any one may discover, before the shining rays[25] emitted from a purse.

Leand. Heavens! What do you tell me? Can I believe such words?

Masc. Sir, there is no compulsion; what does it matter to me? No, pray do not believe me, follow your own inclination, take the sly girl and marry her; the whole city, in a body, will acknowledge this favour; you marry the public good in her.

Leand. What a strange surprise!

Masc. [*Aside*] He has taken the bait. Courage, my lad; if he does but swallow it in good earnest, we shall have got rid of a very awkward obstruction on our path.

Leand. This astonishing account nearly kills me.

Masc. What! Can you . . .

Leand. Go to the post-office, and see if there is a letter for me. [*Alone, and for a while lost in thought.*] Who would not have been imposed upon? If what he says be true, then there never was any countenance more deceiving.

SCENE III.

LELIO, LEANDER.[26]

Lel. What may be the cause of your looking so sad?

Leand. Who, I?

[25] This is an allusion to the rays of the sun, placed above the crown, and stamped on all golden crown-pieces, struck in France from Louis XI. (November 2, 1475) until the end of the reign of Louis XIII. These crowns were called *écus au soleil*. Louis XIV. took much later for his device the sun shining in full, with the motto, *Nec pluribus impar*.

[26] See Appendix, Note I.

Lel. Yes, yourself.

Leand. I have, however, no occasion to be so.

Lel. I see well enough what it is; Celia is the cause of it.

Leand. My mind does not run upon such trifles.

Lel. And yet you had formed some grand scheme to get her into your hands; but you must speak thus, as your stratagem has miscarried.

Leand. Were I fool enough to be enamoured of her, I should laugh at all your finesse.

Lel. What finesse, pray?

Leand. Good Heavens! sir, we know all.

Lel. All what?

Leand. All your actions, from beginning to end.

Lel. This is all Greek to me; I do not understand one word of it.

Leand. Pretend, if you please, not to understand me; but believe me, do not apprehend that I shall take a property which I should be sorry to dispute with you. I adore a beauty who has not been sullied, and do not wish to love a depraved woman.

Lel. Gently, gently, Leander.

Leand. Oh! how credulous you are! I tell you once more, you may attend on her now without suspecting anybody. You may call yourself a lady-killer. It is true, her beauty is very uncommon, but, to make amends for that, the rest is common enough.

Lel. Leander, no more of this provoking language. Strive against me as much as you like in order to obtain her; but, above all things, do not traduce her so vilely. I should consider myself a great coward if I could tamely submit to hear my earthly deity slandered. I can much better bear your rivalry than listen to any speech that touches her character.

Leand. What I state here I have from very good authority.

Lel. Whoever told you so is a scoundrel and a rascal. Nobody can discover the least blemish in this young lady; I know her heart well.

Leand. But yet Mascarille is a very competent judge in such a cause; he thinks her guilty.

Lel. He?

Leand. He himself.

Lel. Does he pretend impudently to slander a most respectable young lady, thinking, perhaps, I should only laugh at it? I will lay you a wager he eats his words.

Leand. I will lay you a wager he does not.

Lel. 'Sdeath! I would break every bone in his body should he dare to assert such lies to me.

Leand. And I will crop his ears, if he does not prove every syllable he has told me.

SCENE IV.

LELIO, LEANDER, MASCARILLE.[27]

Lel. Oh! that's lucky; there he is. Come hither, cursed hangdog!

Masc. What is the matter?

Lel. You serpent's tongue! so full of lies! dare you fasten your stings on Celia, and slander the most consummate virtue that ever added lustre to misfortune?

Masc. [*In a whisper to Lelio*] Gently; I told him so on purpose.

Lel. No, no; none of your winking, and none of your jokes. I am blind and deaf to all you do or say. If it were my own brother he should pay dear for it; for to dare defame her whom I adore is to wound me in the most

[27] See Appendix, Note K.

tender part. You make all these signs in vain. What was it you said to him?

Masc. Good Heavens! do not quarrel, or I shall leave you.

Lel. You shall not stir a step.

Masc. Oh!

Lel. Speak then; confess.

Masc. [*Whispering to Lelio*] Let me alone. I tell you it is a stratagem.

Lel. Make haste; what was it you said? Clear up this dispute between us.

Masc. [*In a whisper to Lelio*] I said what I said. Pray do not put yourself in a passion.

Lel. [*Drawing his sword*] I shall make you talk in another strain.

Leand. [*Stopping him*] Stay your hand a little; moderate your ardour.

Masc. [*Aside*] Was there ever in the world a creature so dull of understanding?

Lel. Allow me to wreak my just vengeance on him.

Leand. It is rather too much to wish to chastise him in my presence.

Lel. What! have I no right, then, to chastise my own servant?

Leand. What do you mean by saying "your servant?"

Masc. [*Aside*] He is at it again! He will discover all.

Lel. Suppose I had a mind to thrash him within an inch of his life, what then? He is my own servant.

Leand. At present he is mine.

Lel. That is an admirable joke. How comes he to be yours? Surely . . .

Masc. [*In a whisper*] Gently.

Lel. What are you whispering?

Masc. [*Aside*] Oh! the confounded blockhead. He is

going to spoil everything. He understands not one of my signs.

Lel. You are dreaming, Leander. You are telling me a pretty story! Is he not my servant?

Leand. Did you not discharge him from your service for some fault?

Lel. I do not know what this means.

Leand. And did you not, in the violence of your passion, make his back smart most unmercifully?

Lel. No such thing. I discharge him! cudgel him! Either you make a jest of me, Leander, or he has been making a jest of you.

Masc. [*Aside*] Go on, go on, numskull; you will do your own business effectually.

Leand. [*To Mascarille*] Then all this cudgelling is purely imaginary?

Masc. He does not know what he says; his memory . . .

Leand. No, no; all these signs do not look well for you. I suspect some prettily contrived trick here; but for the ingenuity of the invention, go your ways, I forgive you. It is quite enough that I am undeceived, and see now why you imposed upon me. I come off cheap, because I trusted myself to your hypocritical zeal. A word to the wise is enough. Farewell, Lelio, farewell; your most obedient servant.

SCENE V.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Masc. Take courage, my boy, may fortune ever attend us! Let us draw and bravely take the field; let us act *Olibrius, the slayer of innocents.*[28]

Lel. He accused you of slandering . . .

[28] Olibrius was, according to ancient legends, a Roman governor of Gaul, in the time of the Emperor Decius, very cruel, and a great boaster.

Masc. And you could not let the artifice pass, nor let him remain in his error, which did you good service, and which pretty nearly extinguished his passion. No, honest soul, he cannot bear dissimulation. I cunningly get a footing at his rival's, who, like a dolt, was going to place his mistress in my hands, but he, Lelio, prevents me getting hold of her by a fictitious letter; I try to abate the passion of his rival, my hero presently comes and undeceives him. In vain I make signs to him, and show him it was all a contrivance of mine; it signifies nothing; he continues to the end, and never rests satisfied till he has discovered all. Grand and sublime effect of a mind which is not inferior to any man living! It is an exquisite piece, and worthy, in troth, to be made a present of to the king's private museum.

Lel. I am not surprised that I do not come up to your expectations; if I am not acquainted with the designs you are setting on foot, I shall be for ever making mistakes.

Masc. So much the worse.

Lel. At least, if you would be justly angry with me, give me a little insight into your plan; but if I am kept ignorant of every contrivance, I must always be caught napping.[29]

Masc. I believe you would make a very good fencing-master, because you are so skilful at making feints, and at parrying of a thrust.[30]

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[29] The original is, *je suis pris sans vert*, "I am taken without green," because in the month of May, in some parts of France, there is a game which binds him or her who is taken without a green leaf about them to pay a forfeit.

[30] In the original we find *prendre les contretemps*, and *rompre les mesures*. In a little and very curious book, "The Scots Fencing Master, or Compleat Smal-Sword Man," printed in Edinburgh 1687, and written by Sir William Hope of Kirkliston, the *contre-temps* is said to be: "When a man thrusts without having a good opportunity, or when he

Lel. Since the thing is done, let us think no more about it. My rival, however, will not have it in his power to cross me, and provided you will but exert your skill, in which I trust . . .

Masc. Let us drop this discourse, and talk of something else; I am not so easily pacified, not I; I am in too great a passion for that. In the first place, you must do me service, and then we shall see whether I ought to under the management of your amours.[31]

Lel. If it only depends on that, I will do it! Te have you need of my blood, of my sword?

Masc. How crack-brained he is! You are just like those swashbucklers who are always more ready to draw their sword than to produce a tester, if it were necessary to give it.

Lel. What can I do, then, for you?

Masc. You must, without delay, endeavour to appease your father's anger.

Lel. We have become reconciled already.

Masc. Yes, but I am not; I killed him this morning for your sake; the very idea of it shocks him. Those sorts of jokes are severely felt by such old fellows as he, which, much against their will, make them reflect sadly on the near approach of death. The good sire, notwithstanding his age, is very fond of life, and cannot bear jesting upo that subject; he is alarmed at the prognostication, and s very angry that I hear he has lodged a complaint against me. I am afraid that if I am once housed at the expense

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thrusts at the same time his adversarie thrusts, and that each of them at that time receive a thrust." *Breaking of measure* is, according to the same booklet, done thus: "When you perceive your adversary thrusting at you, and you are not very certain of the *parade*, then *break his measure*, or make his thrust short of you, by either stepping a foot or half a foot back, with the *single stepp*, for if you judge your adversary's *distance or measure* well, half a foot will *break his measure* as well as ten ells."

[31] See Appendix, Note L.

of the king, I may like it so well after the first quarter of an hour, that I shall find it very difficult afterwards to get away. There have been several warrants out against me this good while; for virtue is always envied and persecuted in this abominable age. Therefore go and make my peace with your father.

Lel. Yes, I shall soften his anger, but you must pro- me then . . .

sc. We shall see what there is to be done. [*Exit*] Now, let us take a little breath after so many es; let us stop for a while the current of our intrigues, nd not move about hither and thither as if we were hob- goblins. Leander cannot hurt us now, and Celia cannot be removed through the contrivance of . . .

SCENE VI.

ERGASTE, MASCARILLE.

Erg. I was looking for you everywhere to render you a service. I have a secret of importance to disclose.

Masc. What may that be?

Erg. Can no one overhear us?

Masc. Not a soul.

Erg. We are as intimate as two people can be; I am acquainted with all your projects, and the love of your master. Mind what you are about by and by; Leander has formed a plot to carry off Celia; I have been told he has arranged everything, and designs to get into Trufaldin's house in disguise, having heard that at this time of the year some ladies of the neighbourhood often visit him in the evening in masks.

Masc. Ay, well! He has not yet reached the height of his happiness; I may perhaps be beforehand with him; and

as to this thrust, I know how to give him a counter-thrust,[32] by which he may run himself through. He is not aware with what gifts I am endowed. Farewell, we shall take a cup together next time we meet.

SCENE VII.

MASCARILLE, *alone.*

We must, we must reap all possible benefit from this amorous scheme, and by a dexterous and uncommon counterplot endeavour to make the success our own, without any danger. If I put on a mask and be beforehand with Leander, he will certainly not laugh at us; if we take the prize ere he comes up, he will have paid for us the expenses of the expedition; for, as his project has already become known, suspicion will fall upon him; and we, being safe from all pursuit, need not fear the consequences of that dangerous enterprise. Thus we shall not show ourselves, but use a cat's paw to take the chesnuts out of the fire. Now, then, let us go and disguise ourselves with some good fellows; we must not delay if we wish to be beforehand with our gentry. I love to strike while the iron is hot, and can, without much difficulty, provide in one moment men and dresses. Depend upon it, I do not let my skill lie dormant. If Heaven has endowed me with the gift of knavery, I am not one of those degenerate minds who hide the talents they have received.

SCENE VIII.

LELIO, ERGASTE.

Lel. He intends to carry her off during a masquerade!

Erg. There is nothing more certain; one of his band informed me of his design, upon which I instantly ran to

[32] See Note 30, page 50.

Mascarille and told him the whole affair; he said he would spoil their sport by some counter-scheme which he planned in an instant; so meeting with you by chance, I thought I ought to let you know the whole.

Lel. I am very much obliged to you for this piece of news; go, I shall not forget this faithful service.

[*Exit Ergaste.*

SCENE IX.

LELIO, *alone.*

My rascal will certainly play them some trick or other; but I, too, have a mind to assist him in his project. It shall never be said that, in a business which so nearly concerns me, I stirred no more than a post; this is the time; they will be surprised at the sight of me. Why did I not take my blunderbuss with me? But let anybody attack me who likes, I have two good pistols and a trusty sword. So ho! within there; a word with you.

SCENE X.

TRUFALDIN *at his window,* LELIO.

Truf. What is the matter? who comes to pay me a visit?

Lel. Keep your door carefully shut to-night.

Truf. Why?

Lel. There are certain people coming masked to give you a sorry kind of serenade; they intend to carry off Celia.

Truf. Good Heavens!

Lel. No doubt they will soon be here. Keep where you are, you may see everything from your window. Hey! Did I not tell you so? Do you not see them already? Hist! I will affront them before your face. We shall see some fine fun, if they do not give way.[33]

[33] This is one of the passages of Moliere about which commentators do not agree; the original is, *nous allons voir beau jeu, si la corde ne rompt.*

SCENE XI.

LELIO, TRUFALDIN, MASCARILLE, *and his company masked.*

Truf. Oh, the funny blades, who think to surprise me.

Lel. Maskers, whither so fast? Will you let me into the secret? Trufaldin, pray open the door to these gentry, that they may challenge us for a throw with the dice.[34] [*To Mascarille, disguised as a woman.*] Good Heavens! What a pretty creature! What a darling she looks! How now! What are you mumbling? Without offence, may I remove your mask and see your face.

Truf. Hence! ye wicked rogues; begone, ye ragamuffins! And you, sir, good night, and many thanks.

SCENE XII.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Lel. [*After having taken the mask from Mascarille's face*] Mascarille, is it you?

Masc. No, not at all; it is somebody else.

Lel. Alas! How astonished I am! How adverse is our fate! Could I possibly have guessed this, as you did not secretly inform me that you were going to disguise yourself? Wretch that I am, thoughtlessly to play you such a trick, while you wore this mask. I am in an awful passion with myself, and have a good mind to give myself a sound beating.

Masc. Farewell, most refined wit, unparalleled inventive genius.

Some maintain that *corde* refers to the tight rope of a rope dancer; others that *corde* means the string of a bow, as in the phrase *avoir deux cordes à son arc*, to have two strings (resources) to one's bow. Mons. Eugène Despois, in his carefully edited edition of Moliere, now in course of publication by Messrs Hachette (i., 187), defends the latter reading, and I agree with him.

[34] The original has *jouer un momon*. Guy Miege, in his Dictionary of barbarous French, London, 1679, has "*Mommon*, a mummer, also a company of mummers; also a visard, or mask; also a let by a mummer at dice."

Lel. Alas! If your anger deprives me of your assistance, what saint shall I invoke?

Masc. Beelzebub.

Lel. Ah! If your heart is not made of stone or iron, do once more at least forgive my imprudence; if it is necessary to be pardoned that I should kneel before you, behold . . .

Masc. Fiddlesticks! Come, my boys, let us away; I hear some other people coming closely behind us.

SCENE XIII.

LEANDER *and his company masked*; TRUFALDIN, *at the window.*

Leand. Softly, let us do nothing but in the gentlest manner.

Truf. [*At the window*] How is this? What! mummers besieging my door all night. Gentlemen, do not catch a cold gratuitously; every one who is catching it here must have plenty of time to lose. It is rather a little too late to take Celia along with you; she begs you will excuse her to-night; the girl is in bed and cannot speak to you; I am very sorry; but to repay you for all the trouble you have taken for her sake, she begs you will be pleased to accept this pot of perfume.

Leand. Faugh! That does not smell nicely. My clothes are all spoiled; we are discovered; let us be gone this way.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LELIO, *disguised as an Armenian*; MASCARILLE.[35]

Masc. You are dressed in a most comical fashion.

Lel. I had abandoned all hope, but you have revived it again by this contrivance.

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[35] See Appendix, Note M.

Masc. My anger is always too soon over; it is vain to swear and curse, I can never keep to my oaths.

Lel. Be assured that if ever it lies in my power you shall be satisfied with the proofs of my gratitude, and though I had but one piece of bread . . .

Masc. Enough: Study well this new project; for if you commit now any blunder, you cannot lay the blame upon ignorance of the plot; you ought to know your part in the play perfectly by heart.

Lel. But how did Trufaldin receive you?

Masc. I cozened the good fellow with a pretended zeal for his interests. I went with alacrity to tell him that, unless he took very great care, some people would come and surprise him; that from different quarters they had designs upon her of whose origin a letter had given a false account; that they would have liked to draw me in for a share in the business, but that I kept well out of it; and that, being full of zeal for what so nearly concerned him, I came to give him timely notice that he might take his precautions. Then, moralising, I discoursed solemnly about the many rogueries one sees every day here below; that, as for me, being tired with the world and its infamies, I wished to work out my soul's salvation, retire from all its noise, and live with some worthy honest man, with whom I could spend the rest of my days in peace; that, if he had no objection, I should desire nothing more than to pass the remainder of my life with him; that I had taken such a liking to him that, without asking for any wages to serve him, I was ready to place in his hands, knowing it to be safe there, some property my father had left me, as well as my savings, which I was fully determined to leave to him alone, if it pleased Heaven to take me hence. That was the right way to gain his affection. You and your beloved should decide what means to use to attain your wishes. I was anxious to arrange a secret

interview between you two; he himself has contrived to show me a most excellent method, by which you may fairly and openly stay in her house. Happening to talk to me about a son he had lost, and whom he dreamt last night had come to life again, he told me the following story, upon which, just now, I founded my stratagem.

Lel. Enough; I know it all; you have told it me twice already.[36]

Masc. Yes, yes; but even if I should tell it thrice, it may happen still, that with all your conceit, you might break down in some minor detail.

Lel. I long to be at it already.

Masc. Pray, not quite so fast, for fear we might stumble. Your skull is rather thick, therefore you should be perfectly well instructed in your part. Some time ago Trufaldin left Naples; his name was then Zanobio Ruberti. Being suspected in his native town of having participated in a certain rebellion, raised by some political faction (though really he is not a man to disturb any state), he was obliged to quit it stealthily by night, leaving behind him his daughter, who was very young, and his wife. Some time afterwards he received the news that they were both dead, and in this perplexity, wishing to take with him to some other town, not only his property, but also the only one who was left of all his family, his young son, a schoolboy, called Horatio, he wrote to Bologna, where a certain tutor, named Alberto, had taken the boy when very young, to finish there his education; but though for two whole

[36] Though Lelio says to Mascarille, "Enough, I know it all," he has not been listening to the speech of his servant, but, in the meanwhile, is arranging his dress, smoothing his ruffles, and making it clear to the spectator that he knows nothing, and that he will be a bad performer of the part assigned to him. This explains the blunders he makes afterwards in the second and fifth scenes of the same act.

years he appointed several times to meet them, they never made their appearance. Believing them to be dead, after so long a time, he came to this city, where he took the name he now bears, without for twelve years ever having discovered any traces of this Alberto, or of his son Horatio. This is the substance of the story, which I have repeated so that you may better remember the groundwork of the plot. Now, you are to personate an Armenian merchant, who has seen them both safe and sound in Turkey. If I have invented this scheme, in preference to any other, of bringing them to life again according to his dream, it is because it is very common in adventures for people to be taken at sea by some Turkish pirate, and afterwards restored to their families in the very nick of time, when thought lost for fifteen or twenty years. For my part, I have heard a hundred of that kind of stories. Without giving ourselves the trouble of inventing something fresh, let us make use of this one; what does it matter? You must say you heard the story of their being made slaves from their own mouths, and also that you lent them money to pay their ransom; but that as urgent business obliged you to set out before them, Horatio asked you to go and visit his father here, whose adventures he was acquainted with, and with whom you were to stay a few days till their arrival. I have given you a long lesson now.

Lel. These repetitions are superfluous. From the very beginning I understood it all.

Masc. I shall go in and prepare the way.

Lel. Listen, Mascarille, there is only one thing that troubles me; suppose he should ask me to describe his son's countenance?

Masc. There is no difficulty in answering that! You know he was very little when he saw him last. Besides, it

is very likely that increase of years and slavery have completely changed him.

Lel. That is true. But pray, if he should remember my face, what must I do then?

Masc. Have you no memory at all? I told you just now, that he has merely seen you for a minute, that therefore you could only have produced a very transient impression on his mind; besides, your beard and dress disguise you completely.

Lel. Very well. But, now I think of it, what part of Turkey . . .?

Masc. It is all the same, I tell you, Turkey or Barbary.

Lel. But what is the name of the town I saw them in?

Masc. Tunis. I think he will keep me till night. He tells me it is useless to repeat that name so often, and I have already mentioned it a dozen times.

Lel. Go, go in and prepare matters; I want nothing more.

Masc. Be cautious at least, and act wisely. Let us have none of your inventions here.

Lel. Let me alone! Trust to me, I say, once more.

Masc. Observe, Horatio, a schoolboy in Bologna; Trufaldin, his true name Zanobio Ruberti, a citizen of Naples; the tutor was called Alberto . . .

Lel. You make me blush by preaching so much to me; do you think I am a fool?

Masc. No, not completely, but something very like it.

SCENE II.

LELIO, *alone.*

When I do not stand in need of him he cringes, but now, because he very well knows of how much use he is to me,

his familiarity indulges in such remarks as he just now made. I shall bask in the sunshine of those beautiful eyes, which hold me in so sweet a captivity, and, without hindrance, depict in the most glaring colours the tortures I feel. I shall then know my fate . . . But here they are.

SCENE III.

TRUFALDIN, LELIO, MASCARILLE.[37]

Truf. Thanks, righteous heaven, for this favourable turn of my fortune!

Masc. You are the man to see visions and dream dreams, since you prove how untrue is the saying that dreams are falsehoods.[38]

Truf. How can I thank you? what returns can I make you, sir? You, whom I ought to style the messenger sent from Heaven to announce my happiness!

Lel. These compliments are superfluous; I can dispense with them.

Truf. [*To Mascarille*] I have seen somebody like this Armenian, but I do not know where.

Masc. That is what I was saying, but one sees surprising likenesses sometimes.

Truf. You have seen that son of mine, in whom all my hopes are centred?

Lel. Yes, Signor Trufaldin, and he was as well as well can be.

Truf. He related to you his life and spoke much about me, did he not?

Lel. More than ten thousand times.

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[37] See Appendix, Note N.

[38] In French there is a play on words between *songes*, dreams, and *mensonges*, falsehoods, which cannot be rendered into English.

Masc. [*Aside to Lelio*] Not quite so much, I should say.

Lel. He described you just as I see you, your face, your gait . . .

Truf. Is that possible? He has not seen me since he was seven years old. And even his tutor, after so long a time, would scarcely know my face again.

Masc. One's own flesh and blood never forget the image of one's relations; this likeness is imprinted so deeply, that my father . . .

Truf. Hold your tongue. Where was it you left him?

Lel. In Turkey, at Turin.

Truf. Turin!! but I thought that town was in Piedmont.

Masc. [*Aside*] Oh the dunce! [*To Trufaldin*] You do not understand him; he means Tunis; it was in reality there he left your son; but the Armenians always have a certain vicious pronunciation, which seems very harsh to us; the reason of it is because in all their words they change *nis* into *rin;* and so, instead of saying *Tunis,* they pronounce *Turin.*

Truf. I ought to know this in order to understand him. Did he tell you in what way you could meet with his father?

Masc. [*Aside*] What answer will he give?[39] [*To Trufaldin, after pretending to fence*] I was just practising some passes; time has been when few could match me at that sport; I have handled the foils in many a fencing school.

Truf. [*To Mascarille*] That is not the thing I wish to know now. [*To Lelio*] What other name did he say I went by?

Masc. Ah, Signor Zanobio Ruberti. How glad you ought to be for what Heaven sends you!

[39] Trufaldin having found out that Mascarille makes signs to his master, the servant pretends to fence.

Lel. That is your real name; the other is assumed.

Truf. But where did he tell you he first saw the light?

Masc. Naples seems a very nice place, but you must feel a decided aversion to it.

Truf. Can you not let us go on with our conversation, without interrupting us?

Lel. Naples is the place where he first drew his breath.

Truf. Whither did I send him in his infancy, and under whose care?

Masc. That poor Albert behaved very well, for having accompanied your son from Bologna, whom you committed to his care.

Truf. Pshaw!

Masc. [*Aside*] We are undone if this conversation lasts long.

Truf. I should very much like to know their adventures; aboard what ship did my adverse fate . . . ?

Masc. I do not know what is the matter with me, I do nothing but yawn. But, Signor Trufaldin, perhaps this stranger may want some refreshment; besides, it grows late.

Lel. No refreshment for me.

Masc. Oh sir, you are more hungry than you imagine.

Truf. Please to walk in then.

Lel. After you, sir.[40]

Masc. [*To Trufaldin*] Sir, in Armenia, the masters of the house use no ceremony. [*To Lelio, after Trufaldin has gone in*] Poor fellow, have you not a word to say for yourself?

Lel. He surprised me at first; but never fear, I have rallied my spirits, and am going to rattle away boldly . . .

Masc. Here comes our rival, who knows nothing of our plot. [*They go into Trufaldin's house.*]

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[40] It shows that Lelio knows not what he is about when he does the honours of the house to the master of the house himself, and forgets that as a stranger he ought to go in first.

SCENE IV.

ANSELMO, LEANDER.

Ans. Stay, Leander, and allow me to tell you something which concerns your peace and reputation. I do not speak to you as the father of Hippolyta, as a man interested for my own family, but as your father, anxious for your welfare, without wishing to flatter you or to disguise anything; in short, openly and honestly, as I would wish a child of mine to be treated upon the like occasion. Do you know how everybody regards this amour of yours, which in one night has burst forth? How your yesterday's undertaking is everywhere talked of and ridiculed? What people think of the whim which, they say, has made you select for a wife a gipsy outcast, a strolling wench, whose noble occupation was only begging? I really blushed for you, even more than I did for myself, who am also compromised by this public scandal. Yes, I am compromised, I say, I whose daughter, being engaged to you, cannot bear to see her slighted, without taking offence at it. For shame, Leander; arise from your humiliation; consider well your infatuation; if none of us are wise at all times, yet the shortest errors are always the best. When a man receives no dowry with his wife, but beauty only, repentance follows soon after wedlock; and the handsomest woman in the world can hardly defend herself against a lukewarmness caused by possession. I repeat it, those fervent raptures, those youthful ardours and ecstacies, may make us pass a few agreeable nights, but this bliss is not at all lasting, and as our passions grow cool, very unpleasant days follow those pleasant nights; hence proceed cares, anxieties, miseries, sons disinherited through their fathers' wrath.

Leand. All that I now hear from you is no more than what my own reason has already suggested to me. I know

how much I am obliged to you for the great honour you are inclined to pay me, and of which I am unworthy. In spite of the passion which sways me, I have ever retained a just sense of your daughter's merit and virtue: therefore I will endeavour . . .

Ans. Somebody is opening this door; let us retire to a distance, lest some contagion spreads from it, which may attack you suddenly.

SCENE V.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Masc. We shall soon see our roguery miscarry if you persist in such palpable blunders.

Lel. Must I always hear your reprimands? What can you complain of? Have I not done admirably since . . . ?

Masc. Only middling; for example, you called the Turks heretics, and you affirmed, on your corporal oath, that they worshipped the sun and moon as their gods. Let that pass. What vexes me most is that, when you are with Celia, you strangely forget yourself; your love is like porridge, which by too fierce a fire swells, mounts up to the brim, and runs over everywhere.

Lel. Could any one be more reserved? As yet I have hardly spoken to her.

Masc. You are right! but it is not enough to be silent; you had not been a moment at table till your gestures roused more suspicion than other people would have excited in a whole twelvemonth.

Lel. How so?

Masc. How so? Everybody might have seen it. At table, where Trufaldin made her sit down, you never kept your eyes off her, blushed, looked quite silly, cast sheep's

eyes at her, without ever minding what you were helped to; you were never thirsty but when she drank, and took the glass eagerly from her hands; and without rinsing it, or throwing a drop of it away, you drank what she left in it, and seemed to choose in preference that side of the glass which her lips had touched; upon every piece which her slender hand had touched, or which she had bit, you laid your paw as quickly as a cat does upon a mouse, and you swallowed it as glibly as if you were a regular glutton. Then, besides all this, you made an intolerable noise, shuffling with your feet under the table, for which Trufaldin, who received two lusty kicks, twice punished a couple of innocent dogs, who would have growled at you if they dared; and yet, in spite of all this, you say you behaved finely! For my part I sat upon thorns all the time; notwithstanding the cold, I feel even now in a perspiration. I hung over you just as a bowler does over his bowl after he has thrown it, and thought to restrain your actions by contorting my body ever so many times.

Lel. Lack-a-day! how easy it is for you to condemn things of which you do not feel the enchanting cause. In order to humour you for once I have, nevertheless, a good mind to put a restraint upon that love which sways me. Henceforth . . .

SCENE VI.

TRUFALDIN, LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Masc. We were speaking about your son's adventures.

Truf. [*To Lelio*] You did quite right. Will you do me the favour of letting me have one word in private with him.

Lel. I should be very rude if I did not. [*Lelio goes into Trufaldin's House.*]

SCENE VII.

TRUFALDIN, MASCARILLE.[41]

Truf. Hark ye! do you know what I have just been doing?

Masc. No, but if you think it proper, I shall certainly not remain long in ignorance.

Truf. I have just now cut off from a large and sturdy oak, of about two hundred years old, an admirable branch, selected on purpose, of tolerable thickness, of which immediately, upon the spot, I made a cudgel, about . . . yes, of this size [*showing his arm*]; not so thick at one end as at the other, but fitter, I imagine, than thirty switches to belabour the shoulders withal; for it is well poised, green, knotty, and heavy.

Masc. But, pray, for whom is all this preparation?

Truf. For yourself, first of all; then, secondly, for that fellow, who wishes to palm one person upon me, and trick me out of another; for this Armenian, this merchant in disguise, introduced by a lying and pretended story.

Masc. What! you do not believe . . . ?

Truf. Do not try to find an excuse; he himself, fortunately, discovered his own stratagem, by telling Celia, whilst he squeezed her hand at the same time, that it was for her sake alone he came disguised in this manner. He did not perceive Jeannette, my little god-daughter, who overheard every word he said. Though your name was not mentioned, I do not doubt but you are a cursed accomplice in all this.

Masc. Indeed, you wrong me. If you are really deceived, believe me I was the first he imposed upon with his story.

Truf. Would you convince me you speak the truth? Assist me in giving him a sound drubbing, and in driving

[41] See Appendix, Note O.

him away; let us give it the rascal well, and then I will acquit you of all participation in this piece of rascality.

Masc. Ay, ay, with all my soul. I will dust his jacket for him so soundly, that you shall see I had no hand in this matter. [*Aside*] Ah! you shall have a good licking, Mister Armenian, who always spoil everything.

SCENE VIII.

LELIO, TRUFALDIN, MASCARILLE.

Truf. [*Knocks at his door, and then addresses Lelio*] A word with you, if you please. So, Mr Cheat, you have the assurance to fool a respectable man, and make game of him?

Masc. To pretend to have seen his son abroad, in order to get the more easily into his house!

Truf. [*Beating Lelio*] Go away, go away immediately.

Lel. [*To Mascarille, who beats him likewise*] Oh! you scoundrel!

Masc. It is thus that rogues . . .

Lel. Villain!

Masc. Are served here. Keep that for my sake!

Lel. What? Is a gentleman . . .?

Masc. [*Beating him and driving him off*] March off, begone, I tell you, or I shall break all the bones in your body.

Truf. I am delighted with this; come in, I am satisfied. [*Mascarille follows Trufaldin into his house.*]

Lel. [*Returning*] This to me! To be thus affronted by a servant! Could I have thought the wretch would have dared thus to ill-treat his master?

Masc. [*From Trufaldin's window*][42] May I take the liberty to ask how your shoulders are?

[42] See Appendix, Note P.

Lel. What! Have you the impudence still to address me?

Masc. Now see what it is not to have perceived Jeannette, and to have always a blabbing tongue in your head! However, this time I am not angry with you, I have done cursing and swearing at you; though you behaved very imprudently, yet my hand has made your shoulders pay for your fault.

Lel. Ha! I shall be revenged on you for your treacherous behaviour.

Masc. You yourself were the cause of all this mischief.

Lel. I?

Masc. If you had had a grain of sense when you were talking to your idol you would have perceived Jeannette at your heels, whose sharp ears overheard the whole affair.

Lel. Could anybody possibly catch one word I spoke to Celia?

Masc. And what else was the cause why you were suddenly turned out of doors? Yes, you are shut out by your own tittle-tattle. I do not know whether you play often at piquet, but you at least throw your cards away in an admirable manner.

Lel. Oh! I am the most unhappy of all men. But why did you drive me away also?

Masc. I never did better than in acting thus. By these means, at least, I prevent all suspicion of my being the inventor or an accomplice of this stratagem.

Lel. But you should have laid it on more gently.

Masc. I was no such fool! Trufaldin watched me most narrowly; besides, I must tell you, under the pretence of being of use to you, I was not at all displeased to vent my spleen. However, the thing is done, and if you will give me your word of honour, never, directly or indirectly, to be revenged on me for the blows on the back I so heartily gave

you, I promise you, by the help of my present station, to satisfy your wishes within these two nights.

Lel. Though you have treated me very harshly, yet what would not such a promise prevail upon me to do?

Masc. You promise, then?

Lel. Yes, I do.

Masc. But that is not all; promise never to meddle in anything I take in hand.

Lel. I do.

Masc. If you break your word may you get the cold shivers!

Lel. Then keep it with me, and do not forget my uneasiness.

Masc. Go and change your dress, and rub something on your back.

Lel. [*Alone*] Will ill-luck always follow me, and heap upon me one misfortune after another?

Masc. [*Coming out of Trufaldin's house*] What! Not gone yet? Hence immediately; but, above all, be sure you don't trouble your head about anything. Be satisfied, that I am on your side; do not make the least attempt to assist me; remain quiet.

Lel. [*Going*] Yes, to be sure, I will remain quiet.

Masc. [*Alone*] Now let me see what course I am to steer.

SCENE IX.

ERGASTE, MASCARILLE.

Erg. Mascarille, I come to tell you a piece of news, which will give a cruel blow to your projects. At the very moment I am talking to you, a young gipsy, who nevertheless is no black, and looks like a gentleman, has arrived with a very wan-looking old woman, and is to call upon

Trufaldin to purchase the slave you wished to redeem. He seems to be very anxious to get possession of her.

Masc. Doubtless it is the lover Celia spoke about. Were ever fortunes so entangled as ours? No sooner have we got rid of one trouble than we fall into another. In vain do we hear that Leander intends to abandon his pursuit, and to give us no further trouble; that the unexpected arrival of his father has turned the scales in favour of Hippolyta; that the old gentleman has employed his parental authority to make a thorough change, and that the marriage contract is going to be signed this very day; as soon as one rival withdraws, another and a more dangerous one starts up to destroy what little hope there was left. However, by a wonderful stratagem, I believe I shall be able to delay their departure and gain what time I want to put the finishing stroke to this famous affair. A great robbery has lately been committed, by whom, nobody knows. These gipsies have not generally the reputation of being very honest; upon this slight suspicion, I will cleverly get the fellow imprisoned for a few days. I know some officers of justice, open to a bribe, who will not hesitate on such an occasion; greedy and expecting some present, there is nothing they will not attempt with their eyes shut; be the accused ever so innocent, the purse is always criminal, and must pay for the offence.

ACT V. SCENE I.

MASCARILLE, ERGASTE.

Masc. Ah blockhead! numskull! idiot! Will you never leave off persecuting me?

Erg. The constable took great care everything was

going on smoothly; the fellow would have been in jail, had not your master come up that very moment, and, like a madman, spoiled your plot. "I cannot suffer," says he in a loud voice, "that a respectable man should be dragged to prison in this disgraceful manner; I will be responsible for him, from his very looks, and will be his bail." And as they refused to let him go, he immediately and so vigorously attacked the officers, who are a kind of people much afraid of their carcasses, that, even at this very moment, they are running, and every man thinks he has got a Lelio at his heels.

Masc. The fool does not know that this gipsy is in the house already to carry off his treasure.

Erg. Good-bye, business obliges me to leave you.

SCENE II.

MASCARILLE, *alone.*

Yes, this last marvellous accident quite stuns me. One would think, and I have no doubt of it, that this bungling devil which possesses Lelio takes delight in defying me, and leads him into every place where his presence can do mischief. Yet I shall go on, and notwithstanding all these buffets of fortune, try who will carry the day. Celia has no aversion to him, and looks upon her departure with great regret. I must endeavour to improve this opportunity. But here they come; let me consider how I shall execute my plan. Yonder furnished house is at my disposal, and I can do what I like with it; if fortune but favours us, all will go well; nobody lives there but myself, and I keep the key. Good Heavens! what a great many adventures have befallen us in so short a time, and what numerous disguises a rogue is obliged to put on!

SCENE III.

CELIA, ANDRÈS.

And. You know it, Celia, I have left nothing undone to prove the depth of my passion. When I was but very young, my courage in the wars gained me some consideration among the Venetians, and one time or other, and without having too great an opinion of myself, I might, had I continued in their service, have risen to some employment of distinction; but, for your sake, I abandoned everything; the sudden change you produced in my heart, was quickly followed by your lover joining the gipsies. Neither a great many adventures nor your indifference have been able to make me abandon my pursuit. Since that time, being by an accident separated from you much longer than I could have foreseen, I spared neither time nor pains to meet with you again. At last I discovered the old gipsy-woman, and heard from her that for a certain sum of money, which was then of great consequence to the gipsies, and prevented the dissolution of the whole band, you were left in pledge in this neighbourhood. Full of impatience, I flew hither immediately to break these mercenary chains, and to receive from you whatever commands you might be pleased to give. But, when I thought to see joy sparkle in your eyes, I find you pensive and melancholy; if quietness has charms for you, I have sufficient means at Venice, of the spoils taken in war, for us both to live there; but if I must still follow you as before, I will do so, and my heart shall have no other ambition than to serve you in whatever manner you please.

Cel. You openly display your affection for me. I should be ungrateful not to be sensible of it. Besides, just now, my countenance does not bear the impress of the feelings of my heart; my looks show that I have a violent headache.

If I have the least influence over you, you will delay our voyage for at least three or four days, until my indisposition has passed away.

And. I shall stay as long as you like; I only wish to please you; let us look for a house where you may be comfortable. Ho! here is a bill up just at the right time.

SCENE IV.

CELIA, ANDRÈS, MASCARILLE, *disguised as a Swiss.*

And. Monsieur Swiss, are you the master of the house?

Masc. I am at your service.[48]

And. Can we lodge here?

Masc. Yes, I let furnished lodgings to strangers, but only to respectable people.

And. I suppose your house has a very good reputation?

Masc. I see by your face you are a stranger in this town.

And. I am.

Masc. Are you the husband of this lady?

And. Sir?

Masc. Is she your wife or your sister?

And. Neither.

Masc. Upon my word, she is very pretty! Do you come on business, or have you a law-suit going on before the court? A lawsuit is a very bad thing, it costs so much money; a solicitor is a thief, and a barrister a rogue.

And. I do not come for either of these.

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[48] In the original, Mascarille speaks a kind of gibberish, which is only amusing when the play is acted; but it can serve no purpose to translate "*moi, pour serfir à fous,*" "*Qui, moi pour d'estrancher chappon champre garni, mais ché non point locher te gent te méchant vi,*" etc., by "me be at your serfice," "yes, me have de very goot shambers, ready furnish for stranger, but me no loge de people scandaluse," etc. A provincial pronunciation, an Irish brogue, or a Scotch tongue, are no equivalent for this mock Swiss German-French.

Masc. You have brought this young lady then to walk about and to see the town?

And. What is that to you? [*To Celia*] I shall be with you again in one moment; I am going to fetch the old woman presently, and tell them not to send the travelling-carriage which was ready.

Masc. Is the lady not quite well?

And. She has a headache.

Masc. I have some good wine and cheese within; walk in, go into my small house. [*Celia, Andrès, and Mascarille go into the house.*]

SCENE V.

LELIO, *alone.*

However impatient and excited I may feel, yet I have pledged my word to do nothing but wait quietly, to let another work for me, and to see, without daring to stir, in what manner Heaven will change my destiny.

SCENE VI.

ANDRÈS, LELIO.

Lel. [*Addressing Andrès, who is coming out of the house*] Do you want to see anybody in this house?

And. I have just taken some furnished apartments there.

Lel. The house belongs to my father, and my servant sleeps there every night to take care of it.

And. I know nothing of that; the bill, at least, shows it is to be let; read it.

Lel. Truly this surprises me, I confess. Who the deuce can have put that bill up, and why . . . ? Ho, faith, I can guess, pretty near, what it means; this cannot possibly proceed but from the quarter I surmise.

And. May I ask what affair this may be?

Lel. I would keep it carefully from anybody else, but it can be of no consequence to you, and you will not mention it to any one. Without doubt, that bill can be nothing else but an invention of the servant I spoke of; nothing but some cunning plot he has hatched to place into my hands a certain gipsy girl, with whom I am smitten, and of whom I wish to obtain possession. I have already attempted this several times, but until now in vain.

And. What is her name?

Lel. Celia.

And. What do you say? Had you but mentioned this, no doubt I should have saved you all the trouble this project costs you.

Lel. How so? Do you know her?

And. It is I who just now bought her from her master.

Lel. You surprise me!

And. As the state of her health did not allow her to leave this town, I just took these apartments for her; and I am very glad that on this occasion you have acquainted me with your intentions.

Lel. What! shall I obtain the happiness I hope for by your means? Could you . . .?

And. [*Knocks at the door*] You shall be satisfied immediately.

Lel. What can I say to you? And what thanks . . .?

And. No, give me none; I will have none.

SCENE VII.

LELIO, ANDRÈS, MASCARILLE.[44]

Masc. [*Aside*] Hallo! Is this not my mad-cap master? He will make another blunder.

See Appendix, Note Q.

Lel. Who would have known him in this grotesque dress? Come hither, Mascarille, you are welcome.

Masc. I am a man of honour; I am not Mascarille,[45] I never debauched any married or unmarried woman.

Lel. What funny gibberish! It is really very good!

Masc. Go about your business, and do not laugh at me.

Lel. You can take off your dress; recognise your master.

Masc. Upon my word! by all the saints, I never knew you!

Lel. Everything is settled, disguise yourself no longer.

Masc. If you do not go away I will give you a slap in the face.

Lel. Your Swiss jargon is needless, I tell you, for we are agreed, and his generosity lays me under an obligation. I have all I can wish for; you have no reason to be under any farther apprehension.

Masc. If you are agreed, by great good luck, I will no longer play the Swiss, and become myself again.

And. This valet of yours serves you with much zeal; stay a little; I will return presently.

SCENE VIII.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Lel. Well, what do you say now?

Masc. That I am delighted to see our labours crowned with success.

Lel. You were hesitating to doff your disguise, and could hardly believe me.

Masc. As I know you I was rather afraid, and still find the adventure very astonishing.

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[45] Mascarille answers in his gibberish, "*Moi non point Masquerille*," an allusion to *maquerelle* a female pander; hence his further remarks.

Lel. But confess, however, that I have done great things—at least I have now made amends for all my blunders—mine will be the honour of having finished the work.

Masc. Be it so; you have been much more lucky than wise.

SCENE IX.

CELIA, ANDRÈS, LELIO, MASCARILLE.

And. Is not this the lady you were speaking of to me?

Lel. Heavens! what happiness can be equal to mine!

And. It is true; I am indebted to you for the kindness you have shown me; I should be much to blame if I did not acknowledge it; but this kindness would be too dearly bought were I to repay it at the expense of my heart. Judge, by the rapture her beauty causes me, whether I ought to discharge my debt to you at such a price. You are generous, and would not have me act thus. Farewell. Let us return whence we came, and stay there for a few days. [*He leads Celia away.*

SCENE X.

LELIO, MASCARILLE.

Masc. I am laughing, and yet I have little inclination to it. You two are quite of the same mind; he gives Celia to you. Hem! . . . You understand me, sir?

Lel. This is too much. I am determined no longer to ask you to assist me; it is useless; I am a puppy, a wretch, a detestable blockhead, not worthy of any one taking any trouble for me, incapable of doing anything. Abandon all endeavours to aid an unfortunate wretch, who will not allow himself to be made happy; after so many misfortunes, after all my imprudent actions, death alone should aid me.

SCENE XI.

MASCARILLE, *alone.*

That is the true way of putting the finishing stroke to his fate; he wants nothing now but to die, to crown all his follies. But in vain his indignation, for all the faults he has committed urges him to renounce my aid and my support. I intend, happen what will, to serve him in spite of himself, and vanquish the very devil that possesses him. The greater the obstacle, the greater the glory; and the difficulties which beset us are but a kind of tire-women who deck and adorn virtue.

SCENE XII.

CELIA, MASCARILLE.

Celia. [*To Mascarille, who has been whispering to her*] Whatever you may say, and whatever they intend doing, I have no great expectation from this delay. What we have seen hitherto may indeed convince us that they are not as yet likely to agree. I have already told you that a heart like mine will not for the sake of one do an injustice to another, and that I find myself strongly attached to both, though by different ties. If Lelio has love and its power on his side, Andrès has gratitude pleading for him, which will not permit even my most secret thoughts ever to harbour anything against his interests. Yes; if he has no longer a place in my heart, if the gift of my hand must not crown his love, I ought at least to reward that which he has done for me, by not choosing another, in contempt of his flame, and suppress my own inclinations in the same manner as I do his. You have heard the difficulties which duty throws in my way, and you can judge now whether your expectations will be realised.

Masc. To speak the truth, they are very formidable

obstacles in our way, and I have not the knack of working miracles; but I will do my utmost, move Heaven and earth, leave no stone unturned to try and discover some happy expedient. I shall soon let you know what can be done.

SCENE XIII.

HIPPOLYTA, CELIA.

Hipp. Ever since you came among us, the ladies of this neighbourhood may well complain of the havoc caused by your eyes, since you deprive them of the greatest [illegible] of their conquests, and make all their lovers faithless. [illegible] is not a heart which can escape the darts, with [illegible] pierce them as soon as they see you; many [illegible] load themselves with your chains, and seem to enrich you daily at our expense. However, as regards myself, I should make no complaints of the irresistible sway of your exquisite charms, had they left me one of all my lovers to console me for the loss of the others; but it is inhuman in you that without mercy you deprive me of all; I cannot forbear complaining to you.

Cel. You rally in a charming manner, but I beseech you to spare me a little. Those eyes, those very eyes of yours, know their own power too well ever to dread anything that I am able to do; they are too conscious of their own charms, and will never entertain similar feelings of fear.

Hipp. Yet I advance nothing in what I have said which has not already entered the mind of every one, and without mentioning anything else, it is well known that Celia has made a deep impression on Leander and on Lelio.

Cel. I believe you will easily console yourself about their loss, since they have become so infatuated; nor can you regret a lover who could make so ill a choice.

Hipp. On the contrary, I am of quite a different opinion, and discover such great merits in your beauty; and see in it so many reasons sufficient to excuse the inconstancy of those who allow themselves to be attracted by it, that I cannot blame Leander for having changed his love and broken his plighted troth. In a short time, and without either hatred or anger, I shall see him again brought under my sway, when his father shall have exercised his authority.

SCENE XIV.

CELIA, HIPPOLYTA, MASCARILLE.

Masc. Great news! great news! a wonderful event which I am now going to tell you!

Cel. What means this.?

Masc. Listen. This is, without any compliments. . .

Cel. What?

Masc. The last scene of a true and genuine comedy. The old gipsy-woman was, but this very moment . . .

Cel. Well?

Masc. Crossing the market-place, thinking about nothing at all, when another old woman, very haggard-looking, after having closely staréd at her for some time, hoarsely broke out in a torrent of abusive language, and thus gave the signal for a furious combat, in which, instead of swords, muskets, daggers, or arrows, nothing was seen but four withered paws, brandished in the air, with which these two combatants endeavoured to tear off the little flesh old age had left on their bones. Not a word was heard but drab, wretch, trull. Their caps, to begin with, were flying about, and left a couple of bald pates exposed to view, which rendered the battle ridiculously horrible. At the noise and hubbub, Andrès and Trufaldin, as well as many others, ran to see what was the matter, and had much ado

to part them, so excited were they by passion. Meanwhile each of them, when the storm was abated, endeavoured to hide her head with shame. Everybody wished to know the cause of this ridiculous fray. She who first began it having, notwithstanding the warmth of her passion, looked for some time at Trufaldin, said in a loud voice,—"It is you, unless my sight misgives me, who, I was informed, lived privately in this town; most happy meeting! Yes, Signor Zanobio Ruberti, fortune made me find you out at the very moment I was giving myself so much trouble for your sake. When you left your family at Naples, your daughter, as you know, remained under my care. I brought her up from her youth. When she was only four years old she showed already in a thousand different ways what charms and beauty she would have. That woman you see there—that infamous hag—who had become rather intimate with us, robbed me of that treasure. Your good lady, alas! felt so much grief at this misfortune, that, as I have reason to believe, it shortened her days; so that, fearing your severe reproaches because your daughter had been stolen from me, I sent you word that both were dead; but now, as I have found out the thief, she must tell us what has become of your child." At the name of Zanobio Ruberti, which she repeated several times throughout the story, Andrès, after changing colour often, addressed to the surprised Trufaldin these words: "What! has Heaven most happily brought me to him whom I have hitherto sought in vain! Can I possibly have beheld my father, the author of my being, without knowing him? Yes, father, I am Horatio, your son; my tutor, Albert, having died, I felt anew certain uneasiness in my mind, left Bologna, and abandoning my studies, wandered about for six years in different places, according as my curiosity led me. However, after the expiration of that time, a secret impulse drove me to revisit my

kindred and my native country; but in Naples, alas! I could no longer find you, and could only hear vague reports concerning you; so that having in vain tried to meet with you, I ceased to roam about idly, and stopped for a while in Venice. From that time to this I have lived without receiving any other information about my family, except knowing its name." You may judge whether Trufaldin was not more than ordinarily moved all this while; in one word (to tell you shortly that which you will have an opportunity of learning afterwards more at your leisure, from the confession of the old gipsy-woman), Trufaldin owns you [*to Celia*] now for his daughter; Andrès is your brother; and as he can no longer think of marrying his sister, and as he acknowledges he is under some obligation to my master, Lelio, he has obtained for him your hand. Pandolphus being present at this discovery, gives his full consent to the marriage; and to complete the happiness of the family, proposes that the newly-found Horatio should marry his daughter. See how many incidents are produced at one and the same time!

Cel. Such tidings perfectly amaze me.

Masc. The whole company follow me, except the two female champions, who are adjusting their toilet after the fray. Leander and your father are also coming. I shall go and inform my master of this, and let him know that when we thought obstacles were increasing, Heaven almost wrought a miracle in his favour. [*Exit Mascarille.*

Hipp. This fortunate event fills me with as much joy as if it were my own case. But here they come.

SCENE XV.

TRUFALDIN, ANSELMO, PANDOLPHUS, ANDRÈS, CELIA, HIPPOLYTA, LEANDER.

Truf. My child!

Cel. Father!

Truf. Do you already know how Heaven has blest us?

Cel. I have just now heard this wonderful event.

Hipp. [*To Leander*] You need not find excuses for your past infidelity. The cause of it, which I have before my eyes, is a sufficient excuse.

Leand. I crave nothing but a generous pardon. I call Heaven to witness that, though I return to my duty suddenly, my father's authority has influenced me less than my own inclination.

And. [*To Celia*] Who could ever have supposed that so chaste a love would one day be condemned by nature? However, honour swayed it always so much, that with a little alteration it may still continue.

Cel. As for me, I blamed myself, and thought I was wrong, because I felt nothing but a very sincere esteem for you. I could not tell what powerful obstacle stopped me in a path so agreeable and so dangerous, and diverted my heart from acknowledging a love which my senses endeavoured to communicate to my soul.

Truf. [*To Celia*] But what would you say of me if, as soon as I have found you, I should be thinking of parting with you? I promised your hand to this gentleman's son.

Cel. I know no will but yours.

SCENE XVI.

TRUFALDIN, ANSELMO, PANDOLPHUS, CELIA, HIPPOLYTA, LELIO, LEANDER, ANDRÈS, MASCARILLE.

Masc. Now, let us see whether this devil of yours will have the power to destroy so solid a foundation as this; and whether your inventive powers will again strive against this great good luck that befalls you. Through a most unexpected favourable turn of fortune your desires are crowned with success, and Celia is yours.

Lel. Am I to believe that the omnipotence of Heaven . . . ?

Truf. Yes, son-in-law, it is really so.

Pand. The matter is settled.

And. [*To Lelio*] By this I repay the obligation you lay me under.

Lel. [*To Mascarille*] I must embrace you ever so many times in this great joy . . .

Masc. Oh! oh! gently, I beseech you; he has almost choked me. I am very much afraid for Celia if you embrace her so forcibly. One can do very well without such proofs of affection.

Truf. [*To Lelio*] You know the happiness with which Heaven has blessed me; but since the same day has caused us all to rejoice, let us not part until it is ended, and let Leander's father also be sent for quickly.

Masc. You are all provided for. Is there not some girl who might suit poor Mascarille? As I see, every Jack has his Gill, I also want to be married.

Ans. I have a wife for you.

Masc. Let us go, then; and may propitious Heaven give us children, whose fathers we really are.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 27.

Arthur Murphy has imitated this scene in his *School for Guardians*[1] (Vol. IV.; Act ii., p. 242); Mascarille is there called Brisk, Anselmo Oldcastle, and Lelio young Brumpton. We give the scene below.

Brisk. Oh, sir! I am glad I have met you at last. I have sought you through the whole town.

Oldcastle. You live with young Brumpton, don't you?

Brisk. The same, sir. Such a tide of affairs coming upon him! such an unforeseen accident! Poor Sir Theodore, sir! the good worthy gentleman on his way from the country . . .

Oldc. I understood he was in town.

Brisk. He was coming to town, Sir; we expected him every hour. And now the fatal news is arrived. He was taken suddenly ill; no assistance near; it happened on the road; the poor gentleman expired, and in the most critical moment!

Oldc. Carried off in this manner, you say, and without having time to be ill!

Brisk. Yes, Sir; without a single consultation of physicians! It's very hard! It's a pity he was in such a haste to die. But good sometimes comes of evil they say. The news has wrought a wonderful change in my young master. Sir Theodore had made a match for him in the country; a great match indeed!

Oldc. Ay! I heard of it.

Brisk. And yet the son, perverse and obstinate, was in love here in town; that is, he fancied he was, with an insignificant hussey, and was determined to marry her, in opposition to his poor father.

Oldc. I have heard of that too.

Brisk. But he is now shocked to find that he has been a monster of disobedience, and he gives up all thought of this town lady.

Oldc. That's right: the good young man!

Brisk. He renounces her for ever, sir, and is resolved to go off immediately for the country, and marry no woman in the world but the person designed for him by his father.

[1] The Works of Arthur Murphy, Esq., 7 vols. London 1786.

Oldc. The good young man! this is the best news I ever heard in my life. [*Aside*] The good young man!

Brisk. But then his intention of going out of town, I fear, may be frustrated.

Oldc. As how! that must not be.

Brisk. Why, we were kept a little bare of cash latterly, just to reduce him to a sense of his duty: and now he wants wherewithal to discharge some little bills, before we set out for the country.

Oldc. Why, I am indebted to Sir Theodore's estate. The intentions of the young man must not be frustrated.

Brisk. Heaven forbid!

Oldc. Here, I have in a purse here . . . Ha! ha! I shall get rid of a plague and a torment. [*Aside*] . . . I can let him have a couple of hundreds . .... [*Holds out the purse to him.*]

Brisk. Ah! Sir! if you will be so generous.

Oldc. Here, here; take it to him, and tell him he can't go out of town too soon.

Brisk. I shall be sure to tell him, sir. [*Exit.*

B, Page 34.

In Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all*[2] the quarrel between the master, Sir Martin, and the servant, Warner, the prototypes of Lelio and Mascarille, is described thus (Vol. IV., Act iii., Scene 3):

Sir Mart. I am a fool, I must confess it; and I am the most miserable one without thy help—but yet it was such a mistake as any man might have made.

Warn. No doubt of it.

Sir Mart. Pr'ythee chide me! this indifference of thine wounds me to the heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir Mart. Wilt thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, I kiss your hands, I have other business.

Sir Mart. Dear Warner!

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir Mart. Then I am resolved I'll kill myself.

Warn. You are master of your own body.

Sir Mart. Will you let me damn my soul?

Warn. At your pleasure, as the devil and you can agree about it.

Sir Mart. D' ye see, the point's ready? Will you do nothing to save my life?

Warn. Not in the least.

Sir Mart. Farewell, hard-hearted Warner.

Warn. Adieu, soft-headed Sir Martin.

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[2] The Works of John Dryden, with notes, etc., and a Life of the author by Sir Walter Scott, 18 vols. London 1808.

Sir Mart. Is it possible?

Warn. Why don't you despatch, sir? Why all these preambles?

Sir Mart. I'll see thee hanged first: I know thou would'st have me killed, to get my clothes.

Warn. I knew it was but a copy of your countenance; people in this age are not so apt to kill themselves.

Sir Mart. Here are yet ten pieces in my pocket; take 'em, and let's be friends.

Warn. You know the easiness of my nature, and that makes you work upon it so. Well, sir, for this once I cast an eye of pity on you; but I must have ten more in hand before I can stir a foot.

Sir Mart. As I am a true gamester, I have lost all but these; but if thou'lt lend me them, I'll give 'em thee again.

Warn. I'll rather trust you till to-morrow;

Once more look up, I bid you hope the best.
Why should your folly make your love miscarry,
Since men first play the fools, and then they marry? [*Exeunt.*

C, Page 35.

Dryden has partly remodelled this dialogue in *Sir Martin Mar-all* (Vol. III., Act iv., Scene 1), in the following manner:

Warn. Help, help, good people! Murder! Murder!

Enter Sir John and Moody.

Sir John and Moody. How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am abused, I am beaten, I am lamed for ever.

Mood. Who has used thee so?

Warn. The rogue, my master.

Sir John. What was the offence?

Warn. A trifle, just nothing.

Sir John. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he lost too much at play: I meant him nothing but well, heaven knows; and he, in a cursed damned humour, would needs revenge his losses upon me; and kicked me, took away my money, and turned me off; but, if I take it at his hands . . .

Mood. By cox-nowns, it was an ill-natured part; nay, I thought no better would come on't, when I heard him at his vow to gads, and in fines.

Warn. But, if I live, I'll cry quittance with him: he had engaged me to get Mrs Millisent, your daughter, for him; but if I do not all I can to make her hate him! a great booby, an overgrown oaf, a conceited Bartlemew—

Sir John. Pr'ythee leave off thy choler, and hear me a little. I have had a great mind to thee a long time; if thou thinkest my service better than his, from this minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my heart, sir; and so much the rather that I might spite him with it . . .

Sir John. This fellow is come in a happy hour; for now, sir, you and I may go to prepare the licence, and, in the meantime, he may have an eye upon your daughter.

Warn. If you please I'll wait upon her till she's ready, and then bring her to what church you shall appoint.

Mood. But, friend, you'll find she'll . . . be very loath to come along with you, and therefore I had best stay behind and bring her myself.

Warn. I warrant you I have a trick for that, sir; she knows nothing of my being turned away, so I'll come to her as from Sir Martin, and, under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir John. My better angel . . .

Mood. By the mass, 'twas well thought on; well, son, go you before, I'll speak but one word for a dish or two at dinner, and follow you to the licence office. Sirrah, stay you here, till my return.

[*Exeunt Sir John and Moody.*

D, page 38.

This is the speech of Warner (Mascarille) in *Sir Martin* (Act iv. Scene 1):—

Warn. Was there ever such a lucky rogue as I? I had always a good opinion of my wit, but could never think I had so much as now I find. I have now gained an opportunity to carry away Mrs Millisent, for my master to get his mistress by means of his rival, to receive all his happiness, where he could expect nothing but misery: after this exploit I will have Lilly[1] draw me in the habit of a hero, with a laurel on my temples, and an inscription below it: *This is Warner, the flower of serving-men.*

E, Page 40.

In *The Blunderer*, Lelio, the counterpart of Sir Martin, invents a letter, supposed to be written by Don Pedro de Gusman, Marquess of Montalcana (see page 39), in which he entreats Trufaldin not to part with his slave Celia, but to keep her until he comes himself to release her, as she is his daughter, stolen in her youth by gipsies; in the Eng-

[1] Lilly was a well known astrologer; here, of course, is meant Sir Peter Lely. Did Dryden let the serving-man mispronounce the artist's name on purpose? This is very likely, for the four last lines of the Epilogue of *Sir Martin Mar-all* say:

"Thus, gallants, we, like Lilly can foresee;
But if you ask us what our doom will be,
We by to-morrow will our fortune cast,
As he tells all things when the year is past."

lish play, Sir Martin invents a letter in which he warns old Moody not to let his daughter be privately married, because "above twenty (gallants) have dispersed themselves to watch her going out." In both the English and French comedy Sir Martin and Lelio frustrate the plan of their servants, who wish to get the young ladies into their hands, in order to deliver them up to their masters. This is the meeting between Sir Martin and Warner after the letter has been written (Act iv. Scene 1).

Enter SIR MARTIN, *laughing.*

Sir Mart. Warner, such a jest, Warner! [*Laughs again.*]

Warn. What a murrain is the matter, sir? Where lies this jest that tickles you?

Sir Mart. Let me laugh out my laugh, and I'll tell thee. [*Laughs again.*]

Warn. I wish you may have cause for all this mirth.

Sir Mart. Hereafter, Warner, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: thou shalt no more dare to tell me, I spoil thy projects, and discover thy designs; for I have played such a prize, without thy help, of my own mother-wit ('tis true I am hasty sometimes, and so do harm; but when I have a mind to shew myself, there's no man in England, though I say't, comes near me as to point of imagination) I'll make thee acknowledge I have made a plot that has a soul in't.

Warn. Pray, sir, keep me no longer in ignorance of this rare invention.

Sir Mart. Know then, Warner, that when I left thee, I was possessed with a terrible fear, that my mistress should be married. Well, thought I to myself—and mustering up all the forces of my wit, I did produce such a stratagem!

Warn. But what was it?

Sir Mart. I feigned a letter as from an unknown friend to Moody, wherein I gave him to understand, that if his daughter went out this afternoon, she would infallibly be snapped by some young fellows that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir Mart. That which follows is yet better; for he I sent assures me, that in that very nick of time my letter came, her father was just sending her abroad with a very foolish rascally fellow, that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this, a' God's name? Could you do this wonderful miracle without giving your soul to the devil for his help?

Sir Mart. I tell thee, man, I did it; and it was done by the help of no devil, but this familiar of my own brain; how long would it have been ere thou couldst have thought of such a project? Martin said to his man, *Who's the fool now?*

Warn. Who's the fool! why, who uses to be the fool? he that ever was since I knew him, and ever will be so.

Sir Mart. . . . I think thou art grown envious; not one word in my commendation?

Warn. Faith, sir, my skill is too little to praise you as you deserve; but if you would have it according to my poor ability, you are one that had a knock in your cradle, a conceited lack-wit, a designing ass, a hair-brained fop, a confounded busy-brain, with an eternal wind-mill in it; this, in short, sir, is the contents of your panegyric.

Sir Mart. But what the devil have I done, to set you thus against me?

Warn. Only this, sir; I was the foolish rascally fellow that was with Moody, and your worship was he to whom I was to bring his daughter.

Sir Mart. But how could I know this? I am no witch.

Warn. No, I'll be sworn for you, you are no conjurer. Will you go, sir?

Sir Mart. Will you hear my justification?

Warn. Shall I see the back of you? Speak not a word in your defence. [*Shoves him.*]

Sir Mart. This is the strangest luck now— [*Exit.*

Warn. I'm resolved this devil of his shall never weary me; I will overcome him, I will invent something that shall stand good in spite of his folly. Let me see . . .

F, Page 42.

This ending of the quarrel between master and servant is imitated by Dryden in another part of *Sir Martin* (Act iii. Scene 1) thus:—

Sir Mart. Why do you frown upon me so, when you know your looks go to the heart of me? What have I done besides a little *lapsus linguæ?*

Warn. Why, who says you have done anything? You, a mere innocent!

Sir Mart. As the child that's to be born, in my intentions; if I know how I have offended myself any more than—in one word—

Warn. But don't follow me, however: I have nothing to say to you.

Sir Mart. I'll follow you to the world's end, till you forgive me.

Warn. I am resolved to lead you a dance then. [*Exit running.*

Sir Mart. The rogue has no mercy in him; but I must mollify him with money.

G, Page 43.

Arthur Murphy, in his play *The School for Guardians*, chiefly imitated from Molière's *School for Wives* gives to his servant Brisk (Act ii. p. 241) nearly the same speech which Mascarille utters above. Here it is:

Brisk. My dear good-nature—hold you your tongue! you plead in vain: not a step will I budge. I am rock, and will be made a dupe no more. Well said my just resentment: we know the world now, and will be led a devil's dance no longer. Bravo Brisk, now you are free, and your own man again. Service is a very unthankful office, and for the mere honour of—Pshaw! . . . now my honour must be heard. What will the world say of you, Mr Brisk, you that have hitherto been the first footman in England, renowned for your parts and your abilities! money is absolutely necessary for your master's affairs: Mr Oldcastle is his only resource, and you have orders to apply for it directly. But, my dear honour, you know what an empty bubble you are, and how often I have been kicked in your service. The more glory, man; if anybody thinks it worth his while to kick you, it's a sign you are rising in the world. Those are the things that will help your fortune, and make an exciseman of you at last! bravo! I kindle at the thought. I must go on; one effort more, Brisk, and then . . .

H, Page 43.

Dryden, in *Sir Martin Mar-all*, treats this subject as follows (Act iv. Scene 1); Sir John is the counterpart of Leander in *The Blunderer*:—

Sir John. Now I think on't, this letter must needs come from Sir Martin; a plot of his, upon my life, to hinder our marriage.

Warn. I see, sir, you'll still mistake him for a wit; but I'm much deceived, if that letter came not from another hand.

Sir John. From whom, I pr'ythee?

Warn. Nay, for that you shall excuse me, sir; I do not love to make a breach between persons that are to be so near related.

Sir John. Thou seemest to imply that my mistress was in the plot.

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't? Do you not know she ever loved him, and can you hope she has so soon forsaken him? You may make yourself miserable, if you please, by such a marriage.

Sir John. When she is once mine, her virtue will secure me.

Warn. Her virtue!

Sir John. What, do you make a mock on't?

Warn. Not I; I assure you, sir, I think it no such jesting matter.

Sir John. Why, is she not honest?

Warn. Yes, in my conscience is she; for Sir Martin's tongue's no slander.

Sir John. But does he say to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him,—which, for my part, I do not,—he has in a manner confessed it to me.

Sir John. Hell and damnation!

Warn. Courage, sir, never vex yourself; I'll warrant you 'tis all a lie.

Sir John. But, how shall I be sure 'tis so ?

Warn. When you are married, you'll soon make trial, whether she be a maid or no.

Sir John. I do not love to make that experiment at my own cost.

Warn. Then you must never marry . . .

I, Page 45.

The meeting between the counterparts of Lelio and Leander, Sir Martin and Sir John, in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all*, is treated as follows (Act iv., Scene 1) :—

Enter Sir Martin to Sir John, musing.

Sir Mart. You are very melancholy, methinks, sir.

Sir John. You are mistaken, sir.

Sir Mart. You may dissemble as you please, but Mrs Millisent lies at the bottom of your heart.

Sir John. My heart, I assure you, has no room for so poor a trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheedle me ; would you have me imagine you do not love her ?

Sir John. Love her ! why should you think me such a sot ? love a prostitute, an infamous person !

Sir Mart. Fair and soft, good Sir John.

Sir John. You see, I am no very obstinate rival, I leave the field free to you : Go on, sir, and pursue your good fortune, and be as happy as such a common creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is Hebrew-Greek to me ; but I must tell you, sir, I will not suffer my divinity to be prophaned by such a tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it ; whate'er I say I can quote my author for.

Sir Mart. Then, sir, whoever told it you lied in his throat, d'ye see, and deeper than that, d'ye see, in his stomach, and his guts, d'ye see : Tell me she's a common person ! . . . I'll make him eat his words. . . .

Sir John. What if Warner told me so ? I hope you'll grant him to be a competent judge in such a business.

Sir Mart. Did that precious rascal say it ?—Now, I think on't, I'll not believe you : in fine, sir, I'll hold you an even wager he denies it.

Sir John. I'll lay you ten to one he justifies it to your face.

Sir Mart. I'll make him give up the ghost under my fist, if he does not deny it.

Sir John. I'll cut off his ears upon the spot if he does not stand to't.

K, Page 47.

The quarrel between the servant and his two masters in *Sir Martin Mar-all* (Act iv., Scene 1.) is as follows :—

Sir Mart. Here he comes, in pudding-time, to resolve the question :

Come hither, you lying varlet, hold up your hand at the bar of justice, and answer me to what I shall demand.

Warn. What-a-goodjer is the matter, sir?

Sir Mart. Thou spawn of the old serpent, fruitful in nothing but in lies!

Warn. A very fair beginning, this.

Sir Mart. Didst thou dare to cast thy venom upon such a saint as Mrs Millisent, to traduce her virtue, and say it was adulterate?

Warn. Not guilty, my lord.

Sir Mart. I told you so.

Sir John. How, Mr Rascal! have you forgot what you said but now concerning Sir Martin and Mrs Millisent? I'll stop the lie down your throat, if you dare deny it.

Sir Mart. Say you so! are you there again, i' faith?

Warn. Pray pacify yourself, sir; 't was a plot of my own devising. [*Aside*].

Sir Mart. Leave off your winking and your pinking. . . . I'll understand none of it; tell me in plain English the truth of the business; for an you were my own brother, you should pay for it: belie my mistress! . . . d'ye think I have no sense of honour?

Warn. What the devil's the matter w' ye? Either be at quiet, or I'll resolve to take my heels, and be gone.

Sir Mart. Stop, thief, there! what, did you think to 'scape the hand of justice? [*Lays hold on him*]. The best on 't is, sirrah, your heels are not altogether so nimble as your tongue. [*Beats him*].

Warn. Help! Murder! murder!

Sir Mart. Confess, you rogue, then!

Warn. Hold your hands, I think the devil's in you—I tell you 'tis a device of mine.

Sir Mart. And have you nobody to devise it on but my mistress, the very map of innocence?

Sir John. Moderate your anger, good Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. By your patience, sir, I'll chastise him abundantly.

Sir John. That's a little too much, sir, by your favour, to beat him in my presence.

Sir Mart. That's a good one, i' faith; your presence shall hinder me from beating my own servant?

Warn. O traitor to all sense and reason! he's going to discover that too.

Sir Mart. An I had a mind to beat him to mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir John. At present, I must tell you, he's mine, sir.

Sir Mart. Hey-day, here's fine juggling!

Warn. Stop yet, sir, you are just upon the brink of a precipice. [*Aside*].

Sir Mart. What is 't thou mean'st now?—O Lord! my mind mis-

gives me, I have done some fault; but would I were hanged if I can find it out. [*Aside*].

Warn. There's no making him understand me.

Sir Mart. . . . Come what will, I'll not be faced down with a lie; I say, he is my man.

Sir John. Pray remember yourself better; did not you turn him away for some fault lately, and laid a livery of black and blue on his back before he went?

Sir Mart. The devil of any fault, or any black and blue, that I remember: either the rascal put some trick upon you, or you would upon me.

Sir John. O ho, then it seems the cudgelling and turning away were pure invention; I am glad I understand it.

Sir Mart. In fine, it's all so damned a lie——

Warn. Alas! he had forgot it, sir; good wits, you know, have bad memories.

Sir John. No, no, sir, that shall not serve your turn; you may return when you please to your old master; I give you a fair discharge, and a glad man I am to be so rid of you: Were you thereabouts, i' faith? What a snake I had entertained in my bosom! Fare you well, sir, and lay your next plot better between you, I advise you. [*Exit Sir John.*

L, Page 51.

The reconciliation between Sir Martin and his servant, Warner (Act iv., end of Scene 1), is thus described in *Sir Martin Mar-all:*

Warn. Lord, sir, how you stand, as you were nipped i' the head! Have you done any new piece of folly that makes you look so like an ass?

Sir Mart. Here's three pieces of gold yet, if I had the heart to offer it thee. [*Holds the gold afar off, trembling.*]

Warn. Noble sir, what have I done to deserve so great a liberality? I confess, if you had beaten me for my own fault, if you had utterly destroyed all my projects, then it might have been expected, that ten or twenty pieces should have been offered by way of recompence or satisfaction.

Sir Mart. Nay, an you be so full of your flouts, your friend and servant; who the devil could tell the meaning of your signs and tokens, an you go to that?

Warn. You are no ass then?

Sir Mart. Well, sir, to do you service, d'ye see, I am an ass in a fair way; will that satisfy you?

Warn. For this once produce those three pieces; I am contented to receive that inconsiderable tribute; or make 'em six, and I'll take the fault upon myself.

Sir Mart. Are we friends, then? If we are, let me advise you—

Warn. Yet advising!

Sir Mart. For no harm, good Warner: but pray next time make use of your council, let me enter into the business, instruct me in every point, and then if I discover all, I am resolved to give over affairs, and retire from the world.

Warn. Agreed, it shall be so; but let us now take breath a while, then on again.

For though we had the worst, those heats are past;
We'll whip and spur, and fetch him up at last. [*Exeunt.*

M, Page 56.

In *Sir Martin* it is Miss Millisent's maid, Rose, who invents the disguise and the story (Act v., Scene 1):

Rose. Dress thy master, that he may be Anthony, old Moody's bastard, and thou his, come from the East Indies.

Sir Mart. Hey-tarock it—now we shall have Rose's device too; I long to be at it; pray let's hear more on it.

Rose. Old Moody, you must know, in his younger days, when he was a Cambridge scholar, made bold with a townsman's daughter there, by whom he had a bastard, whose name was Anthony, whom you, Sir Martin, are to represent.

Sir Mart. I warrant you; let me alone for Tony: but pray go on, Rose.

Rose. This child, in his father's time, he durst not own, but bred him privately in the isle of Ely till he was seven years' old, and from thence sent him with one Bonaventure, a merchant, for the East Indies.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your memory, sir?

Sir Mart. There's no answering thee anything; thou thinkest I am good for nothing.

Rose. Bonaventure died at Surat within two years, and this Anthony has lived up and down in the Mogul's country, unheard of by his father till this night, and is expected within these three days: now if you can pass for him, you may have admittance into the house, and make an end of all the business before the other Anthony arrives.

Warn. But hold, Rose, there's one considerable point omitted; what was his mother's name?

Rose. That indeed I had forgot; her name was Dorothy, daughter to one Draw-water, a vintner at the Rose.

Warn. Come, sir, are you perfect in your lesson? Anthony Moody, born in Cambridge, bred in the isle of Ely, sent into the Mogul's country at seven years old, with one Bonaventure, a merchant, who died within two years; your mother's name Dorothy Draw-water, the vintner's daughter at the Rose.

Sir Mart. I have it all *ad unguem*—what! do'st think I'm a sot? But stay a little,—how have I lived all this while in that same country?

Warn. What country? . . . he has forgot already!

Rose. The Mogul's country.

Sir Mart. Ay, ay, the Mogul's country. What the devil, any man may mistake a little; but now I have it perfect: but what have I been doing all this while in the Mogul's country?—He's a heathen rogue, I am afraid I shall never hit upon his name.

Warn. Why, you have been passing your time there no matter how.

Rose. Well, if this passes upon the old man, I'll bring your business about again with my mistress, never fear it; stay you here at the door, I'll go tell the old man of your arrival.

Warn. Well, sir, now play your part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former errors.

Sir Mart. Hang them, they were only slips of youth. How peremptory and domineering this rogue is, now he sees I have need of his service! Would I were out of his power again, I would make him lie at my feet like any spaniel.

N, Page 61.

In the *Blunderer* Lelio simply pretends to be a messenger of Trufaldin's son; in *Sir Martin Mar-all* (Act v., Scene 1), this scene is pretty closely followed, only Sir Martin gives out he is Moody's son.

Enter MOODY, SIR JOHN, LORD DARTMOUTH, LADY DUPE, MILLISENT, CHRISTIAN, *and* ROSE.

Mood. Is he here already, say'st thou? Which is he?

Rose. That sun-burned gentleman.

Mood. My dear boy, Anthony, do I see thee again before I die? Welcome, welcome.

Sir Mart. My dear father, I knew it is you by instinct; for, methinks, I am as like you, as if I were spit out of your mouth. . . .

Sir Mart. And that's my sister; methinks I have a good resemblance of her too: Honest sister, I must needs kiss you, sister.

Warn. This fool will discover himself; I foresee it already by his carriage to her.

Mood. And now, Anthony, pray tell us a little of your travels.

Sir Mart. Time enough for that, forsooth, father; but I have such a natural affection for my sister, that, methinks, I could live and die with her: Give me thy hand, sweet sister.

Sir John. She's beholden to you, sir.

Sir Mart. What if she be, sir? What's that to you, sir?

Sir John. I hope, sir, I have not offended you.

Sir Mart. It may be you have, and it may be you have not, sir; you see I have no mind to satisfy you, sir: What a devil! a man cannot talk a little to his own flesh and blood, but you must be interposing, with a murrain to you.

Mood. Enough of this, good Anthony; this gentleman is to marry your sister.

Sir Mart. He marry my sister! Od's foot, sir, there are some bastards, that shall be nameless, that are as well worthy to marry her, as any man; and have as good blood in their veins.

Sir John. I do not question it in the least, sir.

Sir Mart. 'Tis not your best course, sir; you marry my sister! what have you seen of the world, sir? I have seen your hurricanos, and your calentures, and your ecliptics, and your tropic lines, sir, can you go to that, sir.

Warn. You must excuse my master; the sea's a little working in his brain, sir.

Sir Mart. And your Prester Johns of the East Indies, and your great Turk of Rome and Persia. . . .

Mood. But pray, son Anthony, let us talk of other matters; and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me? And yet I made woundy much of you, when you were young.

Sir Mart. I remember you as well as if I saw you but yesterday: A fine grey-headed—grey-bearded old gentleman, as ever I saw in all my life.

Warn. [*Aside*] Grey-bearded old gentleman! when he was a scholar at Cambridge!

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir Mart. O yes, sir, most perfectly, in the isle—stay—let me see, oh—now I have it—in the isle of Scilly.

Mood. In the isle of Ely, sure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt, he did, sir; but this damn'd isle of Scilly runs in his head, ever since his sea voyage.

Mood. And your mother's name was—come, pray let me examine you—for that, I'm sure, you cannot forget.

Sir Mart. Warner! what was it, Warner? [*Aside.*]

Warn. Poor Mrs Dorothy Draw-water, if she were now alive, what a joyful day would this be to her!

Mood. Who the devil bid you speak, sirrah?

Sir Mart. Her name, sir, was Mrs Dorothy Draw-water.

Sir John. I'll be hanged if this be not some cheat.

Mill. He makes so many stumbles, he must needs fall at last.

Mood. But you remember, I hope, where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of Oxford for an university, but Cambridge for my money.

Mood. Hold your tongue, you scanderbag rogue you; this is the second time you have been talking when you should not.

Sir Mart. I was born at Cambridge; I remember it as perfectly as if it were but yesterday.

Warn. How I sweat for him! he's remembering ever since he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the East Indies?

Sir Mart. Warner. [*Aside.*]

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, sir, you lighted upon so honest a merchant as Mr Bonaventure, to take care of him.

Mood. Saucy rascal! This is past all sufferance.

Rose. We are undone, Warner, if this discourse go on any further.

Lord D. Pray, sir, take pity on the poor gentleman; he has more need of a good supper, than to be asked so many questions.

Sir John. These are rogues, sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one question—which way did you come home, sir?

Sir Mart. We came home by land, sir.

Warn. That is, from India to Persia, from Persia to Turkey, from Turkey to Germany, from Germany to France.

Sir John. And from thence, over the narrow seas on horseback.

Mood. 'Tis so, I discern it now; but some shall smoke for it. Stay a little, Anthony, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit* Moody.

Warn. That wicked old man is gone for no good, I'm afraid; would I were fairly quit of him. [*Aside.*] . . .

O, Page 67.

The difference between the cudgelling scene in *The Blunderer* and *Sir Martin* is, that the hero is beaten in the last play in the presence of many people (Act v., Scene 1), the scene follows;

Enter Moody *with Two Cudgels.*

Mood. Among half a score tough cudgels I had in my chamber, I have made choice of these two, as best able to hold out . . .

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, sir?

Mood. In the first place, for your worship, and in the next, for this East-India apostle, that will needs be my son Anthony.

Warn. Why, d'ye think he is not?

Mood. No, thou wicked accomplice in his designs, I know he is not.

Warn. Who his accomplice? I beseech you, sir, what is it to me if he should prove a counterfeit? I assure you he has cozened me in the first place.

Sir John. That's likely, i' faith, cozen his own servant!

Warn. As I hope for mercy, sir, I am an utter stranger to him; he took me up but yesterday, and told me the story, word for word, as he told it you.

Sir Mart. What will become of us two now? I trust to the rogue's wit to bring me off.

Mood. If thou would'st have me believe thee, take one of these two cudgels, and help me to lay it on soundly.

Warn. With all my heart.

Mood. Out, you cheat, you hypocrite, you impostor! Do you come hither to cozen an honest man? [*Beats him.*

Sir Mart. Hold, hold, sir!

Warn. Do you come hither, with a lye, to get a father, Mr Anthony of East India?

Sir Mart. Hold, you inhuman butcher!

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, sir.

Sir Mart. The rogue will murder me. [*Exit Sir Martin.*

P, Page 68.

The conversation between Mascarille and Trufaldin in *The Blunderer* takes place whilst the first is at the window; this is not the case with the dialogue between Sir Martin and Warner in *Sir Martin Mar-all* (Act v., Scene 2).

Enter again SIR MARTIN *and* WARNER.

Sir Mart. Was there ever such an affront put upon a man, to be beaten by his servant?

Warn. After my hearty salutations . . . sir, may a man have leave to ask you, what news from the Mogul's country?

Sir Mart. I wonder where thou had'st the impudence to move such a question to me, knowing how thou hast used me.

Warn. Now, sir, you may see what comes of your indiscretion and stupidity: I always give you warning of it; but, for this time, I am content to pass it without more words, partly, because I have already corrected you, though not so much as you deserve.

Sir Mart. Do'st thou think to carry it off at this rate, after such an injury?

Warn. You may thank yourself for't; nay, 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwise I had been suspected as your accomplice.

Sir Mart. But you laid it on with such a vehgeance, as if you were beating of a stock-fish.

Warn. To confess the truth on't, you had angered me, and I was willing to evaporate my choler; if you will pass it by so, I may change to help you to your mistress. No more words of this business, I advise you, but go home and grease your back.

Sir Mart. In fine, I must suffer it at his hands: for if my shoulders had not paid for this fault, my purse must have sweat blood for't: The rogue has got such a hank upon me . . .

Q, Page 76.

In *Sir Martin Mar-all* (Act ii., Scene 2), it is not the servant, as in *The Blunderer*, but his landlord, disguised as a carrier, who is recognised by Sir Martin. We give the scene here below. The communica-

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tion of the death of Sir John's father is in the French piece (Act ii., Scene 3), made by Mascarille to Anselmo (see page 27), and is not followed by the recognition, as in *Sir Martin*.

Rose. How now? What would this carrier have?

Warn. This is our landlord, whom I told you of; but keep your countenance. [*Aside to her*].

Land. I was looking hereaway for one Sir John Swallow; they told me I might hear news of him in this house.

Sir John. Friend, I am the man; what have you to say to me?

Land. Nay, faith, sir, I am not so good a scholard to say much, but I have a letter for you in my pouch, there's plaguey news in it, I can tell you that.

Sir John. From whom is your letter?

Land. From your old uncle Anthony . . .

Sir John. Well, what's the business on't?

Land. Nay, no great business; 'tis but only that your worship's father's dead.

Sir John. My loss is beyond expression! How died he?

Land. He went to bed as well to see to as any man in England; and when he awakened the next morning——

Sir John. What then?

Land. He found himself stark dead . . . [*To them Sir Martin.*]

Sir Mart. Heigh, heigh, what makes my landlord here? He has put on a fool's coat, I think, to make us laugh.

Warn. The devil's in him, he's at it again; his folly is like a sore in a surfeited horse; cure it in one place, and it breaks out in another.

Sir Mart. Honest landlord, i' faith, and what makes you here?

Sir John. Are you acquainted with this honest man?

Land. Take heed what you say, sir. [*To Sir Martin softly.*]

Sir Mart. Take heed what you say, sir! Why? who should I be afraid of? Of you, sir? I say, sir, I know him, sir; and I have reason to know him, sir; for I am sure I lodge in his house, sir—nay, never think to terrify me, sir; 'tis my landlord here in Charles Street, sir.

Land. Now I expect to be paid for the news I brought him.

Sir John. Sirrah, did not you tell me that my father——

Land. Is in very good health, for aught I know, sir; I beseech you to trouble yourself no farther concerning him.

Sir John. Who set you on to tell this lie?

Sir Mart. Ay, who set you on, sirrah? This was a rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: down on your marrow-bones, and confess the truth: have you no tongue, you rascal?

Sir John. Sure 'tis some silenced minister; he grows so fat he cannot speak.

Land. Why, sir, if you would know, 'twas for your sake I did it.

Warn. For my master's sake! why, you impudent varlet, do you think to 'scape us with a lye?

Sir John. How was it for his sake?

Warn. 'Twas for his own, sir; he heard you were the occasion the lady lodged not at his house, and so he invented this lie; partly to revenge himself of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again when you were gone.

Sir John. Fetch me a cudgel, pr'ythee.

Land. O good sir! if you beat me, I shall run into oil immediately.

Warn. Hang him, rogue; he's below your anger; I'll maul him for you—the rogue's so big, I think 'twill ask two days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*]

Land. O rogue! O villain, Warner! bid him hold, and I'll confess, sir.

Warn. Get you gone without replying; must such as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*]

LE DÉPIT AMOUREUX.

COMÉDIE.

THE LOVE-TIFF.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN VERSE.)

1656.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Love-tiff (*Le Dépit-amoureux*) is composed of two pieces joined together. The first and longest is a comparatively modest imitation of a very coarse and indecent Italian comedy, *L'Interesse*, by Signor Nicolo Secchi; its intrigue depends chiefly on the substitution of a female for a male child, a change which forms the groundwork of many plays and novels, and of which Shakespeare has also made use. The second and best part of *the Love-tiff* belongs to Molière alone, and is composed chiefly of the whole of the first act, the first six verses of the third scene, and the whole of the fourth scene of the second act; these, with a few alterations and a few lines added, form the comedy which the *Théâtre Français* plays at the present time. It was first represented at Béziers, towards the end of 1656, when the States General of Languedoc were assembled in that town, and met with great success; a success which continued when it was played in Paris at the Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon in 1658. Why in some of the former English translations of Molière the servant Gros-René is called "Gros-Renard," we are unable to understand, for both names are thoroughly French. Mr Ozell in his translation gives him the unmistakeably English, but not very euphonious name of "punch-gutted Ben, *alias* Renier," whilst Foote calls him "Hugh." The incidents of *the Love-tiff* are arranged artistically, though in the Spanish taste; the plot is too complicated, and the ending very unnatural. But the characters are well delineated, and fathers, lovers, mistresses, and servants all move about amidst a complication of errors from which there is no visible disentangling. The conversation between Valère and Ascanio in man's clothes, the mutual begging pardon of Albert and Polydore, the natural astonishment of Lucile accused in the presence of her father, and the stratagem of Eraste to get the truth from his servants, are all described in a masterly manner, whilst the tiff between Éraste and Lucile, which gives the title to the piece, as well as their reconciliation, are considered among the best scenes of this play.

Nearly all actors in France who play either the *valets* or the *soubrettes* have attempted the parts of Gros-René and Marinette, and even the great tragédienne Madlle. Rachel ventured, on the 1st of July 1844, to act Marinette, but not with much success.

Dryden has imitated, in the fourth act of *An Evening's Love*, a small part of the scene between Marinette and Éraste, the quarrelling scene between Lucile, Éraste, Marinette, and Gros-René, as well as in the third act of the same play, the scene between Albert and

Metaphrastus. Vanbrugh has very closely followed Molière's play in the *Mistake*, but has laid the scene in Spain. This is the principal difference I can perceive. He has paraphrased the French with a spirit and ease which a mere translation can hardly ever acquire. The epilogue to his play, written by M. Motteux, a Frenchman, whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought into England, is filthy in the extreme. Mr J. King has curtailed Vanbrugh's play into an interlude, in one act, called *Lovers' Quarrels; or, Like Master Like Man.* We have given in the Appendix extracts from these plays.

Another imitator of Molière was Edward Ravenscroft, of whom Baker says in his *Biographia Dramatica*, that he was "a writer or compiler of plays, who lived in the reigns of Charles II. and his two successors. He was descended from the family of the Ravenscrofts, in Flintshire; a family, as he himself in a dedication asserts, so ancient, that, when William the Conqueror came into England, one of his nobles married into it. He was some time a member of the Middle Temple; but, looking on the dry study of the law as greatly beneath the attention of a man of genius, quitted it ... He was an arrant plagiary." Dryden attacked one of his plays, *The Citizen turned Gentleman*, an imitation of Molière's *Bourgeois-gentilhomme*, in the Prologue to *The Assignation.* Ravenscroft wrote "*The Wrangling Lovers, or the Invisible Mistress.* Acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1677. London, Printed for William Crook, at the sign of the *Green Dragon*, without *Temple-Bar*, 1677." Though the plot is partly taken from a Spanish novel, the author has been inspired by Molière's *Dépit amoureux.* The scene is in Toledo: Éraste is called Don Diego de Stuniga, Valère Don Gusman de Haro, "a well-bred cavaliere," Lucile is Octavia de Pimentell, and Ascanio is Elvira; Gros-René's name is Sanco, "vallet to Gusman, a simple pleasant fellow," and Mascarille is Ordgano, "a cunning knave;" Marinette is called Beatrice and Frosine Isabella. The English play is rather too long. Don Gusman courts Elvira veiled, whilst in the French play Ascanio, her counterpart, is believed to be a young man. There is also a brother of Donna Elvira, Don Ruis de Moncade, who is a rival of Don Diego, whilst in *le Dépit-amoureux* Valère is not the brother but the husband of Ascanio and the rival of Éraste (Don Diego) as well. The arrangement of the English comedy differs greatly from the French. Though the plot in both plays is nearly identical, yet the words and scenes in *The Wrangling Lovers* are totally different, and not so amusing. Mascarille and Gros-René are but faintly attempted; Marinette and Frosine only sketched in outline; and in the fifth act the ladies appear to have nothing else to do but to pop in and out closets. The scenes of the French play between Albert and Metaphrastus (ii. 7); the very comical scene between Albert and Polydore (iii. 4); and the reconciliation scene between Lucile and Éraste (iv. 3), are also not rendered in the English comedy. There are very few scenes which can be compared with those of *le Dépit amoureux.* We have given some specimens of Ravenscroft's paraphrasing of Molière in the Appendix.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ÉRASTE, *in love with Lucile.*
ALBERT, *father to Lucile.*[1]
GROS-RENÉ, *servant to Éraste.*
VALÈRE, *son to Polydore.*
POLYDORE, *father to Valère.*
MASCARILLE, *servant to Valère.*
METAPHRASTUS, *a pedant.*
LA RAPIÈRE, *a bully.*

LUCILE, *daughter to Albert.*
ASCANIO, *Albert's daughter, in man's clothes.*
FROSINE, *confidant to Ascanio.*
MARINETTE, *maid to Lucile.*

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[1] This part was played by Molière himself.

THE LOVE-TIFF.

(*LE DÉPIT AMOUREUX.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.

ÉRASTE, GROS-RENÉ.[1]

Eras. Shall I declare it to you? A certain secret anxiety never leaves my mind quite at rest. Yes, whatever remarks you make about my love, to tell you the truth, I am afraid of being deceived; or that you may be bribed in order to favour a rival; or, at least, that you may be imposed upon as well as myself.

Gr.-Re. As for me, if you suspect me of any knavish trick, I will say, and I trust I give no offence to your honour's love, that you wound my honesty very unjustly, and that you show but small skill in physiognomy. People of my bulk are not accused, thank Heaven! of being either rogues or plotters. I scarcely need protest against the honour paid to us, but am straightforward in every thing.[2]

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[1] See Appendix, Note A.

[2] Du Parc, the actor who played this part, was very stout; hence the allusion in the original, "*et suis homme fort rond de toutes les manières.*" I have, of course, used in the translation the word "straightforward" ironically, and with an eye to the rotundity of stomach of the actor. Molière was rather fond of making allusions in his plays to the infirmities or peculiarities of some of his actors. Thus, in the Miser (*l'Avare*), Act 1, Scene 3, he alludes to the lameness of the actor Béjart, "*Je ne me plais point à voir ce chien de boiteux-là,*" "I do not like to see that lame dog;" in the Citizen who apes the Nobleman (*le Bourgeois gentilhomme*), Act iii. sc. 9, he even gives a portrait of his wife.

As for my being deceived that might be; there is a better foundation for that idea; nevertheless, I do not believe it can be easily done. I may be a fool, but I do not see yet why you vex yourself thus. Lucile, to my thinking, shows sufficient love for you; she sees you and talks to you, at all times; and Valère, after all, who is the cause of your fear, seems only to be allowed to approach her because she is compelled so to act.

Eras. A lover is often buoyed up by false hope. He who is best received is not always the most beloved. The affection a woman displays is often but a veil to cover her passion for another. Valère has lately shown too much tranquillity for a slighted lover; and the joy or indifference he displays at those favours, which you suppose bestowed upon me, embitters continually their greatest charms, causes this grief, which you cannot understand, holds my happiness in suspense, and makes it difficult for me to trust completely anything Lucile says to me. I should feel delighted if I saw Valère animated by a little more jealousy; his anxiety and impatience would then reassure my heart. Do you yourself think it possible for any one to see a rival caressed and be as satisfied as he is; if you do not believe it, tell me, I conjure you, if I have not cause to be perplexed?

Gr.-Re. Perhaps he has changed his inclination, upon finding that he sighed in vain.

Eras. When love has been frequently repelled it frees itself, and wishes to flee from the object it was charmed with; nor does it break its chain so quietly as to be able to continue at peace. When once we have been fond of anyone who influenced our destiny we are never afterwards indifferent in her presence; if our dislike does not increase when we behold her our love is upon the point of returning again. Believe me, however much a passion may

be extinguished, a little jealousy still dwells in our breast; no one can see, without feeling some pang, the heart he has lost possessed by another.

Gr.-Re. For my part, I do not understand so much philosophy. I candidly believe what my eyes see, and am not such a mortal enemy to myself as to become melancholy without any cause. Why should I try to split hairs, and labour hard to find out reasons to be miserable? Shall I alarm myself about castles in the air? Let Lent come before we keep it! I think grief an uncomfortable thing; and, for my part, I never foster it without good and just cause. I might frequently find a hundred opportunities to become sad, but I do not want to see them. I run the same risk in love as you do; I share in your bad or good luck. The mistress cannot deceive you but the maid will do the same by me; yet I carefully avoid thinking about it. I like to believe people when they say "I love you." In order to be happy, I do not try to find out whether Mascarille tears the hair out of his head or not. Let Marinette allow herself to be kissed and caressed by Gros-René[3] as much as he likes, and let my charming rival laugh at it like a fool, I will laugh too as much as I like, and follow his example; we shall then see who will laugh the heartiest.

Eras. That is like your talk.

Gr.-Re. But here she comes.

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[3] In several editions of Molière we find, instead of Gros-René the name of Jodelet. The latest, and if I might be permitted to say so, the most careful editor of our author, Mons. E. Despois, thinks that "Gros-René" ought to be mentioned here. The sense shows he is right.

SCENE II.

MARINETTE, ÉRASTE, GROS-RENÉ.[4]

Gr.-Re. Hist! Marinette.

Mar. Hallo! what are you doing there?

Gr.-Re. Faith! do you ask? We were just talking about you.

Mar. Are you there too, sir? Upon my word you have made me trot about like a flunkey for this hour past.

Eras. How so?

Mar. I have walked ten miles to look for you, and give you my word that . . .

Eras. What?

Mar. That you were neither at church, in the fashionable walk, at home, nor in the market-place.

Gr.-Re. You may swear to that.

Eras. But pray, tell me who sent you?

Mar. One, in good truth, who bears you no great ill-will; in a word, my mistress.

Eras. Ah! dear Marinette, do your words really express what she feels? Do not hide some ominous secret from me. I should not dislike you for this. For Heaven's sake tell me if your charming mistress does not merely pretend to love me?

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! What has put that funny notion into your head? Does she not sufficiently show her inclination? What further security does your love demand? What does it require?

Gr.-Re. Unless Valère hangs himself, or some such trifle, he will not be reassured.

Mar. How so?

Gr.-Re. He is so very jealous.

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[4] See Appendix, Note B.

Mar. Of Valère? Ha! a pretty fancy indeed! It could only be hatched in your brain. I thought you a man of sense, and until now had a good opinion of your intellect; but I see I was very much deceived. Have you also got a touch of this distemper in your head?

Gr.-Re. I jealous? Heaven forbid! and keep me from being so silly as to go and make myself lean with any such grief. Your heart guarantees your fidelity; besides, I have too good an opinion of myself to believe that any other could please you after me. Where the deuce could you find any one equal to me?

Mar. You really are right; that is as it should be. A jealous man should never show his suspicions! All that he gains by it is to do himself harm, and in this manner furthers the designs of his rival. Your distrust often is the cause that a mistress pays attention to a man, before whose merits your own have paled. I know a certain person who, were it not for the preposterous jealousy of a rival, had never been so happy as he now is. But, in any case, to show suspicion in love is acting a foolish part, and after all is to make one's-self miserable for nothing. This, sir [*to Éraste*], I mean as a hint to you.

Eras. Very well, let us talk no more about it. What have you to say to me?

Mar. You deserve to be kept in suspense. In order to punish you, I ought to keep from you the great secret which has made me hunt for you so long. Here, read this letter, and doubt no more. Read it aloud, nobody listens.

Eras. [*Reads*] "*You told me that your love was capable of doing anything. It may be crowned this very day, if you can but get my father's consent. Acquaint him with the power you have over my heart; I give you leave so to do; if his reply be favourable, I can answer for*

it that I shall obey." Ah! how happy am I! I ought to look upon you, the bearer of this letter, as a divine creature.

Gr.-Re. I told you so. Though you do not believe it, I am seldom deceived in the things I ponder on.

Eras. [*Reading the letter again*] "*Acquaint him with the power you have over my heart; I give you leave so to do; if his reply be favourable, I can answer for it that I shall obey.*"

Mar. If I should tell her you are weak-minded enough to be jealous, she would immediately disown such a letter as this.

Eras. I beseech you, conceal from her a momentary fear, for which I thought I had some slight foundation; or, if you do tell it her, say to her at the same time that I am ready to atone for my fit of madness with my life, and would die at her feet, if I have been capable of displeasing her.

Mar. Let us not talk of dying; this is no time for it.

Eras. However, you have laid me under a great obligation; I intend shortly to acknowledge in a handsome manner the trouble so gentle and so lovely a messenger has taken.

Mar. That reminds me. Do you know where I looked for you just now?

Eras. Well?

Mar. Quite near the market-place; you know where that is.

Eras. Where did you say?

Mar. There . . . in that shop where last month you generously and freely promised me a ring.

Eras. Um! I understand you.

Gr.-Re. What a cunning jade!

Eras. It is true; I have delayed too long to make good my promise to you, but . . .

Mar. What I said, sir. was not because I wished you to make haste.

Gr.-Re. Oh, no!

Eras. [*Giving her his ring*] Perhaps this ring may please you; accept it instead of the one I owe.

Mar. You are only jesting, sir; I should be ashamed to take it.

Gr.-Re. Poor shame-faced creature! Take it without more ado; only fools refuse what is offered them.

Mar. I will only accept it so that I may have something to remember you by.

Eras. When may I return thanks to that lovely angel?

Mar. Endeavour to gain over her father.

Eras. But if he rejects me, should I . . .?

Mar. We will think about that when he does so! We will do our utmost for you: one way or another she must be yours; do your best, and we will do ours.

Eras. Farewell! we shall know our fate to-day. [*Eraste reads the letter again to himself*]

Mar. [*To Gros-René*] Well, what shall we say of our love? You do not speak to me of it.

Gr.-Re. If such people as we wish to be married, the thing is soon done. I will have you. Will you have me?

Mar. Gladly.

Gr.-Re. Shake hands, that is enough.

Mar. Farewell, Gros-René, my heart's delight.

Gr.-Re. Farewell, my star.

Mar. Farewell, fair fire-brand of my flame.

Gr.-Re. Farewell, dear comet, rainbow of my soul. [*Exit Marinette*] Heaven be praised, our affairs go on swimmingly. Albert is not a man to refuse you anything.

Eras. Valère is coming here.

Gr.-Re. I pity the poor wretch, knowing what I do know.

SCENE III.

ÉRASTE, VALÈRE, GROS-RENÉ.[5]

Eras. Well, Valère?

Val. Well, Eraste?

Eras. How does your love prosper?

Val. And how does yours?

Eras. It grows stronger and stronger every day.

Val. So does mine.

Eras. For Lucile?

Val. For her.

Eras. Certainly, I must own, you are a pattern of uncommon constancy.

Val. And your perseverance will be a rare example to posterity.

Eras. As for me, I am not very fond of that austere kind of love which is satisfied with looks only; nor do I possess feelings lofty enough to endure ill-treatment with constancy. In one word, when I really love, I wish to be beloved again.

Val. It is very natural, and I am of the same opinion. I would never do homage to the most perfect object by whom I could be smitten, if she did not return my passion.

Eras. However, Lucile . . .

Val. Lucile does willingly everything my passion can desire.

Eras. You are easily satisfied then.

Val. Not so easily as you may think.

Eras. I, however, may, without vanity, believe that I am in her favour.

Val. And I know that I have a very good share of it.

Eras. Do not deceive yourself; believe me.

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[5] See Appendix, Note C.

Val. Believe me, do not be too credulous, and take too much for granted.

Eras. If I might show you a certain proof that her heart . . . but no, it would too much distress you.

Val. If I might discover a secret to you . . . but it might grieve you, and so I will be discreet.

Eras. You really urge me too far, and though much against my will, I see I must lower your presumption. Read that.

Val. [*After having read the letter*] These are tender words.

Eras. You know the handwriting?

Val. Yes, it is Lucile's.

Eras. Well! where is now your boasted certainty . . . ?

Val. [*Smiling and going away*] Farewell, Eraste.

Gr.-Re. He is mad, surely. What reason has he to laugh?

Eras. He certainly surprises me, and between ourselves I cannot imagine what the deuce of a mystery is hidden under this.

Gr.-Re. Here comes his servant, I think.

Eras. Yes, it is he; let us play the hypocrite, to set him talking about his master's love.

SCENE IV.

ÉRASTE, MASCARILLE, GROS-RENÉ.[6]

Masc. [*Aside*] No, I do not know a more wretched situation, than to have a young master, very much in love.

Gr.-Re. Good morning.

Masc. Good morning.

Gr.-Re. Where is Mascarille going just now? What is

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[6] See Appendix, Note D.

he doing? Is he coming back? Is he going away? Or does he intend to stay where he is?

Masc. No, I am not coming back, because I have not yet been where I am going; nor am I going, for I am stopped; nor do I design to stay, for this very moment I intend to be gone.

Eras. You are very abrupt, Mascarille; gently.

Masc. Ha! Your servant, sir.

Eras. You are in great haste to run away from us: what! do I frighten you?

Masc. You are too courteous to do that.

Eras. Shake hands; all jealousy is now at an end between us; we will be friends; I have relinquished my love; henceforth you can have your own way to further your happiness.

Masc. Would to Heaven it were true!

Eras. Gros-René knows that I have already another flame elsewhere.

Gr.-Re. Certainly; and I also give up Marinette to you.

Masc. Do not let us touch on that point; our rivalry is not likely to go to such a length. But is it certain, sir, that you are no longer in love, or do you jest?

Eras. I have been informed that your master is but too fortunate in his amours; I should be a fool to pretend any longer to gain the same favours which that lady grants to him alone.

Masc. Certainly, you please me with this news. Though I was rather afraid of you, with regard to our plans, yet you do wisely to slip your neck out of the collar. You have done well to leave a house where you were only caressed for form's sake; I, knowing all that was going on, have many times pitied you, because you were allured by expectations which could never be realised. It is a sin and a shame to deceive a gentleman! But how the deuce, after

all, did you find out the trick? for when they plighted their faith to each other there were no witnesses but night, myself, and two others; and the tying of the knot, which satisfies the passion of our lovers, is thought to have been kept a secret till now.

Eras. Ha! What do you say?

Masc. I say that I am amazed, sir, and cannot guess who told you, that under this mask, which deceives you and everybody else, a secret marriage unites their matchless love.

Eras. You lie.

Masc. Sir, with all my heart.

Eras. You are a rascal.

Masc. I acknowledge I am.

Eras. And this impudence deserves a sound beating on the spot.

Masc. I am completely in your power.

Eras. Ha! Gros-René.

Gr.-Re. Sir?

Eras. I contradict a story, which I much fear is but too true. [*To Mascarille*] You wanted to run away?

Masc. Not in the least.

Eras. What! Lucile is married to . . .

Masc. No, sir, I was only joking.

Eras. Hey! you were joking, you wretch?

Masc. No, I was not joking.

Eras. Is it true then?

Masc. No, I do not say that.

Eras. What do you say then?

Masc. Alas! I say nothing, for fear of saying something wrong.

Eras. Tell me positively, whether you have spoken the truth, or deceived me.

Masc. Whatever you please. I do not come here to contradict you.

Eras. [*Drawing his sword*] Will you tell me? Here is something that will loosen your tongue without more ado.

Masc. It will again be saying some foolish speech or other. I pray you, if you have no objection, let me quickly have a few stripes, and then allow me to scamper off.

Eras. You shall suffer death, unless you tell me the whole truth without disguise.

Masc. Alas! I will tell it then; but perhaps, sir, I shall make you angry.

Eras. Speak: but take great care what you are doing; nothing shall save you from my just anger, if you utter but one single falsehood in your narration.

Masc. I agree to it; break my legs, arms, do worse to me still, kill me, if I have deceived you in the smallest degree, in anything I have said.

Eras. It is true then that they are married?

Masc. With regard to this, I can now clearly see that my tongue tripped; but, for all that, the business happened just as I told you. It was after five visits paid at night, and whilst you were made use of as a screen to conceal their proceedings, that they were united the day before yesterday. Lucile ever since tries still more to hide the great love she bears my master, and desires he will only consider whatever he may see, and whatever favours she may show you, as the results of her deep-laid scheme, in order to prevent the discovery of their secrets. If, notwithstanding my protestations, you doubt the truth of what I have told you, Gros-René may come some night along with me, and I will show him, as I stand and watch, that we shall be admitted into her house, after dark.

Eras. Out of my sight, villain.

Masc. I shall be delighted to go; that is just what I want.[7] [*Exit.*

[7] See Appendix, Note E.

SCENE V.

ÉRASTE, GROS-RENÉ.

Eras. Well?

Gr.-Re. Well! Sir, we are both taken in if this fellow speaks the truth.

Eras. Alas! The odious rascal has spoken the truth too well. All that he has said is very likely to have happened; Valère's behaviour, at the sight of this letter, denotes that there is a collusion between them, and that it is a screen to hide Lucile's love for him.

SCENE VI.

ÉRASTE, MARINETTE, GROS-RENÉ.[8]

Mar. I come to tell you that this evening my mistress permits you to see her in the garden.

Eras. How dare you address me, you hypocritical traitress? Get out of my sight, and tell your mistress not to trouble me any more with her letters; that is the regard, wretch, I have for them. [*He tears the letter and goes out.*

Mar. Tell me, Gros-René, what ails him?

Gr.-Re. Dare you again address me, iniquitous female, deceitful crocodile, whose base heart is worse than a satrap or a Lestrigon?[9] Go, go, carry your answer to your lovely mistress, and tell her short and sweet, that, in spite of all her cunning, neither my master nor I are any longer fools, and that henceforth she and you may go to the devil together. [*Exit.*

Mar. My poor Marinette, are you quite awake? What demon are they possessed by? What? Is it thus they receive our favours? How shocked my mistress will be when she hears this!

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[8] See Appendix, Note E.

[9] See Homer's Odyssey, X., v. 81-132.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ASCANIO, FROSINE.

Fros. Thank Heaven! I am a girl who can keep a secret, Ascanio.

Asc. But is this place private enough for such a conversation? Let us take care that nobody surprises us, or that we be not overheard from some corner or other.

Fros. We should be much less safe within the house; here we can easily see anybody coming, and may speak in perfect safety.

Asc. Alas! how painful it is for me to begin my tale!

Fros. Sure, this must be an important secret then?

Asc. Too much so, since I even entrust it to you with reluctance; even you should not know it, if I could keep it concealed any longer.

Fros. Fie! you insult me when you hesitate to trust in me, whom you have ever found so reserved in everything that concerns you—me, who was brought up with you, and have kept secret things of so great an importance to you; me, who know . . .

Asc. Yes, you are already acquainted with the secret reason which conceals from the eyes of the world my sex and family. You know that I was brought into this house, where I have passed my infancy, in order to preserve an inheritance which, on the death of young Ascanio (whom I personate), should have fallen to others; that is why I dare to unbosom myself to you with perfect confidence. But before we begin this conversation, Frosine, clear up a doubt which continually besets me. Can it be possible that Albert should know nothing of the secret, which thus disguises my sex, and makes him my father?

Fros. To tell you the truth, what you now wish to know has also greatly puzzled me. I have never been able to get at the bottom of this intrigue, nor could my mother give me any further insight. When Albert's son died, who was so much beloved, and to whom a very rich uncle bequeathed a great deal of property, even before his birth; his mother kept his death secret, fearing that her husband, who was absent at the time, would have gone distracted, had he seen that great inheritance, from which his family would have reaped such advantage, pass into the hands of another. She, I say, in order to conceal this misfortune formed the plan of putting you into the place of her lost son; you were taken from our family, where you were brought up. Your mother gave her consent to this deceit; you took the son's place, and every one was bribed to keep the secret. Albert has never known it through us, and as his wife kept it for more than twelve years, and died suddenly, her unexpected death prevented her from disclosing it. I perceive, however, that he keeps up an acquaintance with your real mother, and that, in private, he assists her; perhaps all this is not done without a reason. On the other hand, he commits a blunder by urging you to marry some young lady! Perhaps he knows that you took the place of his son, without knowing that you are a girl. But this digression might gradually carry us too far; let us return to that secret which I am impatient to hear.

Asc. Know then that Cupid cannot be deceived, that I have not been able to disguise my sex from love's eyes, and that his subtle shafts have reached the heart of a weak woman beneath the dress I wear. In four words, I am in love!

Fros. You in love!

Asc. Gently, Frosine; do not be quite so astonished;

it is not time yet; this love-sick heart has something else to tell you that will surprise you.

Fros. What is it?

Asc. I am in love with Valère.

Fros. Ha! I really am surprised. What! you love a man whose family your deceit has deprived of a rich inheritance, and who, if he had the least suspicion of your sex, would immediately regain everything. This is a still greater subject of astonishment.

Asc. I have a more wonderful surprise for you yet in store—I am his wife.

Fros. Oh, Heavens! his wife!

Asc. Yes, his wife.

Fros. Ha! this is worse than all, and nearly drives me mad.

Asc. And yet this is not all.

Fros. Not all!

Asc. I am his wife, I say, and he does not think so, nor has he the least idea of what I really am.

Fros. Go on, I give it up, and will not say any thing more, so much every word amazes me. I cannot comprehend anything of these riddles.

Asc. I shall explain if you will but hear me. Valère, who admired my sister, seemed to me a lover worthy of being listened to; I could not bear to see his addresses slighted without feeling a certain interest in him. I wished that Lucile should take pleasure in his conversation, I blamed her severity, and blamed it so effectually, that I myself, without being able to help it, became affected with that passion which she could not entertain. He was talking to her, and he persuaded me; I suffered myself to be overcome by the very sighs he breathed; and the love, rejected by the object of his flame, entered, like a conqueror, into my heart, which

was wounded by an arrow, not aimed at it, and paid another's debt with heavy interest. At last, my dear, the love I felt for him forced me to declare myself, but under a borrowed name. One night I spoke to him, disguising my voice as if it were Lucile's, and this too amiable lover thought she returned his love; I managed the conversation so well that he never found out the deception. Under that disguise which pleased so much his deluded imagination, I told him that I was enamoured of him, but that, finding my father opposed to my wishes, I ought at least to pretend to obey him; that therefore it behoved us to keep our love secret, with which the night alone should be acquainted; that all private conversation should be avoided during the day, for fear of betraying everything; that he should behold me with the same indifference as he did before we had come to an understanding; and that on his part, as well as mine, no communication should take place either by gesture, word, or writing. In short, without dwelling any longer upon all the pains I have taken to bring this deception to a safe termination, I went on with my bold project as far as it was possible to go, and secured the husband I mentioned to you.

Fros. Upon my word, you possess great talents. Would any one think so, on seeing her passionless countenance? However, you have been pretty hasty, and though I grant that the affair has succeeded until now, what do you think will be the end of it, for it cannot be long concealed?

Asc. When love is strong it overcomes all obstacles, until it is satisfied; provided it reaches the wished-for goal, it looks upon everything else as a mere trifle. I have told you all to-day, so that your advice . . . But here comes my husband.

SCENE II.

VALÈRE, ASCANIO, FROSINE.[10]

Val. If you are conversing, and if my presence is any interruption, I shall withdraw.

Asc. No; you may well interrupt it, since we were talking about you.

Val. About me?

Asc. About yourself.

Val. How so?

Asc. I was saying, that if I had been a woman, Valère would have been able to please me but too well, and that if I had been beloved by him, I should not have delayed long to make him happy.

Val. This declaration does not cost you much, as there is such an *if* in the way; but you would be finely caught if some miraculous event should put to the proof the truth of so obliging a declaration.

Asc. Not in the least; I tell you that if I reigned in your heart, I would very willingly crown your passion.

Val. And what, if you might contribute to my happiness, by assisting me to further my love?

Asc. I should then, certainly, disappoint you.

Val. This admission is not very polite.

Asc. What, Valère? Supposing I were a woman and loved you tenderly, would you be so cruel as to make me promise to aid you in your love for another lady? I could not perform such a painful task.

Val. But you are not a woman.

Asc. What I said to you I said in the character of a woman, and you ought to take it so.

Val. Thus I ought not to imagine you like me, Ascanio, unless Heaven works a miracle in you. Therefore,

[10] See Appendix, Note G.

as you are not a woman, I bid farewell to your affection; you do not care in the least for me.

Asc. My feelings are far more nice than people imagine, and the smallest misgiving shocks me when love is in the case. But I am sincere; I will not promise to aid you, Valère, unless you assure me that you entertain precisely the same sentiments for me; that you feel the same warmth of friendship for me as I feel for you; and that if I were a woman you would love no one better than me.

Val. I never before heard of such a jealous scruple, but though quite unexpected, this affection obliges me to make some return for it; I here promise you all you require of me.

Asc. But sincerely?

Val. Yes, sincerely.

Asc. If this be true, I promise you that henceforth your interests shall be mine.

Val. I have a secret of the utmost consequence to reveal to you by and by, and then I shall remind you of your words.

Asc. And I have likewise a secret to discover to you, wherein your affection for me may show itself.

Val. Indeed! what can that be?

Asc. I have a love-affair which I dare not reveal, and you have influence enough over the object of my passion to promote my happiness.

Val. Explain yourself, Ascanio, and be assured beforehand that, if your happiness lies in my power, it is certain.

Asc. You promise more than you imagine.

Val. No, no; tell me the name of the person whom I have to influence.

Asc. It is not yet time, but it is a person who is nearly related to you.

Val. Your words amaze me; would to Heaven my sister . . .

Asc. This is not the proper time to explain myself, I tell you.

Val. Why so?

Asc. For a certain reason. You shall know my secret when I know yours.

Val. I must have another person's permission before I can discover it to you.

Asc. Obtain it then; and when we shall have explained ourselves we shall see which of us two will best keep his word.

Val. Farewell, I accept your offer.

Asc. And I will be bound by it, Valère. [*Exit Valère.*

Fros. He thinks you will help him as a brother.

SCENE III.

LUCILE, ASCANIO, MARINETTE, FROSINE.

Luc. [*Saying the first words to Marinette*] I have done it; it is thus I can revenge myself; if this step torments him, it will be a great consolation to me . . . Brother, you perceive a change in me; I am resolved to love Valère, after so much ill-usage; he shall become the object of my affection.

Asc. What do you say, sister? How do you change so suddenly? This inconstancy seems to me very strange.

Luc. Your change of disposition has more cause to surprise me. You formerly used always to plead in favour of Valère; for his sake you have accused me of caprice, blind cruelty, pride and injustice; and now, when I wish to love him, my intention displeases you, and I find you speaking against his interest.

Asc. I abandon his interest, sister, out of regard to yours. I know he is under the sway of another fair one; it

will be a discredit to your charms if you call him back, and he does not come.

Luc. If that is all, I shall take care not to suffer a defeat; I know what I am to believe of his passion; he has shown it very clearly, at least so I think; you may safely discover my sentiments to him: or if you refuse to do it, I, myself, shall let him know that his passion has touched me. What! you stand thunderstruck, brother, at those words!

Asc.[11] Oh, sister, if I have any influence over you, if you will listen to a brother's entreaties, abandon such a design; do not take away Valère from the love of a young creature, in whom I feel great interest, and for whom, upon my word, you ought to feel some sympathy. The poor unfortunate woman loves him to distraction; to me alone she has disclosed her passion; I perceive in her heart such a tender affection, that it might soften even the most relentless being. Yes, you yourself will pity her condition when she shall become aware with what stroke you threaten to crush her love; so sure am I of the excess of her grief, that I am certain, sister, she will die, if you rob her of the man she adores. Éraste is a match that ought to satisfy you, and the mutual affection you have for one another . . .

Luc. Brother, it is sufficient! I do not know in whom you take such an interest; but let us not continue this conversation, I beg of you; leave me a little to my own thoughts.

Asc. Cruel sister, you will drive me to despair if you carry your design into execution.

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[11] See Appendix, Note H.

SCENE IV.

LUCILE, MARINETTE.[11]

Mar. Your resolution, madam, is very sudden.

Luc. A heart considers nothing when it is once affronted, but flies to its revenge, and eagerly lays hold of whatever it thinks can minister to its resentment. The wretch! To treat me with such extreme insolence!

Mar. You see I have not yet recovered its effects; though I were to brood over it to all eternity, I cannot understand it, and all my labour is in vain. For never did a lover express more delight on receiving good news; so pleased was he with your kind note that he called me nothing less than a divine creature; and yet, when I brought him the other message, there was never a poor girl treated so scurvily. I cannot imagine what could happen in so short a time to occasion so great a change.

Luc. Do not trouble yourself about what may have happened, since nothing shall secure him against my hatred. What! do you think there is any secret reason for this affront but his own baseness? Does the unfortunate letter I sent him, and for which I now blame myself, present the smallest excuse for his madness?

Mar. Indeed, I must say you are right; this quarrel is downright treachery; we have both been duped, and yet, madam, we listen to these faithless rascals who promise everything; who, in order to hook us, feign so much tenderness; we let our severity melt before their fine speeches, and yield to their wishes, because we are too weak! A shame on our folly, and a plague take the men!

Luc. Well, well! let him boast and laugh at us; he shall not long have cause to triumph; I will let him see that

[11] See Appendix, Note I.

in a well-balanced mind hatred follows close on slighted favours.

Mar. At least, in such a case, it is a great happiness to know that we are not in their power. Notwithstanding all that was said, Marinette was right the other night to interfere when some people were in a very merry mood. Another, in hopes of matrimony, would have listened to the temptation, but *nescio vos*,[13] quoth I.

Luc. How foolishly you talk; how ill you choose your time to joke! My heart is full of grief. If ever fate wills it that this false lover,—but I am in the wrong to conceive at present any such expectation; for Heaven has been too well pleased to afflict me to put it in my power to be revenged on him,—but if ever a propitious fate, I say, should cause Éraste to come back to me, and lay down his life as a sacrifice at my feet, as well as declare his sorrow for what he has done to-day, I forbid you, above all things, to speak to me in his favour. On the contrary, I would have you show your zeal by setting fully before me the greatness of his crime; if my heart should be tempted ever to degrade itself so far, let your affection then show itself; spare me not, but support my anger as is fit.

Mar. Oh! do not fear! leave that to me; I am at least as angry as you; I would rather remain a maid all my life than that my fat rascal should give me any inclination for him again. If he comes . . .

[13] These two Latin words, which were in very common use in France, during Molière's time, are taken from the Vulgate, Matthew xxv. 12: "*Domine, domine, aperi nobis.*"—*At ille respondens ait: "Amen dico vobis, nescio vos.*"

SCENE V.

MARINETTE, LUCILE, ALBERT.

Alb. Go in, Lucile, and tell the tutor to come to me; I wish to have a little talk with him; and as he is the master of Ascanio, find out what is the cause that the latter has been of late so gloomy.

SCENE VI.

ALBERT, *alone.*

Into what an abyss of cares and perplexities does one unjust action precipitate us. For a long time I have suffered a great deal because I was too avaricious, and passed off a stranger for my dead son. When I consider the mischief which followed I sincerely wish I had never thought of it. Sometimes I dread to behold my family in poverty and covered with shame, when the deception will be found out; at other times I fear a hundred accidents that may happen to this son whom it concerns me so much to preserve. If any business calls me abroad, I am afraid of hearing, on my return, some such melancholy tidings as these: "You know, I suppose? Have they not told you? Your son has a fever; or he has broken his leg or his arm." In short, every moment, no matter what I do, all kinds of apprehensions are continually entering into my head. Ha!

SCENE VII.

ALBERT, METAPHRASTUS.[14]

Met. *Mandatum tuum curo diligenter.*[15]

Alb. Master, I want to . . .

Met. Master is derived from *magis ter;* it is as though you say "thrice greater."

[14] See Appendix, Note K. [15] "I hasten to obey your order."

Alb. May I die if I knew that; but, never mind, be it so. Master, then . . .

Met. Proceed.

Alb. So I would, but do not proceed to interrupt me thus. Once more, then, master, for the third time, my son causes me some uneasiness. You know that I love him, and that I always brought him up carefully.

Met. It is true: *filio non potest præferri nisi filius.*[16]

Alb. Master, I do not think this jargon at all necessary in common conversation. I believe you are a great Latin scholar and an eminent doctor, for I rely on those who have told me so; but in a conversation which I should like to have with you, do not display all your learning—do not play the pedant, and utter ever so many words, as if you were holding forth in a pulpit. My father, though he was a very clever man, never taught me anything but my prayers; and though I have said them daily for fifty years, they are still High-Dutch to me. Therefore, do not employ your prodigious knowledge, but adapt your language to my weak understanding.

Met. Be it so.

Alb. My son seems to be afraid of matrimony; whenever I propose a match to him, he seems indifferent, and draws back.

Met. Perhaps he is of the temper of Mark Tully's brother, whom he writes about to Atticus. This is what the Greeks call *athanaton*. . . .[17]

Alb. For Heaven's sake! you ceaseless teacher, I pray you have done with the Greeks, the Albanians, the Sclavonians, and all the other nations you have mentioned; they have nothing to do with my son.

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[16] "To a son one can only prefer a son." An allusion to an article of feudal law.

[17] Immortal.

Met. Well then, your son . . . ?

Alb. I do not know whether a secret love does not burn within him. Something disturbs him, or I am much deceived; for I saw him yesterday, when he did not see me, in a corner of the wood, where no person ever goes.

Met. In a recess of a grove, you mean, a remote spot, in Latin *secessus*. Virgil says, *est in secessu locus* . . .[18]

Alb. How could Virgil say that, since I am certain that there was not a soul in that quiet spot except us two.

Met. I quote Virgil as a famous author, who employed a more correct expression than the word you used, and not as a witness of what you saw yesterday.

Alb. I tell you I do not need a more correct expression, an author, or a witness, and that my own testimony is sufficient.

Met. However, you ought to choose words which are used by the best authors; *tu vivendo bonos, scribendo sequare peritos,*[19] as the saying is.

Alb. Man or devil, will you hear me without disputing?

Met. That is Quintilian's rule.

Alb. Hang the chatterbox!

Met. He has a very learned sentence upon a similar subject, which, I am sure, you will be very glad to hear.

Alb. I will be the devil to carry you off, you wretch. Oh! I am very much tempted to apply something to those chops.

Met. Sir, what is the reason that you fly in such a passion? What do you wish me to do?

Alb. I have told you twenty times; I wish you to listen to me when I speak.

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[18] There is a remote spot.

[19] "Regulate your conduct after the example of good people, your style after good authors."

Met. Oh! undoubtedly, you shall be satisfied if that is all. I am silent.

Alb. You act wisely.

Met. I am ready to hear what you have to say.

Alb. So much the better.

Aet. May I be struck dead if I say another word!

Alb. Heaven grant you that favour!

Met. You shall not accuse me henceforth of talkativeness.

Alb. Be it so.

Met. Speak whenever you please.

Alb. I am going to do so.

Met. And do not be afraid of my interrupting you.

Alb. That is enough.

Met. My word is my bond.

Alb. I believe so.

Met. I have promised to say nothing.

Alb. That is sufficient.

Met. From this moment I am dumb.

Alb. Very well.

Met. Speak; go on; I will give you a hearing at least; you shall not complain that I cannot keep silent; I will not so much as open my mouth.

Alb. [*Aside*] The wretch!

Met. But pray, do not be prolix. I have listened already a long time, and it is reasonable that I should speak in my turn.

Alb. Detestable torturer!

Met. Hey! good lack! would you have me listen to you for ever? Let us share the talk, at least, or I shall be gone.

Alb. My patience is really . . .

Met. What, will you proceed? You have not done yet? By Jove, I am stunned.

Alb. I have not spoken . . .

Met. Again! good Heavens! what exuberant speechifying! Can nothing be done to stop it?

Alb. I am mad with rage.

Met. You are talking again! What a peculiar way of tormenting people! Let me say a few words, I entreat you; a fool who says nothing cannot be distinguished from a wise man who holds his tongue.

Alb. Zounds! I will make you hold yours. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

METAPHRASTUS, *alone.*[20]

Hence comes very properly that saying of a philosopher, "Speak, that I may know thee." Therefore, if the liberty of speaking is taken from me, I, for my part, would as soon be divested of my humanity, and exchange my being for that of a brute. I shall have a headache for a week. Oh! how I detest these eternal talkers! But, if learned men are not listened to, if their mouths are for ever to be stopped, then the order of events must be changed; the hens in a little time will devour the fox; young children teach old men; little lambs take a delight in pursuing a wolf; fools make laws; women go to battle; judges be tried by criminals; and masters whipped by pupils; a sick man prescribe for a healthy one; a timorous hare . . .

SCENE IX.

ALBERT, METAPHRASTUS.

[*Albert rings a bell in the ears of Metaphrastus, and drives him off.*]

Met. Mercy on me! Help! help!

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[20] See Appendix, Note L.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MASCARILLE, *alone.*

Heaven sometimes favours a bold design; we must get out of a bad business as well as we can. As for me, after having imprudently talked too much, the quickest remedy I could employ was to go on in the same way, and immediately to tell to our old master the whole intrigue. His son is a giddy-brained mortal, who worries me; but if the other tells what I have discovered to him, then I had better take care, for I shall get a beating. However, before his fury can be kindled, some lucky thing may happen to us, and the two old men may arrange the business between themselves. That is what I am going to attempt; without losing a moment I must, by my master's order, go and see Albert. [*Knocks at Albert's door.*]

SCENE II.

ALBERT, MASCARILLE.

Alb. Who knocks?

Masc. A friend.

Alb. What brings you hither, Mascarille?

Masc. I come, sir, to wish you good-morning.

Alb. Hah! you really take a great deal of pains. Good-morning, then, with all my heart. [*He goes in.*]

Masc. The answer is short and sweet. What a blunt old fellow he is. [*Knocks.*]

Alb. What, do you knock again?

Masc. You have not heard me, sir.

Alb. Did you not wish me good-morning?

Masc. I did.

Alb. Well, then, good-morning I say.

[*Is going*; *Mascarille stops him.*

Masc. But I likewise come to pay Mr Polydore's compliments to you.

Alb. Oh! that is another thing. Has your master ordered you to give his compliments to me?

Masc. Yes.

Alb. I am obliged to him; you may go; tell him I wish him all kinds of happiness. [*Exit.*]

Masc. This man is an enemy to all ceremony. [*Knocks.*] I have not finished, sir, giving you his whole message; he has a favour to request of you.

Alb. Well, whenever he pleases, I am at his service.

Masc. [*Stopping him*] Stay, and allow me to finish in two words. He desires to have a few minutes' conversation with you about an important affair, and he will come hither.

Alb. Hey! what affair can that be which makes him wish to have some conversation with me?

Masc. A great secret, I tell you, which he has but just discovered, and which, no doubt, greatly concerns you both. And now I have delivered my message.

SCENE III.

ALBERT, *alone.*

Alb. Righteous Heavens! how I tremble! Polydore and I have had little acquaintance together; my designs will all be overthrown; this secret is, no doubt, that of which I dread the discovery. They have bribed somebody to betray me; so there is a stain upon my honour which can never be wiped off. My imposture is found out. Oh! how difficult it is to keep the truth concealed for any length of time! How much better would it have been for me and my reputation had I followed the dictates of a well-founded apprehension! Many times and oft have I been tempted to

give up to Polydore the wealth I withhold from him, in order to prevent the outcry that will be raised against me when everything shall be known, and so get the whole business quietly settled. But, alas! it is now too late; the opportunity is gone; and this wealth, which wrongfully came into my family, will be lost to them, and sweep away the greatest part of my own property with it.

SCENE IV.

ALBERT, POLYDORE.[21]

Pol. [*Not seeing Albert*] To be married in this fashion, and no one knowing anything about it! I hope it may all end well! I do not know what to think of it; I much fear the great wealth and just anger of the father. But I see him alone.

Alb. Oh, Heavens! yonder comes Polydore.

Pol. I tremble to accost him.

Alb. Fear keeps me back.

Pol. How shall I begin?

Alb. What shall I say?

Pol. He is in a great passion.

Alb. He changes colour.

Pol. I see, Signor Albert, by your looks, that you know already what brings me hither.

Alb. Alas! yes.

Pol. The news, indeed, may well surprise you, and I could scarcely believe what I was told just now.

Alb. I ought to blush with shame and confusion.

Pol. I think such an action deserves great blame, and do not pretend to excuse the guilty.

Alb. Heaven is merciful to miserable sinners.

Pol. You should bear this in mind.

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[21] See Appendix, Note M.

Alb. A man ought to behave as a Christian.

Pol. That is quite right.

Alb. Have mercy; for Heaven's sake, have mercy, Signor Polydore.

Pol. It is for me to implore it of you.

Alb. Grant me mercy; I ask it on my bended knees.

Pol. I ought to be in that attitude rather than you.[22]

Alb. Pity my misfortune.

Pol. After such an outrage I am the postulant.

Alb. Your goodness is heart-rending.

Pol. You abash me with so much humility.

Alb. Once more, pardon.

Pol. Alas! I crave it of you.

Alb. I am extremely sorry for this business.

Pol. And I feel it greatly.

Alb. I venture to entreat you not to make it public.

Pol. Alas, Signor Albert, I desire the very same.

Alb. Let us preserve my honour.

Pol. With all my heart.

Alb. As for money, you shall determine how much you require.

Pol. I desire no more than you are willing to give; you shall be the master in all these things, I shall be but too happy if you are so.

Alb. Ha! what a God-like man! how very kind he is!

Pol. How very kind you are yourself, and that after such a misfortune!

Alb. May you be prosperous in all things!

Pol. May Heaven preserve you!

Alb. Let us embrace like brothers.

Pol. With all my heart! I am overjoyed that everything has ended so happily.

[22] The two old men are kneeling opposite to one another.

Alb. I thank Heaven for it.

Pol. I do not wish to deceive you; I was afraid you would resent that Lucile has committed a fault with my son; and as you are powerful, have wealth and friends . . .

Alb. Hey! what do you say of faults and Lucile?

Pol. Enough, let us not enter into a useless conversation. I own my son is greatly to blame; nay, if that will satisfy you, I will admit that he alone is at fault; that your daughter was too virtuous, and would never have taken a step so derogatory to honour, had she not been prevailed upon by a wicked seducer; that the wretch has betrayed her innocent modesty, and thus frustrated all your expectations. But since the thing is done, and my prayers have been granted, since we are both at peace and amity, let it be buried in oblivion, and repair the offence by the ceremony of a happy alliance.

Alb. [*Aside*] Oh, Heavens! what a mistake I have been under! What do I hear! I get from one difficulty into another as great. I do not know what to answer amidst these different emotions; if I say one word, I am afraid of betraying myself.

Pol. What are you thinking of, Signor Albert?

Alb. Of nothing. Let us put off our conversation for a while, I pray you. I have become suddenly very unwell, and am obliged to leave you.

SCENE V.

POLYDORE, *alone.*

I can look into his soul and discover what disturbs him; though he listened to reason at first, yet his anger is not quite appeased. Now and then the remembrance of the offence flashes upon him; he endeavours to hide his emotion by leaving me alone. I feel for him, and his grief

touches me. It will require some time before he regains his composure, for if sorrow is suppressed too much, it easily becomes worse. O! here comes my foolish boy, the cause of all this confusion.

SCENE VI.

POLYDORE, VALÈRE.

Pol. So, my fine fellow, shall your nice goings-on disturb your poor old father every moment? You perform something new every day, and we never hear of anything else.

Val. What am I doing every day that is so very criminal? And how have I deserved so greatly a father's wrath?

Pol. I am a strange man, and very peculiar to accuse so good and discreet a son. He lives like a saint, and is at prayers and in the house from morning to evening. It is a great untruth to say that he perverts the order of nature, and turns day into night! It is a horrible falsehood to state that upon several occasions he has shown no consideration for father or kindred; that very lately he married secretly the daughter of Albert, regardless of the great consequences that were sure to follow; they mistake him for some other! The poor innocent creature does not even know what I mean! Oh, you villain! whom Heaven has sent me as a punishment for my sins, will you always do as you like, and shall I never see you act discreetly as long as I live? [*Exit.*

Val. [*Alone, musing*] Whence comes this blow? I am perplexed, and can find none to think of but Mascarille; he will never confess it to me; I must be cunning, and curb my well-founded anger a little.

SCENE VII.

VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.[23]

Val. Mascarille, my father whom I just saw knows our whole secret.

Masc. Does he know it?

Val. Yes.

Masc. How the deuce could he know it?

Val. I do not know whom to suspect; but the result has been so successful, that I have all the reason in the world to be delighted. He has not said one cross word about it; he excuses my fault, and approves of my love; I would fain know who could have made him so tractable. I cannot express to you the satisfaction it gives me.

Masc. And what would you say, sir, if it was I who had procured you this piece of good luck?

Val. Indeed! you want to deceive me.

Masc. It is I, I tell you, who told it to your father, and produced this happy result for you.

Val. Really, without jesting?

Masc. The devil take me if I jest, and if it is not as I tell you.

Val. [*Drawing his sword*] And may he take me if I do not this very moment reward you for it.

Masc. Ha, sir! what now? Don't surprise me.

Val. Is this the fidelity you promised me? If I had not deceived you, you would never have owned the trick which I rightly suspected you played me. You rascal! your tongue, too ready to wag, has provoked my father's wrath against me, and utterly ruined me. You shall die without saying another word.

Masc. Gently; my soul is not in a fit condition to die. I entreat you, be kind enough to await the result of this

[23] See Appendix, Note N.

affair. I had very good reasons for revealing a marriage which you yourself could hardly conceal. It was a master-piece of policy; you will not find your rage justified by the issue. Why should you get angry if, through me, you get all you desire, and are freed from the constraint you at present lie under?

Val. And what if all this talk is nothing but moon-shine?

Masc. Why, then, it will be time enough to kill me; but my schemes may perchance succeed. Heaven will assist his own servants; you will be satisfied in the end, and thank me for my extraordinary management.

Val. Well, we shall see. But Lucile . . .

Masc. Hold, here comes her father.

SCENE VIII.

ALBERT, VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

Alb. [*Not seeing Valère*] The more I recover from the confusion into which I fell at first, the more I am astonished at the strange things Polydore told me, and which my fear made me interpret in so different a manner to what he intended. Lucile maintains that it is all nonsense, and spoke to me in such a manner as leaves no room for suspicion . . . Ha! sir, it is you whose unheard-of impudence sports with my honour, and invents this base story?

Masc. Pray, Signor Albert, use milder terms, and do not be so angry with your son-in-law.

Alb. How! son-in-law, rascal? You look as if you were the main-spring of this intrigue, and the originator of it.

Masc. Really I see no reason for you to fly in such a passion.

Alb. Pray, do you think it right to take away the

character of my daughter, and bring such a scandal upon a whole family?

Masc. He is ready to do all you wish.

Alb.[24] I only want him to tell the truth. If he had any inclination for Lucile, he should have courted her in an honourable and open way; he should have acted as he ought, and asked her father's leave; and not have had recourse to this cowardly contrivance, which offends modesty so much.

Masc. What! Lucile is not secretly engaged to my master?

Alb. No, rascal, nor ever will be.

Masc. Not quite so fast! If the thing is already done, will you give your consent to ratify that secret engagement?

Alb. And if it is certain that it is not so, will you have your bones broken?

Val. It is easy, sir, to prove to you that he speaks the truth.

Alb. Good! there is the other! Like master, like man. O! what impudent liars!

Masc. Upon the word of a man of honour, it is as I say.

Val. Why should we deceive you?

Alb. [*Aside*] They are two sharpers that know how to play into each other's hands.

Masc. But let us come to the proof, and without quarrelling. Send for Lucile, and let her speak for herself.

Alb. And what if she should prove you a liar?

Masc. She will not contradict us, sir: of that I am certain. Promise to give your consent to their engagement; and I will suffer the severest punishment if, with her own

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[24] See Appendix, Note O.

mouth, she does not confess to you that she is engaged to Valère, and shares his passion.

Alb. We shall see this presently.

[*He knocks at his door.*

Masc. [*To Valère*] Courage, sir; all will end well.

Alb. Ho! Lucile, one word with you.

Val. [*To Mascarille*] I fear . . .

Masc. Fear nothing.

SCENE IX.

VALÈRE, ALBERT, LUCILE, MASCARILLE.

Masc. Signor Albert, at least be silent. At length, madam, everything conspires to make your happiness complete. Your father, who is informed of your love, leaves you your husband and gives his permission to your union, provided that, banishing all frivolous fears, a few words from your own mouth corroborate what we have told him.

Luc. What nonsense does this impudent scoundrel tell me?

Masc. That is all right. I am already honoured with a fine title.

Luc. Pray, sir, who has invented this nice story which has been spread about to-day?

Val.[25] Pardon me, charming creature. My servant has been babbling; but our marriage is discovered, without my consent.

Luc. Our marriage?

Val. Everything is known, adorable Lucile; it is vain to dissemble.

Luc. What! the ardour of my passion has made you my husband?

Val. It is a happiness which causes a great many

[25] See Appendix, Note P.

heart-burnings. But I impute the successful result of my courtship less to your great passion for me than to your kindness of heart. I know you have cause to be offended, that it was a secret which you would fain have concealed. I myself have put a restraint on my ardour, so that I might not violate your express commands; but . . .

Masc. Yes, it was I who told it. What great harm is done?

Luc. Was there ever a falsehood like this? Dare you mention this in my very presence, and hope to obtain my hand by this fine contrivance? What a wretched lover you are—you, whose gallant passion would wound my honour, because it could not gain my heart; who wish to frighten my father by a foolish story, so that you might obtain my hand as a reward for having vilified me. Though everything were favourable to your love—my father, fate, and my own inclination; yet my well-founded resentment would struggle against my own inclination, fate, and my father, and even lose life rather than be united to one who thought to obtain my hand in this manner. Begone! If my sex could with decency be provoked to any outburst of rage, I would let you know what it was to treat me thus.

Val. [*To Mascarille*] It is all over with us; her anger cannot be appeased.

Masc. Let me speak to her. Prithee, madam, what is the good of all these excuses? What are you thinking of? And what strange whim makes you thus oppose your own happiness? If your father were a harsh parent, the case would be different, but he listens to reason; and he himself has assured me that if you would but confess the truth, his affection would grant you everything. I believe you are a little ashamed frankly to acknowledge that you have yielded to love; but if you have lost a trifling amount of freedom, everything will be set to rights again by a

good marriage. Your great love for Valère may be blamed a little, but the mischief is not so great as if you had murdered a man. We all know that flesh is frail, and that a maid is neither stock nor stone. You were not the first, that is certain; and you will not be the last, I dare say.

Luc. What! can you listen to this shameless talk, and make no reply to these indignities?

Alb. What would you have me say? This affair puts me quite beside myself.

Masc. Upon my word, madam, you ought to have confessed all before now.

Luc. What ought I to have confessed?

Masc. What? Why, what has passed between my master and you. A fine joke, indeed!

Luc. Why, what has passed between your master and me, impudent wretch?

Masc. You ought, I think, to know that better than I; you passed that night too agreeably, to make us believe you could forget it so soon.

Luc. Father, we have too long borne with the insolence of an impudent lackey. [*Gives him a box on the ear.*

SCENE X.

ALBERT, VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

Masc. I think she gave me a box on the ear.

Alb. Begone! rascal, villain! Her father approves the way in which she has made her hand felt upon your cheek.

Masc. May be so; yet may the devil take me if I said anything but what was true!

Alb. And may I lose an ear if you carry on this impudence any further!

Masc. Shall I send for two witnesses to testify to the truth of my statements?

Alb. Shall I send for two of my servants to give you a sound thrashing?

Masc. Their testimony will corroborate mine.

Alb. Their arms may make up for my want of strength.

Masc. I tell you, Lucile behaves thus because she is ashamed.

Alb. I tell you, you shall be answerable for all this.

Masc. Do you know Ormin, that stout and clever notary?

Alb. Do you know Grimpant, the city executioner?

Masc. And Simon, the tailor, who used formerly to work for all the people of fashion?

Alb. And the gibbet set up in the middle of the market-place?

Masc. You shall see they will confirm the truth of this marriage.

Alb. You shall see they will make an end of you.

Masc. They were the witnesses chosen by them.

Alb. They shall shortly revenge me on you.

Masc. I myself saw them at the altar.

Alb. And I myself shall see you with a halter.

Masc. By the same token, your daughter had a black veil on.

Alb. By the same token, your face foretells your doom.

Masc. What an obstinate old man!

Alb. What a cursed rascal! You may thank my advanced years, which prevent me from punishing your insulting remarks upon the spot; but I promise you, you shall be paid with full interest.

SCENE XI.

VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

Val. Well, where is now that fine result you were to produce . . . ?

Masc. I understand what you mean. Everything goes against me: I see cudgels and gibbets preparing for me on every side. Therefore, so that I may be at rest amidst this chaos, I shall go and throw myself headlong from a rock, if, in my present despair, I can find one high enough to please me. Farewell, sir.

Val. No, no; in vain you wish to fly. If you die, I expect it to be in my presence.

Masc. I cannot die if anybody is looking on: it would only delay my end.

Val. Follow me, traitor; follow me. My maddened love will soon show whether this is a jesting matter or not.

Masc. [*Alone*] Unhappy Mascarille, to what misfortunes are you condemned to-day for another's sin!

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ASCANIO, FROSINE.

Fros. What has happened is very annoying.

Asc. My dear Frosine, fate has irrevocably decreed my ruin. Now the affair has gone so far, it will never stop there, but will go on; Lucile and Valère, surprised at such a strange mystery, will, one day, try to find their way amidst this darkness, and thus all my plans will miscarry. For, whether Albert is acquainted with the deception, or whether he himself is deceived, as well as the rest of the world, if ever it happens that my family is discovered, and all the wealth he has wrongfully acquired passes

into the hands of others, judge if he will then endure my presence; for, not having any interest more in the matter, he will abandon me, and his affection for me will be at an end. Whatever, then, my lover may think of my deception, will he acknowledge as his wife a girl without either fortune or family?

Fros. I think you reason rightly; but these reflections should have come sooner. What has prevented you from seeing all this before? there was no need to be a witch to foresee, as soon as you fell in love with Valère, all that your genius never found out until to-day. It is the natural consequence of what you have done; as soon as I was made acquainted with it I never imagined it would end otherwise.

Asc. But what must I do? There never was such a misfortune as mine. Put yourself in my place, and give me advice.

Fros. If I put myself in your place, you will have to give me advice upon this ill-success; for I am you, and you are I. Counsel me, Frosine, in the condition I am in. Where can we find a remedy? Tell me, I beg of you.

Asc. Alas! do not make fun of me. You show but little sympathy with my bitter grief, if you laugh in the midst of my distress.

Fros. Really, Ascanio, I pity your distress, and would do my utmost to help you. But what can I do, after all? I see very little likelihood of arranging this affair so as to satisfy your love.

Asc. If no assistance can be had, I must die.

Fros. Die! Come, come; it is always time enough for that. Death is a remedy ever at hand; we ought to make use of it as late as possible.

Asc. No, no, Frosine. If you and your invaluable

counsels do not guide me amidst all these breakers, I abandon myself wholly to despair.

Fros. Do you know what I am thinking about? I must go and see the . . .[26] But here comes Éraste; he may interrupt us. We will talk this matter over as we go along. Come, let us retire.

SCENE II.

ÉRASTE, GROS-RENÉ.

Eras. You have failed again?

Gr.-Re. Never was an ambassador less listened to. No sooner had I told her that you desired to have a moment's conversation with her, than, drawing herself up, she answered haughtily, "Go, go, I value your master just as much as I do you; tell him he may go about his business;" and after this fine speech she turned her head away from me, and walked off. Marinette, too, imitating her mistress, said, with a disdainful sneer, "Begone, you low fellow,"[27] and then left me; so that your fortune and mine are very much alike.

Eras. What an ungrateful creature, to receive with so much haughtiness the quick return of a heart justly incensed. Is the first outburst of a passion, which with so much reason thought itself deceived, unworthy of excuse?

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[26] Frosine means by "the . . ." the woman who knows the secret of all this intrigue, and who is supposed to be the mother of Ascanio. This is explained later on, in Act v., Scene 4, page 169.

[27] In the original it is *beau valet de carreau.* Littré, in his "Dictionnaire de la langue francaise," says that this word, which means literally "knave of diamonds," was considered an insult, because, in the old packs of cards of the beginning of the seventeenth century, that knave was called *valet de chasse*, hunting servant, a rather menial situation; while the knave of spades, *valet de pique*, was called *valet de noblesse*, nobleman's servant; the knave of hearts, *valet de cœur*, *valet de cour*, court servant; and the knave of clubs, *valet de trèfle*, *valet de pied*, foot-servant.

Could I, when burning with love, remain insensible, in that fatal moment, to the happiness of a rival? Would any other not have acted in the same way as I did, or been less amazed at so much boldness? Was I not quick in abandoning my well-founded suspicions? I did not wait till she swore they were false. When no one can tell as yet what to think of it, my heart, full of impatience, restores Lucile to her former place, and seeks to find excuses for her. Will not all these proofs satisfy her of the ardour of my respectful passion? Instead of calming my mind, and providing me with arms against a rival who wishes to alarm me, this ungrateful woman abandons me to all the tortures of jealousy, and refuses to receive my messages and notes, or to grant me an interview. Alas! that love is certainly very lukewarm which can be extinguished by so trifling an offence; that scornful rigour, which is displayed so readily, sufficiently shows to me the depth of her affection. What value ought I to set now upon all the caprices with which she fanned my love? No! I do not pretend to be any longer the slave of one who has so little love for me; since she does not mind whether she keeps me or not, I will do the same.

Gr.-Re.[28] And so will I. Let us both be angry, and put our love on the list of our old sins; we must teach a lesson to that wayward sex, and make them feel that we possess some courage. He that will bear their contempt shall have enough of it. If we had sense enough not to make ourselves too cheap, women would not talk so big. Oh! how insolent they are through our weakness! May I be hanged if we should not see them fall upon our neck more often than we wished, if it was not for those servilities with which most men, now-a-days, continually spoil them.

Eras. As for me, nothing vexes me so much as con-

[28] See Appendix, Note Q.

tempt; and to punish her's by one as great, I am resolved to cherish a new passion.

Gr.-Re. So will I, and never trouble my head about women again. I renounce them all, and believe honestly you could not do better than to act like me. For, master, people say that woman is an animal hard to be known, and naturally very prone to evil; and as an animal is always an animal, and will never be anything but an animal, though it lived for a hundred thousand years, so, without contradiction, a woman is always a woman, and will never be anything but a woman as long as the world endures.[29] Wherefore, as a certain Greek author says: a woman's head is like a quicksand; for pray, mark well this argument, which is most weighty: As the head is the chief of the body, and as the body without a chief is worse than a beast, unless the chief has a good understanding with the body, and unless everything be as well regulated as if it were measured with a pair of compasses, we see certain confusions arrive; the animal part then endeavours to get the better of the rational, and we see one pull to the right, another to the left; one wants something soft, another something hard; in short, everything goes topsy turvy. This is to show that here below, as it has been explained to me, a woman's head is like a weathercock on the top of a house, which veers about at the slightest breeze; that is why cousin Aristotle often compares her to the sea: hence people say that nothing in the world is so stable[30] as the waves. Now,

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[29] This passage is paraphrased from Erasmus, *Colloquia familiaria et Encomium Moriæ*, in which, after having called a woman *animal stultum atque ineptum verum ridiculum et suave*, Folly adds, *Quemadmodum, juxta Graecorum proverbium, simia semper est simia, etiamsi purpura vestiatur, ita mulier semper mulier est, hoc est stulta, quamcunque personam induxerit.*

[30] Though "stable" is here used, it is only employed to show the confusion of Gros-René's ideas, who, of course, wishes to say "unstable."

by comparison—for comparison makes us comprehend an argument distinctly,—and we learned men love a comparison better than a similitude,—by comparison, then, if you please, master, as we see that the sea, when a storm rises, begins to rage, the wind roars and destroys, billows dash against billows with a great hullabaloo, and the ship, in spite of the mariner, goes sometimes down to the cellar and sometimes up into the garret; so, when a woman gets whims and crotchets into her head, we see a tempest in the form of a violent storm, which will break out by certain . . . words, and then a . . . certain wind, which by . . . certain waves in . . . a certain manner, like a sand-bank . . . when . . . In short, woman is worse than the devil.[31]

Eras. You have argued that very well.

Gr.-Re. Pretty well, thanks to Heaven; but I see them coming this way, sir,—stand firm.

Eras. Never fear.

Gr.-Re. I am very much afraid that her eyes will ensnare you again.

SCENE III.

ÉRASTE, LUCILE, MARINETTE, GROS-RENÉ.[32]

Mar. He is not gone yet, but do not yield.

Luc. Do not imagine I am so weak.

[31] This long speech of Gros-René ridicules the pedantic arguments of some of the philosophers of the time of Molière. It also attributes to the ancients some sayings of authors of the day; for example, the comparison, from a Greek author, "that a woman's head is like a quicksand," is from a contemporary; the saying from Aristotle, comparing woman to the sea, is from Malherbe. Words very familiar look more homely when employed with high-flown language, and Gros-René's speech is no bad example of this, whilst at the same time it becomes more muddled the longer it goes on. There exists also a tradition that the actor who performs the part of Gros-René should, in order to show his confusion, when he say "goes sometimes down the cellar," point to his head, and when he mentions "up into the garret," point to his feet.

[32] See Appendix, Note R.

Mar. He comes towards us.

Eras. No, no, madam, do not think that I have come to speak to you again of my passion; it is all over; I am resolved to cure myself. I know how little share I have in your heart. A resentment kept up so long for a slight offence shows me your indifference but too plainly, and I must tell you that contempt, above all things, wounds a lofty mind. I confess I saw in you charms which I never found in any other; the delight I took in my chains would have made me prefer them to sceptres, had they been offered to me. Yes, my love for you was certainly very great; my life was centred in you; I will even own that, though I am insulted, I shall still perhaps have difficulty enough to free myself. Maybe, notwithstanding the cure I am attempting, my heart may for a long time smart with this wound. Freed from a yoke which I was happy to bend under, I shall take a resolution never to love again. But no matter, since your hatred repulses a heart which love brings back to you, this is the last time you shall ever be troubled by the man you so much despise.

Luc. You might have made the favour complete, sir, and spared me also this last trouble.

Eras. Very well, madam, very well, you shall be satisfied. I here break off all acquaintance with you, and break it off for ever, since you wish it; may I lose my life if ever again I desire to converse with you!

Luc. So much the better, you will oblige me.

Eras. No, no, do not be afraid that I shall break my word! For, though my heart may be weak enough not to be able to efface your image, be assured you shall never have the pleasure of seeing me return.

Luc. You may save yourself the trouble.

Eras. I would pierce my breast a hundred times should I ever be so mean as to see you again, after this unworthy

Luc. Be it so; let us talk no more about it.

Eras. Yes, yes; let us talk no more about it; and to make an end here of all unnecessary speeches, and to give you a convincing proof, ungrateful woman, that I for ever throw off your chain, I will keep nothing which may remind me of what I must forget. Here is your portrait; it presents to the eye many wonderful and dazzling charms, but underneath them lurk as many monstrous faults; it is a delusion which I restore to you.

Gr.-Re. You are right.

Luc. And I, not to be behind-hand with you in the idea of returning everything, restore to you this diamond which you obliged me to accept.

Mar. Very well.

Eras. Here is likewise a bracelet of yours.[33]

Luc. And this agate seal is yours.

Eras. [*Reads*] "You love me with the most ardent passion, Éraste, and wish to know if I feel the same. If I do not love Éraste as much, at least I am pleased that Éraste should thus love me.—LUCILE." You assure me by this letter that you accept my love; it is a falsehood which I punish thus. [*Tears the letter.*]

Luc. [*Reading*] "I do not know what may be the fate of my ardent love, nor how long I shall suffer; but this I know, beauteous charmer, that I shall always love you.—ÉRASTE." This is an assurance of everlasting love; both the hand and the letter told a lie. [*Tears the letter.*]

Gr.-Re. Go on.

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[33] Formerly lovers used to wear bracelets generally made of each others hair, which no doubt were hidden from the common view. Shakespeare, in his *Mid-summer Night's Dream*, Act i., Scene 1, says, "Thou, Lysander, thou hast . . . stol'n th' impression of her fantasy with bracelets of thy hair."

Eras. [*Showing another letter*] This is another of your letters; it shall share the same fate.

Mar. [*To Lucile*] Be firm.

Luc. [*Tearing another letter*] I should be sorry to keep back one of them.

Gr.-Re. [*To Éraste*] Do not let her have the last word.

Mar. [*To Lucile*] Hold out bravely to the end.

Luc. Well, there are the rest.

Eras. Thank Heaven, that is all! May I be struck dead if I do not keep my word!

Luc. May it confound me if mine be vain.

Eras. Farewell, then.

Luc. Farewell, then.

Mar. [*To Lucile*] Nothing could be better.

Gr.-Re. [*To Éraste*] You triumph.

Mar. [*To Lucile*] Come, let us leave him.

Gr.-Re. [*To Éraste*] You had best retire after this courageous effort.

Mar. [*To Lucile*] What are you waiting for?

Gr.-Re. [*To Éraste*] What more do you want?

Eras. Ah, Lucile, Lucile! you will be sorry to lose a heart like mine, and I know it.

Luc. Éraste, Éraste, I may easily find a heart like yours.

Éras. No, no, search everywhere; you will never find one so passionately fond of you, I assure you. I do not say this to move you to pity; I should be in the wrong now to wish it; the most respectful passion could not bind you. You wanted to break with me; I must think of you no more. But whatever any one may pretend, nobody will ever love you so tenderly as I have done.

Luc. When a woman is really beloved she is treated differently, and is not condemned so rashly.

Eras. Those who love are apt to be jealous on the

slightest cause of suspicion, but they can never wish to lose the object of their adoration, and that you have done.

Luc. Pure jealousy is more respectful.

Eras. An offence caused by love is looked upon with more indulgence.

Luc. No, Éraste, your flame never burnt very bright.

Eras. No, Lucile, you never loved me.

Luc. Oh! that does not trouble you much, I suppose; perhaps it would have been much better for me if . . . But no more of this idle talk; I do not say what I think on the subject.

Eras. Why?

Luc. Because, as we are to break, it would be out of place, it seems to me.

Eras. Do we break, then?

Luc. Yes, to be sure; have we not done so already?

Eras. And you can do this calmly?

Luc. Yes; so can you.

Eras. I?

Luc. Undoubtedly, It is weakness to let people see that we are hurt by losing them.

Eras. But, hard-hearted woman, it is you who would have it so.

Luc. I? not at all; it was you who took that resolution.

Eras. I? I thought it would please you.

Luc. Me; not at all; you did it for your own satisfaction.

Eras. But what if my heart should wish to resume its former chain? If, though very sad, it should sue for pardon . . .?[34]

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[34] An imitation from Horace, book iii., ode ix., vers. 17 and 18

Quid? si prisca redit Venus
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?

Luc. No, no; do no such thing; my weakness is too great. I am afraid I might too quickly grant your request.

Eras. Oh! you cannot grant it, nor I ask for it, too soon, after what I have just heard. Consent to love me still, madam; so pure a flame ought to burn for ever, for your own sake. I ask for it, pray grant me this kind pardon.

Luc. Lead me home.

SCENE IV.

MARINETTE, GROS-RENÉ.[35]

Mar. Oh! cowardly creature.

Gr.-Re. Oh! weak courage.

Mar. I blush with indignation.

Gr.-Re. I am swelling with rage; do not imagine I will yield thus.

Mar. And do not think to find such a dupe in me.

Gr.-Re. Come on, come on; you shall soon see what my wrath is capable of doing.

Mar. I am not the person you take me for; you have not my silly mistress to deal with. It is enough to look at that fine phiz to be smitten with the man himself! Should I fall in love with your beastly face? Should I hunt after you? Upon my word, girls like us are not for the like of you.

Gr.-Re. Ay! and you address me in such a fashion? Here, here, without any further compliments, there is your bow of tawdry lace, and your narrow ribbon; it shall not have the honour of being on my ear any more.

Mar. And to show you how I despise you, here, take back your half hundred of Paris pins, which you gave me yesterday with so much bragging.

[35] See Appendix, Note S.

Gr.-Re. Take back your knife too; a thing most rich and rare; it cost you about twopence when you made me a present of it.

Mar. Take back your scissors with the pinchbeck chain.

Gr.-Re. I forgot the piece of cheese you gave me the day before yesterday—here it is; I wish I could bring back the broth you made me eat, so that I might have nothing belonging to you.

Mar. I have none of your letters about me now, but I shall burn every one of them.

Gr.-Re. And do you know what I shall do with yours?

Mar. Take care you never come begging to me again to forgive you.

Gr.-Re. [*Picking up a bit of straw.*] To cut off every way of being reconciled, we must break this straw between us; when a straw is broken, it settles an affair between people of honour.[36] Cast none of your sheep's eyes at me;[37] I will be angry.

Mar. Do not look at me thus; I am too much provoked.

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[36] A wisp of straw, or a stick, was formerly used as a symbol of investiture of a feudal fief. According to some authors the breaking of the straw or stick was a proof that the vassals renounced their homage; hence the allusion of Molière. The breaking of a staff was also typical of the voluntary or compulsory abandonment of power. Formerly, after the death of the kings of France, the *grand maître* (master of the household) broke his wand of office over the grave, saying aloud three times, *le roi est mort*, and then *Vive le roi*. Hence also, most likely, the saying of Prospero, in Shakespeare's "Tempest" Act v. Sc. 1, "I'll break my staff," *i. e.*, I voluntarily abandon my power. Sometimes the breaking of a staff betokened dishonour, as in Shakespeare's second part of "Henry VI." Act i., Sc. 2, when Gloster says: "Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court, was broke in twain."

[37] According to tradition, Gros-René and Marinette stand on the stage back to back; from time to time they look to the right and to the left; when their looks meet they turn their heads abruptly away, whilst Gros-René presents over his shoulder to Marinette the piece of straw, which the latter takes very good care not to touch.

Gr.-Re. Here, break this straw; this is the way of never recanting again; break. What do you laugh at, you jade?

Mar. Yes, you make me laugh.

Gr.-Re. The deuce take your laughing! all my anger is already softened. What do you say? shall we break or not?

Mar. Just as you please.

Gr.-Re. Just as you please.

Mar. Nay, it shall be as you please.

Gr.-Re. Do you wish me never to love you?

Mar. I? As you like.

Gr.-Re. As you yourself like; only say the word.

Mar. I shall say nothing.

Gr.-Re. Nor I.

Mar. Nor I.

Gr.-Re. Faith! we had better forswear all this nonsense; shake hands, I pardon you.

Mar. And I forgive you.

Gr.-Re. Bless me! how you bewitch me with your charms.

Mar. What a fool is Marinette when her Gros-René is by.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

MASCARILLE, *alone.*[38]

"As soon as darkness has invaded the town, I will enter Lucile's room; go, therefore, and get ready immediately the dark lantern, and whatever arms are necessary." When my master said these words, it sounded in my ears as if he had said, "Go quickly and get a halter to hang yourself." But come on, master of mine, for I was so astonished when first I heard your order, that I had no time to answer you; but

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[38] See Appendix, Note T.

I shall talk with you now, and confound you; therefore defend yourself well, and let us argue without making a noise. You say you wish to go and visit Lucile to-night? "Yes, Mascarille." And what do you propose to do? "What a lover does who wishes to be convinced." What a man does who has very little brains, who risks his carcass when there is no occasion for it. "But do you know what is my motive? Lucile is angry." Well, so much the worse for her. "But my love prompts me to go and appease her." But love is a fool, and does not know what he says: will this same love defend us against an enraged rival, father, or brother? "Do you think any of them intend to harm us?" Yes, really, I do think so; and especially this rival. "Mascarille, in any case, what I trust to is, that we shall go well armed, and if anybody interrupts us we shall draw." Yes, but that is precisely what your servant does not wish to do. I draw! Good Heavens! am I a Roland, master, or a Ferragus?[39] You hardly know me. When I, who love myself so dearly, consider that two inches of cold steel in this body would be quite sufficient to send a poor mortal to his last home, I am particularly disgusted. "But you will be armed from head to foot." So much the worse. I shall be less nimble to get into the thicket; besides, there is no armour so well made but some villainous point will pierce its joints. "Oh! you will then be considered a

[39] Roland, or Orlando in Italian, one of Charlemagne's paladins and nephews, is represented as brave, loyal, and simple-minded. On the return of Charlemagne from Spain, Roland, who commanded the rear-guard, fell into an ambuscade at Roncezvalles, in the Pyrenées (778), and perished, with the flower of French chivalry. He is the hero of Ariosto's poem, "Orlando Furioso." In this same poem Cant. xii. is also mentioned. Ferragus, or Ferrau, in Italian, a Saracen giant, who dropped his helmet into the river, and vowed he would never wear another till he had won that worn by Orlando; the latter slew him in the only part where he was vulnerable.

coward." Never mind; provided I can but always move my jaws. At table you may set me down for as good as four persons, if you like; but when fighting is going on, you must not count me for anything. Moreover, if the other world possesses charms for you, the air of this world agrees very well with me. I do not thirst after death and wounds; if you have a mind to play the fool, you may do it all by yourself, I assure you.

SCENE II.

VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

Val. I never felt a day pass more slowly; the sun seems to have forgotten himself; he has yet such a course to run before he reaches his bed, that I believe he will never accomplish it; his slow motion drives me mad.

Masc. What an eagerness to go in the dark, to grope about for some ugly adventure! You see that Lucile is obstinate in her repulses. . . .

Val. A truce to these idle remonstrances. Though I were sure to meet a hundred deaths lying in ambush, yet I feel her wrath so greatly, that I shall either appease it, or end my fate. I am resolved on that.

Masc. I approve of your design; but it is unfortunate, sir, that we must get in secretly.

Val. Very well.

Masc. And I am afraid I shall only be in the way.

Val. How so?

Masc. I have a cough which nearly kills me, and the noise it makes may betray you. Every moment . . . [*He coughs*] You see what a punishment it is.

Val. You will get better; take some liquorice.

Masc. I do not think, sir, it will get better. I should be delighted to go with you, but I should be very sorry if any misfortune should befall my dear master through me.

SCENE III.

VALÈRE, LA RAPIÈRE, MASCARILLE.

La Ra. Sir, I have just now heard from good authority that Éraste is greatly enraged against you, and that Albert talks also of breaking all the bones in Mascarille's body, on his daughter's account.

Masc. I? I have nothing to do with all this confusion. What have I done to have all the bones in my body broken? Am I the guardian of the virginity of all the girls in the town, that I am to be thus threatened? Have I any influence with temptation? Can I help it, I, poor fellow, if they have a mind to try it?

Val. Oh! they are not so dangerous as they pretend to be; however courageous love may have made Éraste, he will not have so easy a bargain with us.

La Ra. If you should have any need for it, my arm is entirely at your service. You know me to be at all times staunch.[40]

Val. I am much obliged to you, M. de la Rapière.

La Ra. I have likewise two friends I can procure, who will draw against all comers, and upon whom you may safely rely.

Masc. Accept their services, sir.

Val. You are too kind.

La Ra. Little Giles might also have assisted us, if a sad accident had not taken him from us. Oh, sir, it is a great pity! He was such a handy fellow, too! You know the

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[40] It is thought the introduction of Mons. de la Rapière contains an allusion to the poor noblemen of Languedoc, who formerly made a kind of living by being seconds at duels, and whom the Prince de Conti compelled to obey the edicts of Louis XIV. against duelling. *The Love-tiff* was first played in 1656 at Béziers, where the States of Languedoc were assembled.

trick justice played him; he died like a hero; when the executioner broke him on the wheel, he made his exit without uttering a word.

Val. M. de la Rapière, such a man ought to be lamented, but, as for your escort, I thank you, I want them not.

La Ra. Be it so, but do not forget that you are sought after, and may have some scurvy trick played upon you.

Val. And I, to show you how much I fear him, will offer him the satisfaction he desires, if he seeks me; I will immediately go all over the town, only accompanied by Mascarille.

SCENE IV.

VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

Masc. What, sir? will you tempt Heaven? Do not be so presumptuous! Lack-a-day! you see how they threaten us. How on every side . . .

Val. What are you looking at yonder?

Masc. I smell a cudgel that way. In short, if you will take my prudent advice, do not let us be so obstinate as to remain in the street; let us go and shut ourselves up.

Val. Shut ourselves up, rascal? How dare you propose to me such a base action? Come along, and follow me, without any more words.

Masc. Why, sir, my dear master, life is so sweet! One can die but once, and it is for such a long time!

Val. I shall half kill you, if I hear anything more. Here comes Ascanio; let us leave him; we must find out what side he will choose. However, come along with me into the house, to take whatever arms we may want.

Masc. I have no great itching for fighting. A curse on love and those darned girls, who will be tasting it, and then look as if butter would not melt in their mouth.

SCENE V.

ASCANIO, FROSINE.

Asc. Is it really true, Frosine, do I not dream? Pray tell me all that has happened, from first to last.

Fros.[41] You shall know all the particulars in good time; be patient; such adventures are generally told over and over again, and that every moment. You must know then that after this will, which was on condition of a male heir being born, Albert's wife, who was *enceinte*, gave birth to you. Albert, who had stealthily and long beforehand laid his plan, changed you for the son of Inez, the flower-woman, who gave you to my mother to nurse, saying it was her own child. Some ten months after, death took away this little innocent, whilst Albert was absent; his wife being afraid of her husband, and inspired by maternal love, invented a new stratagem. She secretly took her own daughter back; you received the name of the boy, who had taken your place, whilst the death of that pretended son was kept a secret from Albert, who was told that his daughter had died. Now the mystery of your birth is cleared up, which your supposed mother had hitherto concealed. She gives certain reasons for acting in this manner, and may have others to give, for her interests were not the same as yours. In short, this visit,[42] from which I expected so little, has proved more serviceable to your love than could have been imagined. This Inez has given up all claim to you. As it became necessary to reveal this secret, on account of your marriage, we two informed your father of it; a letter of his deceased wife has confirmed all. Pursuing our reasoning yet farther, and being rather for-

[41] See Appendix, Note U.

[42] This is the visit of which Frosine speaks, Act iv., Scene 1, p. 154.

tunate as well as skilful, we have so cunningly interwoven the interests of Albert and of Polydore, so gradually unfolded all this mystery to the latter, that we might not make things appear too terrible to him in the beginning, and, in a word, to tell you all, so prudently led his mind step by step to a reconciliation, that Polydore is now as anxious as your father to legitimize that connection which is to make you happy.

Asc. Ah! Frosine, what happiness you prepare for me . . . What do I not owe to your fortunate zeal?

Fros. Moreover, the good man is inclined to be merry, and has forbidden us to mention anything of this affair to his son.

SCENE VI.

POLYDORE, ASCANIO, FROSINE.

Pol. Come hither, daughter, since I may give you this name now, for I know the secret which this disguise conceals. You have shown so much resolution, ingenuity, and archness in your stratagem, that I forgive you; I think my son will esteem himself happy when he knows that you are the object of his love. You are worth to him more than all the treasures in this world; and I will tell him so. But here he comes: let us divert ourselves with this event. Go and tell all the people to come hither immediately.

Asc. To obey you, sir, shall be the first compliment I pay you.

SCENE VII.

MASCARILLE, POLYDORE, VALÈRE.

Masc. Misfortunes are often revealed by Heaven: I dreamt last night of pearls unstrung and broken eggs,[43] sir. This dream depresses my spirits.

Val. Cowardly rascal!

Pol. Valère, an encounter awaits you, wherein all your valour will be necessary: you are to cope with a powerful adversary.

Masc. Will nobody stir to prevent people from cutting each other's throats? As for me, I do not care about it; but if any fatal accident should deprive you of your son, do not lay the blame on me.

Pol. No, no; in this case I myself urge him to do what he ought.

Masc. What an unnatural father!

Val. This sentiment, sir, shows you to be a man of honour; I respect you the more for it. I know I have offended you, I am to blame for having done all this without a father's consent; but however angry you may be with me, Nature always will prevail. You do what is truly honourable, in not believing that I am to be terrified by the threats of Éraste.

Pol. They just now frightened me with his threats, but since then things have changed greatly; you will be attacked by a more powerful enemy, without being able to flee from him.

Masc. Is there no way of making it up?

Val. I flee!—Heaven forbid! And who can this be?

Pol. Ascanio.

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[43] In a little book still sold on the quays of Paris, and called *la Clé des Songes*, it is said that to dream of pearls denotes "embarrassed affairs," and of broken eggs, "loss of place and lawsuits."

Val. Ascanio?

Pol. Yes; you shall see him appear presently.

Val. He, who has pledged his word to serve me!

Pol. Yes, it is he who says he has a quarrel with you; he, who is determined to decide the quarrel by single combat, to which he challenges you.

Masc. He is a good fellow: he knows that generous minds do not endanger other people's lives by their quarrels.

Pol. He accuses you of deceit. His anger appears to me to have so just a cause, that Albert and I have agreed you should give Ascanio satisfaction for this affront, but publicly, and without any delay, according to the formalities requisite in such a case.

Val. What! father; and did Lucile obstinately . . . ?

Pol. Lucile is to marry Éraste, and blames you too; and the better to prove your story to be false, is resolved to give her hand to Éraste before your very face.

Val. Ha! this impudence is enough to drive me mad. Has she lost, then, all sense, faith, conscience, and honour!

SCENE VIII.

ALBERT, POLYDORE, LUCILE, ÉRASTE, VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

Alb. Well! where are the combatants? They are bringing ours. Have you prepared yours for the encounter?

Val. Yes, yes; I am ready, since you compel me to it; if I at all hesitated, it was because I still felt a little respect, and not on account of the valour of the champion who is to oppose me. But I have been urged too far. This respect is at an end; I am prepared for any catastrophe! I have been treated so strangely and treacherously, that my love must and shall be revenged. [*To Lucile*] Not that I still pretend to your hand: my former love is now swallowed up in wrath; and when I have made

your shame public, your guilty marriage will not in the least disturb me. Lucile, your behaviour is infamous. Scarcely can I believe my own eyes. You show yourself so opposed to all modesty, that you ought to die for shame.

Luc. Such reproaches might affect me, if I had not one at hand to avenge my cause. Here comes Ascanio; he shall soon have the pleasure, and without giving himself much trouble, of making you change your language.

SCENE IX.

ALBERT, POLYDORE, ASCANIO, LUCILE, ÉRASTE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, MARINETTE, GROS-RENÉ, MASCARILLE.[44]

Val. He shall not make me change my language, though he had twenty arms besides his own. I am sorry he defends a guilty sister; but since he is foolish enough to pick a quarrel with me, I shall give him satisfaction, and you also, my valiant gentleman.

Eras. A short time ago I took an interest in this, but as Ascanio has taken the affair upon himself, I will have nothing more to do with it, but leave it to him.

Val. You do well; prudence is always timely, but . . .

Eras. He shall give you satisfaction for us all.

Val. He?

Pol. Do not deceive yourself; you do not yet know what a strange young fellow Ascanio is.

Alb. He is blind to it now, but Ascanio will let him know in a little time.

Val. Come on, then; let him do so now.

Mar. What! before everybody?

Gr.-Re. That would not be decent.

Val. Are you making fun of me? I will break the

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[44] See Appendix, Note X.

head of any fellow who laughs. But let us see what Ascanio is going to do.

Asc. No, no. I am not so bad as they make me out; in this adventure, in which every one has put me forward, you shall see my weakness appear more than anything else; you will discover that Heaven, to which we must all submit, did not give me a heart to hold out against you, but that it reserved for you the easy triumph of putting an end to Lucile's brother. Yes; far from boasting of the power of his arm, Ascanio shall receive death from your hands; nay, would gladly die, if his death could contribute to your satisfaction, by giving you, in the presence of all this company, a wife who lawfully belongs to you.

Val. No, even the whole world, after her perfidy and shamelessness . . .

Asc. Ah! Valère, allow me to tell you that the heart which is pledged to you is guilty of no crime against you; her love is still pure, and her constancy unshaken; I call your own father himself to witness that I speak the truth.

Pol. Yes, son, we have laughed enough at your rage; I see it is time to undeceive you; she to whom you are bound by oath is concealed under the dress you here behold. Some question about property was the cause of this disguise, which from her earliest youth deceived so many people. Lately love was the cause of another which deceived you, whilst it made of the two families but one. Yes, in a word, it is she whose subtle skill obtained your hand at night, who pretended to be Lucile, and by this contrivance, which none discovered, has perplexed you all so much. But since Ascanio now gives place to Dorothea, your love must be free from every appearance of deceit, and be strengthened by a more sacred knot.

Alb. This is the single combat by which you were to

give us satisfaction for your offence, and which is not forbidden by any laws.[45]

Pol. Such an event amazes you, but all hesitation is now too late.

Val. No, no, I do not hesitate; if this adventure astonishes me, it is a flattering surprise; I find myself seized with admiration, love, and pleasure. Is it possible that those eyes . . . ?

Alb. This dress, dear Valère, is not a proper one to hear your fine speeches in. Let her go and put on another, and meanwhile you shall know the particulars of the event.

Val. Pardon me, Lucile, if my mind, duped by . . .

Luc. It is easy to forget that.

Alb. Come, these compliments will do as well at home; we shall then have plenty of time to pay them to one another.

Eras. But in talking thus you do not seem to think that there is still occasion for manslaughter here. Our loves are indeed crowned, but who ought to obtain the hand of Marinette, his Mascarille or my Gros-René? This affair must end in blood.

Masc. No, no, my blood suits my body too well; let him marry her in peace, it will be nothing to me. I know Marinette too well to think marriage will be any bar to my courting her.

Mar. And do you think I will make my gallant of you? A husband does not matter; anything will do for that. We do not stand, then, upon so much ceremony; but a gallant should be well made enough to make one's mouth water.

Gr.-Re. Listen! When we are united by marriage, I insist that you should turn a deaf ear to all sparks.

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[45] Severe laws were promulgated in the preceding reign against duelling; Louis XIV. also published two edicts against it in 1643 and in 1651. *The Love-Tiff* was first performed in 1656.

Masc. Do you think, brother, to marry her for yourself alone?

Gr.-Re. Of course; I will have a virtuous wife, or else I shall kick up a fine row.

Masc. Ah! lack-a-day, you shall do as others, and become more gentle. Those people who are so severe and critical before marriage, often degenerate into pacific husbands.

Mar. Make yourself easy, my dear husband, and do not have the least fear about my fidelity; flattery will produce no impression on me, and I shall tell you everything.

Masc. Oh! what a cunning wench to make of a husband a confidant.

Mar. Hold your tongue, you knave of clubs.[46]

Alb. For the third time, I say, let us go home, and continue at leisure such an agreeable conversation.

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[46] The original has *as de pique*, and different commentators have of course given various explanations. But why, says M. Despois, should Marinette, who appears to be fond of cards, not call people by names derived from her favourite game? She calls Gros-René in another place *beau valet de carreau.* (See Note 26, page 154.)

APPENDIX.

A, Page 111.

The opening in Vanbrugh's *Mistake* is nearly the same as in *The Love-Tiff*. Éraste is called Don Carlos, and Gros-René Sancho.

Don Carlos. I tell thee, I am not satisfied; I'm in love enough to be suspicious of everybody.

Sancho. And yet methinks, sir, you should leave me out.

Don C. It may be so, I can't tell; but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a knave, at least they'll make a fool of thee.

San. I don't believe a word on't. But good faith, master, your love makes somewhat of you; I don't know what 'tis, but methinks when you suspect me, you don't seem a man of half those parts I used to take you for. Look in my face, 'tis round and comely, not one hollow line of a villain in it. Men of my fabric don't use to be suspected for knaves; and when you take us for fools, we never take you for wise men. For my part, in this present case, I take myself to be mighty deep. A stander-by, sir, sees more than a gamester. You are pleased to be jealous of your poor mistress without a cause. She uses you but too well, in my humble opinion. She sees you, and talks with you, till I am quite tired on't sometimes; and your rival, that you are so scared about, forces a visit upon her about once in a fortnight.

Don C. Alas! thou art ignorant in these affairs: he that's the civilest received is often the least cared for. Women appear warm to one, to hide a flame for another. Lorenzo, in short, appears too composed of late to be a rejected lover; and the indifference he shows upon the favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in 'em, and keeps me on a perpetual rack. No! I would fain see some of his jealous transports; have him fire at the sight o' me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me wherever he meets me, challenge me, fight me . . .

San. Run you through the guts.

Don C. But he's too calm; his heart's too much at ease, to leave me mine at rest.

San. But, sir, you forget that there are two ways for our hearts to get at ease: when our mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we, not

to care a fig for them. Now suppose, upon the rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Don C. Again thy ignorance appears. Alas! a lover who has broke his chain will shun the tyrant that enslaved him. Indifference never is his lot; he loves or hates for ever; and if his mistress prove another's prize, he cannot calmly see her in his arms.

San. For my part, master, I'm not so great a philosopher as you be, nor (thank my stars) so bitter a lover, but what I see—that I generally believe; and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good thoughts enough of my person never to doubt the truth on't. See, here the baggage comes.

B, Page 114.

The name of the maid in *The Mistake* is Jacinta; the scene of *The Love-Tiff* (i. 2) is on the whole closely followed, and a fair attempt made to give in English wit the equivalent of the French.

(*Enter* JACINTA *with a letter.*)

Sancho. Hist, Jacinta, my dear!

Jacinta. Who's that? Blunderbuss! where's your master?

San. Hard by. [*Pointing to Don Carlos.*

Jac. O, sir! I'm glad I have found you at last. I believe I have travelled five miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the walks, nor at church, nor at the opera, nor . . .

San. Nor anywhere else, where he was not to be found. If you had looked for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

Jac. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Don C. But, prithee, what's the matter? who sent you after me?

Jac. One who's never well but when she sees you, I think; 'twas my lady.

Don C. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able; the blessing's too great to be my lot. Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me: how short soe'er I am in other merit, the tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her generosity. I should not be deluded.

Jac. And why do you think you are? methinks she's pretty well above-board with you. What must be done more to satisfy you?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jac. How! Lorenzo!

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jac. Why, you are not mad, sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray which way may this have got into your head? I took you for a man of sense before. [*To Sancho*] Is this your doings, Log?

San. No, forsooth, Pert! I'm not much given to suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs Forward. If I were, I might find more cause, I guess,

than your mistress has given our master here. But I have so many pretty thoughts of my own person, housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no man.

Jac. That's the way to prosper, however, so far I'll confess the truth to thee; at least, if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in love-matters, sir. When you suspect a woman's falling off, you fall a-plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with reason, and a sour face. Udslife, sir! attack her with a fiddle, double your good-humour; give her a ball—powder your periwig at her—let her cheat you at cards a little—and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor woman with the gloomy face of jealousy, before she gives the least occasion for't, is to set a complaisant rival in too favourable a light. Sir, sir! I must tell you, I have seen those have owed their success to nothing else.

Don C. Say no more; I have been to blame; but there shall be no more on't.

Jac. I should punish you but justly, however, for what's past, if I carried back what I have brought you; but I'm good-natured, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you timed your jealousy.

Don C. [Reads] *If you love me with that tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this letter will be welcome; 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a daughter's weakness to a father's indulgence; and if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to 'em can make you.*

LEONORA.

Then I shall be what man was never yet [*kissing the letter*]. Ten thousand blessings on thee for thy news! I could adore thee as a deity!

San. [*Embracing Jacinta*] True flesh and blood, every inch of her, for all that.

Don C. [Reads again] *And if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to 'em can make you.*—O happy, happy Carlos!—But what shall I say to thee for this welcome message? Alas! I want words.—But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and—— [*Giving her his ring, watch, and purse.*

San. Hold, sir; pray leave a little something for our board-wages. [*To Jacinta*] You can't carry 'em all, I believe. Shall I ease thee of this. [*Offering to take the purse.*

Jac. No; but you may carry—that, sirrah. [*Giving him a box on the ear*

San. The jade's grown purse-proud already.

Don C. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming mistress that I am not able to say myself: but, above all, excuse my late unpardonable folly, and offer her my life to expiate my crime.

Jac. The best plea for pardon will be never to repeat the fault.

Don C. If that will do, 'tis sealed for ever.

Jac. Enough. But I must begone; success attend you with the old gentleman. Good-bye t'ye, sir.

Don C. Eternal blessings follow thee. [*Exit Jacinta.*

San. I think she has taken 'em all with her; the jade has got her apron full.

Don C. Is not that Lorenzo coming this way?

San. Yes, 'tis he; for my part now I pity the poor gentleman.

C, Page 118.

Valère, in *The Mistake,* is called Don Lorenzo, otherwise the whole scene (Act I., Scene 1) is pretty closely imitated.

Don Car. I'll let him see at last I can be cheerful too. Your servant, Don Lorenzo; how do you do this morning?

Don Lor. I thank you, Don Carlos, perfectly well, both in body and in mind.

Don Car. What! cured of your love, then?

Don Lor. No, nor I hope I never shall. May I ask you how 'tis with yours?

Don Car. Increasing every hour; we are very constant both.

Don Lor. I find so much delight in being so I hope I never shall be otherwise.

Don Car. Those joys I am well acquainted with, but should lose 'em soon were I to meet a cool reception.

Don Lor. That's every generous lover's case, no doubt; an angel could not fire my heart but with an equal flame.

Don Car. And yet you said you still loved Leonora?

Don Lor. And yet I said I loved her.

Don Car. Does she then return you——

Don Lor. Everything my passion can require.

Don Car. Its wants are small, I find.

Don Lor. Extended as the heavens.

Don Car. I pity you.

Don Lor. He must be a deity that does so.

Don Car. Yet I'm a mortal, and once more can pity you.
Alas! Lorenzo,
'Tis a poor cordial to an aching heart
To have the tongue alone announce it happy.
Besides, 'tis mean; you should be more a man.

Don Lor. I find I have made you an unhappy one, so can forgive the boilings of your spleen.

Don Car. This seeming calmness might have the effect your vanity proposes by it, had I not a testimony of her love, would (should I show it), sink you to the centre.

Don Lor. Yet still I'm calm as ever.

Don Car. Nay, then have at your peace. Read that, and end the farce. [*Gives him Leonora's letter.*]

Don Lor. [*After reading.*] I have read it.

Don Car. And know the hand?

Don Lor. 'Tis Leonora's; I have often seen it.

Don Car. I hope you then at last are satisfied.

Don Lor. [*Smiling.*] I am. Good morrow, Carlos! [*Exit.*

San. Sure he's mad, master.

Don Car. Mad! sayest thou?

San. And yet, by'r Lady, that was a sort of a dry sober smile at going off.

Don Car. A very sober one! Had he shown me such a letter, I had put on another countenance.

San. Ay, o' my conscience had you.

Don Car. Here's mystery in this—I like it not.

San. I see his man and confidant there, Lopez. Shall I draw him on a Scotch pair of boots, master, and make him tell all?

Don Car. Some questions I must ask him; call him hither.

San. Hem, Lopez, hem!

D, Page 119.

The discovery of the secret marriage between Ascanio, the supposed Lucile, and Valère, is also closely, but more broadly copied in Vanbrugh's play; the name of the lady is in English Camillo, the pretended donna Leonora.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I and my master.

Lop. I can't stay.

San. You can, indeed, sir. [*Laying hold on him.*]

Don C. Whither in such haste, honest Lopez? What! upon some love-errand?

Lop. Sir, your servant; I ask your pardon, but I was going——

Don C. I guess where; but you need not be shy of me any more, thy master and I are no longer rivals; I have yielded up the cause; the lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, sir? Shall I then live to see my master and you friends again?

San. Yes; and what's better, thou and I shall be friends too. There will be no more fear of Christian bloodshed; I give thee up, Jacinta; she's a slippery housewife, so master and I are going to match ourselves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, sir, your honour should be in earnest? I'm afraid you are pleased to be merry with your poor humble servant.

Don C. I'm not at present much disposed to mirth, my indifference in this matter is not so thoroughly formed; but my reason has so far

mastered my passion, to show me 'tis in vain to pursue a woman whose heart already is another's. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have roused my resolution to my aid, and broke my chains for ever.

Lop. Well, sir, to be plain with you, this is the joyfullest news I have heard this long time; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest gentleman, and good faith it often went to the heart o' me to see you so abused. Dear, dear, have I often said to myself (when they have had a private meeting just after you have been gone)——

Don C. Ha!

San. Hold, master, don't kill him yet. [*Aside to Don Carlos.*]

Lop. I say I have said to myself, what wicked thing are women, and what a pity it is they should be suffered in a Christian country! what a shame they should be allowed to play will-in-the-wisp with men of honour, and lead them through thorns and briars, and rocks, and rugged ways, till their hearts are torn in pieces like an old coat in a fox-chase! I say, I have said to myself——

Don C. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a little more to me. Where were these secret meetings thou talkest of?

Lop. In sundry places, and by divers ways; sometimes in the cellar, sometimes in the garret, sometimes in the court, sometimes in the gutter; but the place where the kiss of kisses was given was——

Don C. In hell!

Lop. Sir!

Don C. Speak, fury, what dost thou mean by the kiss of kisses?

Lop. The kiss of peace, sir; the kiss of union; the kiss of consummation.

Don C. Thou liest, villain!

Lop. I don't know but I may, sir. [*Aside.*] What the devil's the matter now!

Don C. There's not one word of truth in all thy cursed tongue has uttered.

Lop. No, sir, I—I—believe there is not.

Don C. Why then did'st thou say it, wretch?

Lop. Oh! only in jest, sir.

Don C. I am not in jesting condition.

Lop. Nor I—at present, sir.

Don C. Speak then the truth, as thou would'st do it at the hour of death.

Lop. Yes, at the gallows, and be turned off as soon as I've done. [*Aside.*]

Don C. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short prayer.

Don C. [*Aside*] I am distracted, and fright the wretch from telling me what I am upon the rack to know.—[*Aloud*] Forgive me, Lopez. I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee. Let this obtain thy pardon. —[*Gives him money*] Thou seest I am disturbed.

Lop. Yes, sir, I see I have been led into a snare; I have said too much.

Don C. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my torment but a farther knowledge of what causes my misery. Speak then! have I anything to hope?

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier bachelor than my master may probably be a married man.

Don C. Married, sayest thou?

Lop. I did, sir, and I believe he'll say so too in a twelvemonth.

Don C. O torment!—But give me more on't; when, how, to who, where?

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the parson in the pantry.

Don C. Look to't, if this be false, thy life shall pay the torment thou hast given me. Begone!

Lop. With the body and the soul o' me. [*Exit.*

San. Base news, master.

Don C. Now, my insulting rival's smile speaks out: O cursed, cursed woman!

E, Page 122.

In *The Love-tiff* Gros-René betrays the secret of Lucile's marriage to Eraste and Mascarille; in *The Wrangling Lovers* (ii. 1) Sanco (Gros-René) betrays the secret of Don Gusman's (Valère's) interview with Donna Elvira (Ascanio) only to Ordgano (Mascarille), whilst the master Don Diego (Eraste) listens at the window. The scene is as follows, and is a very fair sample of Ravenscroft paraphrasing Molière.

Enter ORDGANA, *looking at a distance upon Sanco.*

Ord. Ha—! sure I am not mistaken!

San. What's he a spy too? He comes to take a survey of my body, and as the academist said when he hang'd the butcher's great dog, he shall see it in its full dimensions. [*Sanco stretches himself at his full length.*]

Ord. Ay, 'tis he.

San. Now, who does he take me for?

Ord. Country! How dost do Country?

San. I know not whether I am your Country or no; but I don't remember I ever saw you in mine.

Ord. O Heavens, I'le not believe you have so disobliging a memory.

San. It may be it is because I am fasting.

Ord. I'le give you a breakfast for old acquaintance sake.

San. It may be then I may remember you better. But I can t stir from hence yet.

Ord. 'Tis so, he's upon design. Well, I'le step in here and bid 'em

bring us a morsel of something. I'le be with you presently. [*Exit Ordgano into don Diego's house.*]

San. At least I shall remember him henceforward, that his acquaintance came so luckily. For I am heartily an hungry: I wish he knows me but well enough to come again according to his promise. [*Ordgano re-enters with eggs and bread.*]

Ord. Come Country, will you sup off a couple of raw eggs?

San. That 's the fashion of my country.

Ord. That 's lucky. Ay, I know it well; here 's a piece of good bread and garlick too, and that 's the fashion of your country too, is it not?

San. O yes! in our country we are as great lovers of garlick as any country in Spain.

Ord. Come, sir, the boy is bringing some wine; in the meantime I will sup off an egg to your good health. [*Enter boy with two bottles of wine.*] [*Exit boy.*

San. I thank you, signieur, and I'le pledge you.

Ord. Come Country, here 's some wine for you, Country.

San. Gratias signieur; now I am sure of the wine, I'le venture to see if he has ever been of my acquaintance. Signieur, the more I look on you, the less I remember you.

Ord. O, and that be all you'll remember me anon.

San. Of what country are you?

Ord. Of your country.

San. What! of Aragonia?

Ord. Now 'tis out. Yes, I am an Aragonian.

San. So far he 's right. What may your name be?

Ord. Why have you forgotten my name too?

San. I don't remember I ever knew it.

Ord. Bless me, what has happen'd to you? Can you remember your own name?

San. Yes.

Ord. You can't. Let 's hear.

San. Sanco.

Ord. Sanco, that 's right. I durst have laid a wager that forgetting my name you could not have remembered your own. But, Signieur Sanco, I find I was mistaken. Come, my service to you, Signieur Sanco. [*Drinks.*]

San. He knows Aragonia is my country, and my name Sanco; he has formerly known me, though I have forgotten him.

Ord. Come pledge me, Signieur Sanco, then sup off t' other egg. [*Each sups off his egg.*] So, this is usually my breakfast, a raw egg and a glass of Malaga.

San. Ay, good hearty meat, but it is no great filler of the belly.

Ord. A good preparative for dinner.

San. This is no more to my belly than I was to the Church I left just now.

Ord. Come, sir, I am glad to see you with all my heart. I am rejoyced I meet you in a time of leisure, when we are not constrained to salute one another, with a bare scrape of the leg only. I don't love old acquaintance should meet and part with dry lips, and so your good health once more.

San. You are one of the most hearty and most cordial persons that I have ever met with, and your civility will never let me forget you hereafter. And so I drink off the rest of my wine to your good health, and our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*]

Ord. Off with it. [*Drinks.*] So now, my dear Sanco, tell me what inchantment confines you to this place. I find, by the glances of your eye upon that part of the street, you are upon some design.

San. It is a matter of no small consequence.

Ord. If I can be anything serviceable to you in the business, let me know it, and for the honour of our Country, I'le show the best of my skill.

San. I have only been dogging a lady and her attendant to their home.

Ord. And they went into that house I warrant you, which you lear'd at so often since we have been here.

San. Very true. And I stand to watch if they come out again.

Ord. Umph, have you any letter or message to deliver to 'em?

San. No.

Ord. How then?

San. If they stay long there, then I conclude that is their place of habitation.

Ord. A very rational conclusion. I find you a man of judgment, and very expert in managing a Love intrigue. Is it not some such business, Country? ha! let me by way of divertisement partake a little more knowledge of the business.

San. Why, you must know that I am of the retinue to don Gusman.

Ord. So.

San. A very fine person, tho' a little chollerick when he is cross'd in love.

Ord. Is he in love then? with whom?

San. You shall hear; last night a cunning love factress, that very well understood her trade, as my master was coming home to his lodging, meets him at the turning of a street, pretty near the house of don Ruis de Moncade, who is don Gusman's friend, and whose guest my master is at present.

Ord. So.

San. In this rancounter he received an appointment to meet an unknown Lady, early this morning, at the Church of St Dominick.

Ord. Very pretty, so.

San. We obeyed the summons, the Lady came punctually to her assignation, but after a few ceremonies, and a little prittle prattle on

both sides, the Lady withdrew, promising to return within half an hour, the time expir'd, don Gusman waited out his patience, the party expected came not again, don Gusman not knowing her name, nor where to find her, sent me in quest of her; at last I spy'd her coming out of the Church, and have now set her.

Ord. And here she hous'd. So.

San. Now my next business is to acquaint my Master with my success.

Ord. So, I am glad matters succeed so well; and since your affairs require not my service, I will content my selfe with the hopes of a future occasion, and at present detain you no longer in prejudice to don Gusman, to whom this news must needs be wellcome.

San. Adios, Signior. [*San. Exit.*

Ord. Adieu, Sancho. [*Enter don Diego.*

Dieg. Ordgano, well performed.

Ord. Could you hear perfectly, Sir, from your window?

Dieg. I heard all, and am amaz'd at her infidelity. Love was never declar'd in more kind and obliging expressions, than I receiv'd from her last night at parting; I'le give her a visit whilst my rage is arm'd with scorn, and upbraid her with her dissimulation, and ungrateful infidelity.

F, Page 123.

The final scene of the first act in both plays is nearly the same. We give below the scene from Vanbrugh's *The Mistake:*

(*Re-enter* JACINTA.)

Jac. I'm come in haste to tell you, sir, that as soon as the moon's up, my lady'll give you a meeting in the close-walk by the back-door of the garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her father's consent to marry you.

Don. Car. Past sufferance!
This aggravation is not to be borne.
Go, thank her——with my curses. Fly!——
And let 'em blast her, while their venom's strong. [*Exit.*

Jac. Won't thou explain? What's this storm for?

Stan. And darest thou ask me questions, smooth-face iniquity, crocodile of Nile, siren of the rocks! Go, carry back the too gentle answer thou hast received; only let me add with the poet:—
We are no fools, trollop, my master, nor me;
And thy mistress may go—to the devil with thee. [*Exit.*

Jac. Am I awake!—I fancy not; a very idle dream this. Well: I'll go talk in my sleep to my lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what interpretation we can make on't. [*Exit.*

G, Page 128.

The *Mistake* is so very similar to Molière's *Love-tiff*, only a little more freely rendered into English, that it will be unnecessary to give the first scene of the second act, as they are alike in both languages; Frosine is called in the English play Isabella. The second scene is slightly different, and we give it here:

CAMILLO, ISABELLA (*Enter* DON LORENZO).

Don Lor. You look as if you were busy; pray tell me if I interrupt you; I'll retire.

Cam. No, no; you have a right to interrupt us, since you were the subject of our discourse.

Don Lor. Was I?

Cam. You were; nay, I'll tell you how you entertained us too.

Don Lor. Perhaps I had as good avoid hearing that.

Cam. You need not fear, it was not to your disadvantage; I was commending you, and saying, if I had been a woman, I had been in danger; nay, I think I said I should infallibly have been in love with you.

Don Lor. While such an if is in the way, you run no great risk in declaring; but you'd be finely catched now, should some wonderful transformation give me a claim to your heart.

Cam. Not sorry for't at all, for I ne'er expect to find a mistress please me half so well as you would do, if I were yours.

Don Lor. Since you are so well inclined to me in your wishes, sir, I suppose (as the fates have ordained it) you will have some pleasure in helping me to a mistress, since you can't be mine yourself.

Cam. Indeed I should not.

Don Lor. Then my obligation is but small to you.

Cam. Why, would you have a woman that is in love with you herself, employ her interest to help you to another?

Don Lor. No, but you being no woman might.

Cam. Sir, 'tis as a woman I say what I do, and I suppose myself a woman when I design all these favours to you. Therefore, out of that supposition, I have no other good intentions to you than you may expect from any one that says, he's——sir, your humble servant.

Don Lor. So, unless Heaven is pleased to work a miracle, and from a sturdy young fellow make you a kind-hearted young lady, I'm to get little by your good opinion of me.

Cam. Yes, there is one means yet left (on this side a miracle) that would perhaps engage me, if with an honest oath you would declare, were I a woman, I might dispute your heart, even with the first of my pretending sex.

Don Lor. Then solemnly and honestly I swear, that had you been a woman, and I the master of the world, I think I should have laid it at your feet.

Cam. Then honestly and solemnly I swear, henceforwards all your interests shall be mine.

Don Lor. I have a secret to impart to you will quickly try your friendship.

Cam. I have a secret to unfold to you will put you even to a fiery trial.

Don Lor. What do you mean, Camillo?

Cam. I mean that I love where I never durst yet own it, yet where 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of ——

Don Lor. Explain, Camillo; and be assured, if your happiness is in my power, 'tis in your own.

Cam. Alas! you promise me you know not what.

Don Lor. I promise nothing but what I will perform; name the person.

Cam. 'Tis one who's very near to you.

Don Lor. If 'tis my sister, why all this pain in bringing forth the secret?

Cam. Alas! it is your ——

Don Lor. Speak!

Cam. I cannot yet; farewell!

Don Lor. Hold? pray speak it now.

Cam. I must not: but when you tell me your secret, you shall know mine.

Don Lor. Mine is not in my power, without the consent of another.

Cam. Get that consent, and then we'll try who best will keep their oaths.

Don Lor. I am content.

Cam. And I. Adieu!

Don Lor. Farewell.

H, Page 131.

The third scene of the second act of *The Love-tiff* is literally followed in *The Mistake* (ii. 1); we give however the entreaty of Camillo (Ascanio), to her supposed sister Leonora (Lucile), not to marry Lorenzo (Valère).

Camillo. I have a reason you are yet a stranger to.
Know then there is a virgin young and tender,
Whose peace and happiness so much are mine,
I cannot see her miserable;
She loves him with that torrent of desire,
That were the world resign'd her in his stead,
She'd still be wretched.
I will not pique you to a female strife,
By saying you have not charms to tear him from her:
But I would move you to a female softness,

By telling you her death would wait your conquest.
What I have more to plead is as a brother,
I hope that gives me some small interest in you,
Whate'er it is, you see how I'd employ it.

I, Page 132.

The dialogue between mistress and maid varies in the English and French plays, and is very racy in *The Mistake* (ii.); we give it here below:

Jac. Indeed, madam, I'm of your brother's mind, though for another cause; but sure 'tis worth thinking twice on for your own sake. You are too violent.

Leo. A slighted woman knows no bounds. Vengeance is all the cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful wretch! to use me with such insolence.

Jac. You see me as much enraged at it as you are yourself, yet my brain is roving after the cause, for something there must be; never letter was received by man with more passion and transport; I was almost as charming a goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet when in a moment after I come with a message worth a dozen on 't, never was witch so handled; something must have passed between one and t' other, that 's sure.

Leo. Nothing could pass worth my enquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand which owned him master of my heart; and till I contradicted it with my mouth he ought not to doubt the truth on 't.

Jac. Nay, I confess, madam, I han't a word to say for him, I'm afraid he is but a rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him; we are bit, by my troth, and haply well enough served, for listening to the glib tongues of the rascals. But be comforted, madam; they'll fall into the hands of some foul sluts or other, before they die, that will set our account even with 'em.

Leo. Well, let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done; he shall see I have a spirit can use him as I ought.

Jac. And let one thing be your comfort by the way, madam, that in spite of all your dear affection to him, you have had the grace to keep him at arm's end. You han't thanked me for 't; but good faith 'twas well I did not stir out of the chamber that fond night. For there are times the stoutest of us are in danger, the rascals wheedle so.

Leo. In short, my very soul is fired with his treatment: and if ever that perfidious monster should relent, though he should crawl like a poor worm beneath my feet, nay, plunge a dagger in his heart to bleed for pardon; I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy life, thou do not urge a look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave resentment; and if thou seest (which Heavens avert!) a glance of weak-

ness in me, rouse to my memory the vile wrongs I've borne, and blazon them with skill in all their glaring colours.

Jac. Madam, never doubt me; I'm charged to the mouth with fury, and if ever I meet that fat traitor of mine, such a volley will I pour about his ears!——Now Heaven prevent all hasty vows; but in the humour I am, methinks I'd carry my maiden-head to my cold grave with me, before I'd let it simper at the rascal.

K, Page 134.

The meeting between Albert (Don Alvarez) and Metaphrastus is the same in both plays; the chief difference is that in *The Love-tiff* Albert says, "My father . . . never taught me anything but my prayers," and in *The Mistake*, "My father . . . taught me nothing beyond common sense;" Albert mentions "the Greeks, the Albanians, and the Sclavonians," Don Alvarez, "the Greeks and the Latins, and the Scotch and the Welsh."

This scene is also imitated by Dryden in *An Evening's Love*, (Act iii, Scene 1), but here it is Don Lopez de Gamboa, a young noble Spaniard, who tries to stop the talk of Don Alonzo de Ribera, an old Spanish gentleman, by ringing a bell in his ears. Sir Walter Scott, in his prefatory notice on this play, says: "It must be allowed, it is an expedient which might be more decently resorted to against an inundation of nonsense from a pedantic schoolmaster, as in Molière, than to stop the mouth of a noble old Spaniard, the uncle of Don Lopez' mistress." We give the scene of Dryden here below:

Lopez. No matter, let him go, sir. I have long desired this opportunity, to move a suit to you in the behalf of a friend of mine, if you please to allow me the hearing of it.

Alonzo. With all my heart, sir.

Lop. He is a person of worth and virtue, and is infinitely ambitious of the honour——

Alon. Of being known to me; I understand you, sir.

Lop. If you will please to favour me with your patience, which I beg of you a second time.

Alon. I am dumb, sir.

Lop. This cavalier, of whom I was speaking, is in love——

Alon. Satisfy yourself, sir, I'll not interrupt you.

Lop. Sir, I am satisfied of your promise.

Alon. If I speak one syllable more, the devil take me! Speak when you please.

Lop. I am going, sir.

Alon. You need not speak twice to me to be silent: though I take it somewhat ill of you to be tutored.

Lop. This eternal old man will make me mad. [*Aside.*

Alon. Why, when do you begin, sir? How long must a man wait for you? Pray make an end of what you have to say quickly, that I may speak in my turn too.

Lop. This cavalier is in love——

Alon. You told me that before, sir; do you speak oracles that you require this strict attention? Either let me share the talk with you or I am gone.

Lop. Why, sir, I am almost mad to tell you, and you will not suffer me.

Alon. Will you never have done, sir? I must tell you, sir, you have tattled long enough; and 'tis now good manners to hear me speak. Here's a torrent of words indeed; a very *impetus dicendi;* will you never have done?

Lop. I will be heard in spite of you.

[*This next speech of Lopez, and next of Alonzo's, with both their replies, are to be spoken at one time, both raising their voices by little and little, till they bawl, and come up close to shoulder one another.*]

Lop. There's one Don Melchor de Guzman, a friend and acquaintance of mine, that is desperately in love with your eldest daughter Donna Theodosia.

Alon. [*At the same time*] 'Tis the sentence of a philosopher, *Loquere ut te videam;* speak, that I may know thee; now, if you take away the power of speaking from me ——

[*Both pause a little, then speak together again.*

Lop. I'll try the language of the law; sure the devil cannot out-talk that gibberish. For this Don Melchor, of Madrid aforesaid, as premised, I request, move, and supplicate, that you would give, bestow, marry and give in marriage, this your daughter aforesaid, to the cavalier aforesaid.——Not yet, thou devil of a man! thou shalt be silent.

[*Exit Lopez running.*

Alon. [*At the same time with Lopez's last speech, and after Lopez is run out*] Oh, how I hate, abominate, detest, and abhor these perpetual talkers, disputants, controverters, and duellers of the tongue. But, on the other side, if it be not permitted to prudent men to speak their minds, appositely, and to the purpose, and in few words; if, I say, the prudent must be tongue-tied, then let great nature be destroyed; let the order of all things be turned topsy-turvy; let the goose devour the fox; let the infants preach to their great-grandsires; let the tender lamb pursue the wolf, and the sick prescribe to the physician; let fishes live upon dry land, and the beasts of the earth inhabit the water; let the fearful hare ——

Enter LOPEZ *with a bell, and rings it in his ears.*

Alon. Help, help, murder, murder, murder! [*Exit* ALONZO, *running.*

Lop. There was no way but this to be rid of him.

L, Page 138.

The speech of Metaphrastus is slightly different in *The Mistake* (ii., end); we give it here below:

Metaph. Speak, that thou mayest be known; great talkers, without knowledge, are as the wind that whistles; but they who have learning should speak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to see the whole order of nature o'erthrown; hens devour foxes and lambs destroy wolves; nurses suck children, and children give suck; generals mend stockings, and chambermaids take towns; we may expect, I say ——

M, Page 141.

The first, second, and third scenes of the third act are nearly alike in both plays; we give for comparison the fourth scene of *The Mistake*, where the two old men, Don Alvarez and Don Felix—in the French play, Albert and Polydore—meet one another:

Don Felix. [*Aside*]. My son to go and marry her without her father's knowledge! This can never end well. I don't know what to do, he'll conclude I was privy to it, and his power and interest are so great at court he may with ease contrive my ruin: I tremble at his sending to speak with me.——Mercy on me, there he is!

Don Alvarez. [*Aside*] Ah! shield me, kind Heaven! there's Don Felix come. How I am struck with the sight of him! Oh, the torment of a guilty mind!

Don F. What shall I say to soften him? [*Aside.*

Don A. How shall I look him in the face? [*Aside.*

Don F. 'Tis impossible he can forgive it. [*Aside.*

Don A. To be sure he'll expose me to the whole world. [*Aside.*

Don F. I see his countenance change. [*Aside.*

Don A. With what contempt he looks upon me! [*Aside.*

Don F. I see, Don Alvarez, by the disorder of your face, you are but too well informed of what brings me here.

Don A. 'Tis true.

Don F. The news may surprise you, 'tis what I have been far from apprehending.

Don A. Wrong, very wrong, indeed.

Don F. The action is certainly to the last point to be condemned, and I think nobody should pretend to excuse the guilty.

Don A. They are not to be excused, though Heaven may have mercy.

Don F. That's what I hope you will consider.

Don A. We should act as Christians.

Don F. Most certainly.

Don A. Let mercy then prevail.

Don F. It is indeed of heavenly birth.

Don A. Generous Don Felix!

Don F. Too indulgent Alvarez!

Don A. I thank you on my knee.

Don F. 'Tis I ought to have been there first.

Don A. Is it then possible we are friends? [*They kneel.*

Don F. Embrace me to confirm it. [*They embrace.*

Don A. Thou best of men!

Don F. Unlooked-for bounty!

Don A. [*Rising*] Did you know the torment this unhappy action has given me ——

Don F. 'Tis impossible it could do otherwise; nor has my trouble been less.

Don A. But let my misfortune be kept secret.

Don F. Most willingly; my advantage is sufficient by it, without the vanity of making it public to the world.

Don A. [*Aside*] Incomparable goodness! That I should thus have wronged a man so worthy! [*Aloud*] My honour then is safe?

Don F. For ever, even for ever let it be a secret, I am content.

Don A. [*Aside*] Noble gentleman! [*Aloud*] As to what advantages ought to accrue to you by it, it shall be all to your entire satisfaction.

Don F. [*Aside*] Wonderful bounty! [*Aloud*] As to that, Don Alvarez, I leave it entirely to you, and shall be content with whatever you think reasonable.

Don A. I thank you, from my soul I must, you know I must. [*Aside*] This must be an angel, not a man.

Don F. The thanks lie on my side, Alvarez, for this unexpected generosity; but may all faults be forgot, and Heaven ever prosper you!

Don A. The same prayer I, with a double fervour, offer up for you.

Don F. Let us then once more embrace, and be forgiveness sealed for ever.

Don A. Agreed; thou best of men agreed. [*They embrace.*

Don F. This thing then being thus happily terminated, let me own to you, Don Alvarez, I was in extreme apprehensions of your utmost resentment on this occasion: for I could not doubt but you had formed more happy views in the disposal of such a daughter as Leonora, than my poor son's inferior fortune ever can answer: but since they are joined, and that ——

Don A. Ha!

Don F. Nay, 'tis very likely to discourse of it may not be very pleasing to you, though your Christianity and natural goodness have prevailed on you so generously to forgive it. But to do justice to Leonora, and screen her from your too harsh opinion in this unlucky action, 'twas that cunning wicked creature that attends her, who by unusual arts wrought her to this breach of duty, for her own inclinations were disposed to all the modesty and resignation a father could ask from a daughter; my son I can't excuse, but since your bounty does so, I hope you'll quite forget the fault of the less-guilty Leonora.

Don A. [*Aside*] What a mistake have I lain under here! and from a groundless apprehension of one misfortune, find myself in the certainty of another.

Don F. He looks disturbed; what can this mean? [*Aside.*

Don A. [*Aside*] My daughter married to his son!——Confusion! But I find myself in such unruly agitation, something wrong may happen if I continue with him; I'll therefore leave him.

Don F. You seem thoughtful, sir; I hope there's no ——

Don A. A sudden disorder I am seized with; you'll pardon me, I must retire. [*Exit.*

N, Page 145.

The way in which the master Don Lorenzo (Valère) entraps the servant Lopez (Mascarille) in *The Mistake* (iii. 6) to confess he has betrayed him, is rendered thus.

Lopez. Do you call, sir?

Don Lorenzo. I find all's discovered to my father; the secret's out; he knows my marriage.

Lop. He knows your marriage! How the pest should that happen? Sir, 'tis impossible!—that's all.

Don L. I tell thee 'tis true; he knows every particular of it.

Lop. He does! Why then, sir, all I can say is, that Satan and he are better acquainted than the devil and a good Christian ought to be.

Don L. Which way he has discovered it I can't tell, nor am I much concerned to know, since, beyond all my expectations, I find him perfectly easy at it, and ready to excuse my fault with better reasons than I can find to do it myself.

Lop. Say you so?—I'm very glad to hear that; then all's safe [*Aside.*]

Don L. 'Tis unexpected good fortune; but it could never proceed purely from his own temper; there must have been pains taken with him to bring him to this calm. I'm sure I owe much to the bounty of some friend or other; I wish I knew where my obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

Lop. [*Aside*] Are you thereabouts, i' faith? Then sharp's the word; egad I'll own the thing and receive his bounty for't.—[*Aloud*] Why, sir——not that I pretend to make a merit o' the matter, for, alas! I am but your poor hireling, and therefore bound in duty to render you all the service I can;—but—'tis I have done't.

Don L. What hast thou done?

Lop. What no man else could have done—the job, sir; told him the secret, and then talked him into liking on't.

Don L. 'Tis impossible; thou dost not tell me true.

Lop. Sir, I scorn to reap anything from another man's labours;

but if this poor piece of service carries any merit with it, you now know where to reward it.

Don L. Thou art not serious?

Lop. I am, or may hunger be my messmate!

Don L. And may famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for't as thou deservest!——Dead! [*Making a pass at him.*]

Lop. Have a care there! [*Leaping on one side*] What do you mean, sir? I bar all surprise.

Don L. Traitor! is this the fruit of the trust I placed in thee, villain! [*Making another thrust at him.*]

Lop. Take heed, sir! You'll do one a mischief before y'are aware.

Don L. What recompense canst thou make me, wretch, for this piece of treachery? Thy sordid blood can't expiate the thousandth!——But I'll have it, however. [*Thrusts again.*]

Lop. Look you there again! Pray, sir, be quiet; is the devil in you? 'Tis bad jesting with edged tools. Egad, that last push was within an inch o' me! I don't know what you make all this bustle about; but I'm sure I've done all for the best, and I believe 'twill prove for the best too at last, if you'll have but a little patience. But if gentlemen will be in their airs in a moment——Why, what the deuse—I'm sure I've been as eloquent as Cicero on your behalf! and I don't doubt, to good purpose too, if you'll give things time to work. But nothing but foul language, and naked swords about the house! Sa, sa! run you through, you dog! Why, nobody can do business at this rate.

Don L. And suppose your project fail, and I'm ruined by't, sir!

Lop. Why, 'twill be time enough to kill me then, sir; won't it? What should you do it for now? Besides, I an't ready, I'm not prepared; I might be undone by't.

Don L. But what will Leonora say to her marriage being known, wretch?

Lop. Why, maybe she'll draw—her sword too. [*Showing his tongue*] But all shall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

Don L. Peace! here's her father!

Lop. That's well: we shall see how things go presently.

O, Page 147.

In *The Love-Tiff* (iii. 8) Albert addresses chiefly the servant Mascarille; in *The Mistake* Don Alvarez speaks directly to his pretended son-in-law, Don Lorenzo. This is part of the reproaches of the father and the answers of his imaginary son-in-law, taken from the English play (Act iii. 7.)

Don A. I should be glad he'd answer me: why, if he had any desires to my daughter, he did not make his approaches like a man of honour.

Lopez. Yes; and so have had the doors bolted against him, like a house-breaker. [*Aside.*

Don L. Sir, to justify my proceeding, I have little to say; but to excuse it I have much, if any allowance may be made to a passion which, in your youth, you have yourself been swayed by. I love your daughter to that excess——

Don A. You would undo her for a night's lodging.

Don L. Undo her, sir!

Don A. Yes, that's the word. You knew it was against her interest to marry you, therefore you endeavoured to win her to't in private; you knew her friends would make a better bargain for her, therefore you kept your designs from their knowledge, and yet you love her to that excess——

Don L. I'd readily lay down my life to serve her.

Don A. Could you readily lay down fifty thousand pistoles to serve her, your excessive love would come with better credentials: an offer of life is very proper for the attack of a counterscarp, but a thousand ducats will sooner carry a lady's heart. You are a young man, but will learn this when you are older.

Lopez. But since things have succeeded better this once, sir, and that my master will prove a most incomparable good husband (for that he'll do, I'll answer for him), and that 'tis too late to recal what 's already done, sir——

Don A. What's done, villain?

Lopez. Sir, I mean, that since my master and my lady are married, and——

Don A. Thou liest! they are not married.

Lopez. Sir, I say—that since they are married, and that they love each other so passing dearly—indeed, I fancy—that——

Don A. Why, this impudence is beyond all bearing! Sir, do you put your rascal upon this?

Don L. Sir, I am in a wood! I don't know what it is you mean.

Don A. And I am in a plain, sir, and think I may be understood. Do you pretend you are married to my daughter?

Don L. Sir, 'tis my happiness on one side, as it is my misfortune on another.

P, Page 148.

The way Don Lorenzo urges Donna Leonora in *The Mistake* (iii. 9) to acknowledge their marriage, differs slightly from a similar scene between Valère and Lucile in *The Love-Tiff* (iii. 9). We give the scene here below:

Don L. Forgive me, dear Leonora, I know you had strong reasons for the secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my fault, our marriage is disclosed.

Leo. Our marriage, sir!——

Don L. 'Tis known, my dear, though much against my will; but since it is so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it longer.

Leo. Then, sir, I am your wife? I fell in love with you, and married you without my father's knowledge?

Don L. I dare not be so vain to think 'twas love; I humbly am content to owe the blessing to your generosity.

You saw the pains I suffered for your sake,
And in compassion eased 'em.

Leo. I did, sir!
Sure this exceeds all human impudence! [*Aside.*

Lopez. Truly, I think it does. She'd make an incomparable actress.

Don L. I begin to be surprised, madam, at your carrying this thing so far; you see there's no occasion for't; and for the discovery, I have already told you 'twas not my fault.

Lop. My master's! no, 'twas I did it. Why, what a bustle's here! I knew things would go well; and so they do, if folks would let 'em. But if ladies will be in their merriments, when gentlemen are upon serious business, why, what a deuse can one say to 'em!

Leo. I see this fellow is to be an evidence in your plot. Where you hope to drive, it is hard to guess; for if anything can exceed its impudence, it is its folly. A noble stratagem, indeed, to win a lady by! I could be diverted with it, but that I see a face of villany requires a rougher treatment: I could almost, methinks, forget my sex, and be my own avenger.

Don L. Madam, I am surprised beyond all——

Lop. Pray, sir, let me come to her; you are so surprised you'll make nothing on't: she wants a little snubbing.——Look you, madam, I have seen many a pleasant humour amongst ladies, but you outcut 'em all. Here's contradiction with a vengeance! You han't been married eight-and-forty hours, and you are slap—at your husband's beard already. Why; do you consider who he is?——who this gentleman is?——and what he can do—by law? Why, he can lock you up—knock you down—tie you neck and heels——

Don L. Forbear, you insolent villain, you! [*Offering to strike him.*

Leo. That—for what's past, however.

[*Giving him a box on the ear.*

Q, Page 155.

The speeches of Sancho (Gros-René) and Don Carlos (Eraste) are rendered freely, but full of spirit in *The Mistake* (Act iv. 2).

San. True, we are men, boo!——Come, master, let us both be in a passion; here's my sceptre. [*Showing a cudgel*] Subject Jacinta, look about you. Sir, was you ever in Muscovy? the women there love the men dearly; why? because—[*shaking his stick*] there's your love-powder for you. Ah, sir, were we but wise and stout, what work

should we make with them! But this humble love-making spoils 'em all. A rare way indeed to bring matters about with 'em! We are persuading 'em all day they are angels and goddesses, in order to use 'em at night like human creatures; we are like to succeed truly!

Don Car. For my part, I never yet could bear a slight from anything, nor will I now. There's but one way, however, to resent it from a woman; and that's to drive her bravely from your heart, and place a worthier in her vacant throne.

San. Now, with submission to my betters, I have another way, sir; I'll drive my tyrant from my heart, and place myself in her throne. Yes; I will be lord of my own tenement, and keep my household in order. Would you would do so too, master! For, look you, I have been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors; where I found that a woman, in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to do mischief. Now, as an animal is always an animal, and a captain is always a captain, so a woman is always a woman: whence it is that a certain Greek says, her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lantern. Pray, sir, observe, for this is close reasoning; and so as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail; and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body: so I say a woman is by comparison, do you see (for nothing explains things like comparisons), I say by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea. For as the sea, when the wind rises, knits its brows like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman.—A woman, I say, just so, when her reason is shipwrecked upon her passion, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain immotions, which——um——cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive——yes——hurricanious——um——like ——in short, a woman is like the devil.

R, Page 157.

The quarrel scene in *The Mistake* (iv. 3) is on the whole very much like a similar scene in *The Love-Tiff* (iv. 3); the expressions are in English rather stronger, but so very characteristic, that we give them here below.

LEONORA, JACINTA, DON CARLOS, SANCHO.

Jac. He's coming to us, madam, to beg pardon; but sure you'll never grant it him!

Leo. If I do, may Heaven never grant me mine.

Jac. That's brave.

Don C. You look, madam, upon me as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual importunities; I'll ease you of that pain, by telling you, my business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with heaven and hell for seconds; for may the joys of one fly from me, whilst the pain of t'other overtake me, if all your charms displayed e'er shake my resolution; I'll never see you more.

San. Bon!

Leo. You are a man of that nice honour, sir, I know you'll keep your word; I expected this assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

Jac. Very well!

Don C. You did, imperious dame, you did! How base is woman's pride! How wretched are the ingredients it is formed of! If you saw cause for just disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? Why lead a slave in chains, that could not grace your triumphs? If I am thus to be contemned, think on the favours you have done the wretch, and hide your face for ever.

San. Well argued.

Leo. I own you have hit the only fault the world can charge me with: the favours I have done to you I am indeed ashamed of; but, since women have their frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Don C. 'Tis well, extremely well, madam. I'm happy, however, you at least speak frankly. I thank you for it; from my soul I thank you: but don't expect me grovelling at your feet again; don't, for if I do——

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve; trod upon.

Don C. Give me patience!——But I don't want it; I am calm. Madam, farewell; be happy if you can; by Heavens I wish you so, but never spread your net for me again; for if you do——

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Don C. Rather run headlong into fire and flames;
Rather be torn with pincers bit from bit;
Rather be broil'd like martyrs upon gridirons!——

But I am wrong; this sounds like passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry. Madam, I think we have no farther business together; your most humble servant.

Leo. Farewell t'ye, sir.

Don C. [*To Sancho*] Come along. [*Goes to the scene and returns*] Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my resolution), may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damned, or any other thing that men or gods can think on, if on any occasion whatever, civil or military, pleasure or business, love or hate, or any other accident of life, I, from this moment, change one word or look with you.

[*As he goes off, Sancho claps him on the back.*]

Leo. Content!——Come away, Jacinta.

Re-enter DON CARLOS.

Don C. Yet one word, madam, if you please. I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish bauble I once was fond of.—[*Twitching her picture from his breast*] Will you accept a trifle from your servant?

Leo. Willingly, sir. I have a bauble too I think you have some claim to; you'll wear it for my sake.

[*Breaks a bracelet from her arm, and gives it him.*]

Don C. Most thankfully. This too I should restore you, it once was yours. [*Giving her a table-book*] By your favour, madam—there is a line or two in it I think you did me once the honour to write with your own fair hand. Here it is. [*Reads.*]

You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret movements of my heart,
Whether I give you mine or no,
With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. [*Pulling out a table-book*] I have some faithful lines too; I think I can produce 'em. [*Reads.*]

How long soe'er, to sigh in vain,
My destiny may prove,
My fate (in spite of your disdain)
Will let me glory in your chain,
And give me leave eternally to love.

There, sir, take your poetry again. [*Throwing it at his feet*] 'Tis not much the worse for my wearing: 'twill serve again upon a fresh occasion.

Jac. Well done!

Don C. I believe I can return the present, madam, with a pocketful of your prose. There! [*Throwing a handful of letters at her feet.*]

Leo. Jacinta, give me his letters.——There, sir, not to be behindhand with you. [*Takes a handful of his letters out of a box, and throws them in his face.*]

Jac. And there! and there! and there, sir! [*Jacinta throws the rest at him.*]

San. 'Cods my life we want ammunition! but for a shift—there! and there! you saucy slut you! [*Sancho pulls a pack of dirty cards out of his pocket, and throws them at her; then they close; he pulls off her headclothes, and she his wig, and then part, she running to her mistress, he to his master.*]

Jac. I think, madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leo. For a proof, I resolve to keep the field.

Jac. Have a care he don't rally and beat you yet though: pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

San. How the armies stand and gaze at one another after the

battle! What think you, sir, of showing yourself a great general, by making an honourable retreat?

Don C. I scorn it!——O Leonora! Leonora! a heart like mine should not be treated thus!

Leo. Carlos! Carlos! I have not deserved this usage!

Don C. Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is formed too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on then, tyrant; make your bliss complete; torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah, Carlos! little do you know the tender movements of that thing you name; the heart where love presides, admits no thought against the honour of its ruler.

Don C. 'Tis not to call that honour into doubt,
If, conscious of our own unworthiness,
We interpret every frown to our destruction.

Leo. When jealousy proceeds from such humble apprehensions, it shows itself with more respect than yours has done.

Don C. And where a heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our debate; if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it; our separation will do justice on us.

Don C. But since we are ourselves the judges of our crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler punishment?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Don C. And if it should——

Leo. 'Twould give a fresh occasion for the pleasing exercise of mercy.

Don C. Right; and so
We act the part of earth and heaven together,
Of men and gods, and taste of both their pleasures.

Leo. The banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Don C. Then let's fall on, and feed upon't for ever.
[*Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her hand.*

S, Page 162.

The servants quarrel also in *The Mistake*, and use rather more coarse language than in *The Love-tiff;* we only give the final exclamation of Sancho (Act iv., end):

San. I have but one thing more of thine [*Showing his cudgel*]. I own 'tis the top of all thy presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou mayest have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the rest of 'em. [*Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his neck.*

Jac. Ah cruel Sancho!——Now beat me, Sancho, do.

San. Rather, like Indian beggars, beat my precious self.
[*Throws away his stick and embraces her.*

Rather let infants' blood about the streets,
Rather let all the wine about the cellar.
Rather let——Oh Jacinta——thou hast o'ercome.
How foolish are the great resolves of man!
Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can.
Their goodness I must needs return with mine:
Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's arms——

Jac. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's charms. [*Exeunt.*

Dryden has also imitated this quarrel pretty closely in his *An Evening's Love* (Act iv. Scene 3). In *The Love-tiff* and in his play the master and mistress, the maid and the man-servant, alternately fall out, and make it up, return letters and gifts, kiss and shake hands, reproach, recriminate, soften, fondle, and dote. In Dryden's play Jacintha is the lady, Beatrix the maid, Wildblood the master, Maskall the servant. We give the scene of *An Evening's Love* here below:

Beat. [*To Jac.*] This is plain confederacy: I smoke it; he came on purpose to quarrel with you; break first with him, and prevent it.

Jac. If it be come to that once, the devil take the hindmost! I'll not be last in love, for that will be a dishonour to my sex.

Wild. And then ——

Jac. Hold, sir, there needs no more; you shall fall out, and I'll gratify you with a new occasion: I only tried you in hope you would be false; and, rather than fail of my design, brought gold to bribe you to't.

Beat. As people, when they have an ill bargain, are content to lose by it, that they may get it off their hands.

Mask. Beatrix, while our principals are engaged, I hold it not for our honour to stand idle.

Beat. With all my heart: Please you let us draw off to some other ground.

Mask. I dare meet you on any spot, but one.

Wild. I think we shall do well to put it to an issue: this is the last time you shall ever be troubled with my addresses.

Jac. The favour had been greater to have spared this too.

Mask. Beatrix, let us dispatch; or they'll break off before us.

Beat. Break as fast as thou wilt; I am as brittle as thou art, for thy heart.

Wild. Because I will absolutely break off with you, I will keep nothing that belongs to you; therefore take back your picture, and your handkerchief.

Jac. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal promises. Take them in imagination.

Wild. Not to be behindhand with you in your frumps, I give you back your purse of gold: Take you that—in imagination.

Jac. To conclude with you, take back your oaths and protestations;

they are never the worse for the wearing, I assure you: Therefore take them, spick and span new, for the use of your next mistress.

Mask. Beatrix, follow your leader; here's the six-penny whittle you gave me, with the mutton haft: I can spare it, for knives are of little use in Spain.

Beat. There's your scissars with the stinking brass chain to them: 'Tis well there was no love betwixt us; for they had been too dull to cut it.

Mask. There's the dandriff comb you lent me.

Beat. There's your ferret-ribbanding for garters.

Mask. I would never have come so near as to have taken them from you.

Beat. For your letter, I have it not about me; but upon reputation I'll burn it.

Mask. And for yours, I have already put it to a fitting employment.—Courage, sir; how goes the battle on your wing?

Wild. Just drawing off on both sides. Adieu, Spain!

Jac. Farewell, old England.

Beat. Come away in triumph; the day's your own, madam.

Mask. I'll bear you off upon my shoulders, sir; we have broke their hearts.

Wild. Let her go first then; I'll stay, and keep the honour of the field.

Jac. I'll not retreat, if you stay till midnight.

Wild. Are you sure then we have done loving?

Jac. Yes, very sure; I think so.

Wild. 'Tis well you are so; for otherwise I feel my stomach a little maukish. I should have doubted another fit of love were coming up.

Jac. No, no; your inconstancy secures you enough for that.

Wild. That's it which makes me fear my own returning: Nothing vexes me, but that you should part with me so slightly, as though I were not worth your keeping. Well, 'tis a sign you never loved me.

Jac. 'Tis the least of your care whether I did or did not: It may be it had been more for the quiet of myself, if I —— but 'tis no matter, I'll not give you that satisfaction.

Wild. But what's the reason you will not give it me?

Jac. For the reason that we are quite broke off.

Wild. Why, are we quite, quite broke off?

Jac. Why, are we not?

Wild. Well, since 'tis past, 'tis past; but a . . . of all foolish quarrelling, for my part.

Jac. And a mischief of all foolish disguisements, for my part.

Wild. But if it were to do again with another mistress, I would even plainly confess I had lost my money.

Jac. And if I had to deal with another servant, I would learn more wit to tempt him in disguises: for that's to throw a Venice-glass to the ground, to try if it would not break.

Wild. If it were not to please you, I see no necessity of our parting.

Jac. I protest, I do it only out of complaisance to you.

Wild. But if I should play the fool, and ask your pardon, you would refuse it.

Jac. No, never submit; for I should spoil you again with pardoning you.

Mask. Do you hear this, Beatrix! They are just upon the point of accommodation; we must make haste, or they'll make a peace by themselves, and exclude us from the treaty.

Beat. Declare yourself the aggressor then, and I'll take you into mercy.

Wild. The worst that you can say of me is, that I have loved you thrice over.

Jac. The prime articles between Spain and England are sealed; for the rest, concerning a more strict alliance, if you please, we'll dispute them in the garden.

Wild. But in the first place, let us agree on the article of navigation, I beseech you.

Beat. These leagues, offensive and defensive, will be too strict for us, Maskall; a treaty of commerce will serve our turn.

Mask. With all my heart; and when our loves are veering,
We'll make no words, but fall to privateering.

[*Exeunt, the men leading the women.*

T, Page 164.

The soliloquy of the servant Lopez (Mascarille) is thus rendered in *The Mistake* (v. 1):—

Enter LOPEZ.

Lop. As soon as it is night, says my master to me, though it cost me my life, I'll enter Leonora's lodgings; therefore make haste, Lopez, prepare everything necessary, three pair of pocket-pistols, two wide-mouthed blunderbusses, some six ells of sword-blade, and a couple of dark lanterns. When my master said this to me; Sir, said I to my master (that is, I would have said it if I had not been in such a fright I could say nothing, however I'll say it to him now, and shall probably have a quiet hearing), look you, sir, by dint of reason I intend to confound you. You are resolved, you say, to get into Leonora's lodgings though the devil stand in the doorway?—Yes, Lopez, that's my resolution.—Very well; and what do you intend to do when you are there?—Why, what an injured man should do; make her sensible of —— Make her sensible of a pudding! don't you see she's a jade? She'll raise the house about your ears, arm the whole family, set the great dog at you.—Were there legions of devils to repulse me, in such a cause I could disperse them all!—Why, then, you have no occasion for help, sir, you may leave me at home to lay the cloth.—No; thou

art my ancient friend, my fellow-traveller, and to reward thy faithful services this night thou shalt partake my danger and my glory.—Sir, I have got glory enough under you already to content any reasonable servant for his life.—Thy modesty makes me willing to double my bounty; this night may bring eternal honour to thee and thy family.—Eternal honour, sir, is too much in conscience for a serving-man; besides ambition has been many a great soul's undoing.—I doubt thou art afraid, my Lopez; thou shalt be armed with back, with breast, and head-piece.—They will encumber me in my retreat.—Retreat, my hero! thou never shalt retreat.—Then by my troth I'll never go, sir.——But here he comes.

U, Page 169.

The attempt to enter into the lady's house by night, and the proposals of Toledo (La Rapière) are nearly identical in both plays; the *éclaircissement* in *The Mistake* (v. 3) is slightly different. We give it here below. Isabella (Frosine) relates the following story to Camillo (Ascanio):

Isab. The truth this moment's come to light; and till this moment he, although your father, was a stranger to it; nay, did not even know you were a woman. In short, the great estate, which has occasioned these uncommon accidents, was left but on condition of a son; great hopes of one there was, when you destroyed 'em, and to your parents came a most unwelcome guest. To repair the disappointment, you were exchanged for that young Camillo, who few months after died. Your father then was absent, but your mother, quick in contrivance, bold in execution, during that infant's sickness, had resolved his death should not deprive her family of those advantages his life had given it; so ordered things with such dexterity that once again there passed a change between you. Of this (for reasons yet unknown to me) she made a secret to her husband, and took such wise precautions that till this hour 'twas so to all the world except the person from whom I now have heard it.

X, Page 173.

Don Felix in *The Mistake* (v. 1) and Polydore in *The Love-tiff* (v. 9) both wish their sons to fight a duel; the servant Lopez (Mascarille) "dreamt of goose-eggs, a blunt knife, and the snuff of a candle;" the final scene in the English play is as follows:

Re-enter CAMILLO and ISABELLA.

Leonora. You shan't, sir; here 's one will be in earnest with you.

Don Lorenzo. He 's welcome: though I had rather have drawn my sword against another.——I'm sorry, Camillo, we should meet on such bad

terms as these ; yet more sorry your sister should be the wicked cause on't : but since nothing will serve her but the blood either of a husband or brother, she shall be glutted with 't. Draw !

Lopez. Ah Lard ! ah Lard ! ah Lard !

Don L. And yet before I take this instrument of death into my fatal hand, hear me, Camillo ; hear, Alvarez ; all !

I imprecate the utmost powers of Heaven
To shower upon my head the deadliest of its wrath !
I ask that all hell's torments may unite
To round my soul with one eternal anguish,
If wicked Leonora ben't my wife.

All. O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !

Leo. Why then, may all those curses pass him by,
And wrap me in their everlasting pains,
If ever once I had a fleeting thought
Of making him my husband.

Lop. O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !

Leo. Nay, more ; to strike him dumb at once, and show what men with honest looks can practise, know he 's married to another.

Don Alv. and Don F. How !

Leo. The truth of this is known to some here.

Jac. Nay, it is certainly so.

Isab. 'Tis to a friend of mine.

Don Carl. I know the person.

Don L. 'Tis false ! and thou art a villain for thy testimony.

Cam. Then let me speak ; what they aver is true, and I myself was, in disguise, a witness of its doing.

Don L. Death and confusion ! he a villain too !—Have at thy heart !

[*He draws.*]

Lop. Ah !—I can't bear the sight on't.

Cam. Put up that furious thing, there 's no business for 't.

Don L. There 's business for a dagger, stripling ; 'tis that should be thy recompense.

Cam. Why then to show thee naked to the world, and close thy mouth for ever——I am myself thy wife ——

Don L. What does the dog mean ?

Cam. To fall upon the earth and sue for mercy.

[*Kneels and lets her periwig fall off.*

Don L. A woman !—

Lop. Ecod, and a pretty one too ; you wags you !

Don L. I'm all amazement ! Rise, Camillo, (if I am still to call you by that name), and let me hear the wonders you have for me.

Isab. That part her modesty will ask from me.
I'm to inform you then, that this disguise
Hides other mysteries besides a woman ;
A large and fair estate was cover'd by 't,

Which with the lady now will be resign'd you.
'Tis true, in justice it was yours before;
But 'tis the god of love has done you right.
To him you owe this strange discovery;
Through him you are to know the true Camillo's dead, and that this fair adventurer is daughter to Alvarez.

Don L. Incredible! But go on; let me hear more.

Don F. She'll tell thee the rest herself the next dark night she meets thee in the garden.

Don L. Ha!—Was it Camillo then, that I——

Isab. It was Camillo who there made you happy: and who has virtue, beauty, wit, and love—enough to make you so while life shall last you.

Don L. The proof she gives me of her love deserves a large acknowledgment indeed. Forgive me, therefore, Leonora, if what I owe this goodness and these charms, I with my utmost care, my life, my soul, endeavour to repay.

Cam. Is it then possible you can forgive me?

Don L. Indeed I can; few crimes have such a claim
To mercy. But join with me then, dear Camillo
(For still I know you by no other name),
Join with me to obtain your father's pardon.
Yours, Leonora, too, I must implore;
And yours, my friend, for now we may be such, [*To Carlos.*
Of all I ask forgiveness: and since there is
So fair a cause of all my wild mistakes,
I hope I by her interest shall obtain it.

Don A. You have a claim to mine, Lorenzo, I wish I had so strong a one to yours; but if by future services (though I lay down my life amongst 'em) I may blot out of your remembrance a fault (I cannot name), I then shall leave the world in peace.

Don L. In peace then, sir, enjoy it; for from this very hour, what-e'er is past with me is gone for ever. Your daughter is too fair a mediatrix to be refused his pardon, to whom she owes the charms she pleads with for it.

From this good day, then, let all discord cease;
Let those to come be harmony and peace;
Henceforth let all our different interests join,
Let fathers, lovers, friends, let all combine,
To make each other's days as bless'd as she will mine.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES;

COMÉDIE EN UN ACTE.

1659.

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES:

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE.)

1659.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

MOLIÈRE began in *The Pretentious Young Ladies* to paint men and women as they are; to make living characters and existing manners the ground-work of his plays. From that time he abandoned all imitation of Italian or Spanish imbroglios and intrigues.

There is no doubt that aristocratic society attempted, about the latter years of the reign of Louis XIII., to amend the coarse and licentious expressions which during the civil wars had been introduced into literature as well as into manners. It was praiseworthy of some high-born ladies in Parisian society to endeavour to refine the language and the mind. But there was a very great difference between the influence these ladies exercised from 1620 until 1640, and what took place in 1658, the year when Molière returned to Paris. The Hôtel de Rambouillet, and the aristocratic drawing-rooms, had then done their work, and done it well; but they were succeeded by a clique which cared only for what was nicely said, or rather what was out of the common. Instead of using an elegant and refined diction, they employed only a pretentious and conceitedly affected style, which became highly ridiculous; instead of improving the national idiom they completely spoilt it. Where formerly D'Urfé, Malherbe, Racan, Balzac, and Voiture reigned, Chapelain, Scudéry, Ménage, and the Abbé Cotin, "the father of the French riddle," ruled in their stead. Moreover, every lady in Paris, as well as in the provinces, no matter what her education was, held her drawing-room, where nothing was heard but a ridiculous, exaggerated, and what was worse, a borrowed phraseology. The novels of Madlle. de Scudéry became the text-book of the *précieux* and the *précieuses*, for such was the name given to these gentlemen and ladies who set up for wits, and thought they displayed exquisite taste, refined ideas, fastidious judgment, and consummate and critical discrimination, whilst they only uttered vapid and blatant nonsense. What other language can be used when we find that they called the sun, *l'aimable éclairant le plus beau du monde, l'époux de la nature*, and that, when speaking of an old gentleman with grey hair, they said, not as a joke, but seriously, *il a des quittances d' amour*. A few of their expressions, however, are employed even at the present time, such as, *châtier son style*, to correct one's style; *dépenser une heure*, to spend an hour; *revêtir ses*

pensées d' expressions nobles, to clothe one's thoughts in noble expressions, etc.

Though the *précieux* and *précieuses* had been several times attacked before, it remained for Molière to give them their death-blow, and after the performance of his comedy the name became a term of ridicule and contumely. What enhanced the bitterness of the attack was the difference between Molière's natural style and the affected tone of the would-be elegants he brought upon the stage.

This comedy, in prose, was first acted at Paris, at the Théâtre du Petit Bourbon, on the 18th November 1659, and met with great success. Through the influence of some noble *précieux* and *précieuses* it was forbidden until the 2d of December, when the concourse of spectators was so great that it had to be performed twice a-day, that the prices of nearly all the places were raised (See Note 8, page xxv.), and that it ran for four months together. We have referred in our prefatory memoir of Molière to some of the legendary anecdotes connected with this play.

It has also been said that our author owed perhaps the first idea of this play to a scarcely-known work, *le Cercle des Femmes, ou le Secret du Lit Nuptial; entretiens comiques* written by a long-forgotten author, Samuel Chapuzeau, in which a servant, dressed in his master's clothes, is well received by a certain lady who had rejected the master. But as the witty dialogue is the principal merit in Molière's play, it is really of no great consequence who first suggested the primary idea.

The piece, though played in 1659, was only printed on the 29th of January 1660, by Guillaume de Luyne, a bookseller of Paris, with a preface by Molière, which we give here below:

A strange thing it is, that People should be put in print against their Will. I know nothing so unjust, and should pardon any other Violence much sooner than that.

Not that I here intend to personate the bashful Author, and out of a point of Honour undervalue my Comedy. I should very unseasonably disoblige all the People of Paris, should I accuse them of having applauded a foolish Thing: as the Public is absolute Judge of such sort of Works, it would be Impertinence in me to contradict it; and even if I should have had the worst Opinion in the World of my *Pretentious Young Ladies* before they appeared upon the Stage, I must now believe them of some Value, since so many People agree to speak in their behalf. But as great part of the Pleasure it gave depends upon the Action and Tone of the Voice, it behoved me, not to let them be deprived of those Ornaments; and that success they had in the Representation, was, I thought, sufficiently favourable, for me to stop there. I was, I say, determined, to let them only be seen by Candlelight, that I might give no room for any one to use the Proverb;[1] nor was I willing they should leap from the Theatre de Bourbon into the *Galerie du Palais*.[2] Notwithstanding, I have been unable to

[1] In Molière's time it was proverbially said of a woman, "*Elle est belle à la chandelle, mais le grand jour gâte tout.*" She is beautiful by candle-light, but daylight spoils everything.

[2] The *Galerie du Palais* was the place where Molière's publisher lived.

avoid it, and am fallen under the Misfortune of seeing a surreptitious Copy of my Play in the Hands of the Booksellers, together with a Privilege knavishly obtained, for printing it. I cried out in vain, O Times! O Manners! They shewed me there was a Necessity for me to be in print, or have a Law-suit; and the last evil is even worse than the first. Fate therefore must be submitted to, and I must consent to a Thing, which they would not fail to do without me.

Lord, the strange Perplexity of sending a book abroad! and what an awkward Figure an Author makes the first time he appears in print! Had they allowed me time, I should have thought it over better, and have taken all those Precautions, which the Gentlemen Authors, who are now my Brethren, commonly make use of upon the like Occasions. Besides, some noble Lord, whom I should have chosen, in spite of his Teeth, to be the Patron of my Work, and whose Generosity I should have excited by an Epistle Dedicatory very elegantly composed, I should have endeavoured to make a fine and learned Preface; nor do I want Books which would have supplied me with all that can be said in a scholarly Manner upon Tragedy and Comedy; the Etymology of them both, their Origin, their Definition, and so forth. I should likewise have spoken to my friends, who to recommend my Performance, would not have refused me Verses, either in French or Latin. I have even some that would have praised me in Greek, and Nobody is ignorant, that a Commendation in Greek is of a marvellous efficacy at the Beginning of a Book. But I am sent Abroad without giving me time to look about me; and I can't so much as obtain the Liberty of speaking two Words, to justify my Intention, as to the subject of this Comedy. I would willingly have shewn that it is confined throughout within the Bounds of allowable and decent Satire, that Things the most excellent are liable to be mimicked by wretched Apes, who deserve to be ridiculed; that these absurd Imitations of what is most perfect, have been at all times the Subject of Comedy; and that, for the same Reason, that the truly Learned and truly Brave never yet thought fit to be offended at the Doctor or the Captain in a Comedy, no more than Judges, Princes, and Kings at seeing Trivelin,[3] or any other upon the Stage, ridiculously act the Judge, the Prince, or King; so the true *Precieuses* would be in the wrong to be angry, when the pretentious Ones are exposed, who imitate them awkwardly. In a Word, as I said, I am not allowed, breathing time; Mr de Luyne is going to bind me up this Instant: . . . . let it be so, since the Fates so ordain it.

In the third volume of the "Select Comedies of M. de Molière," this comedy is called, "The Conceited Ladies." It is dedicated to Miss Le Bas in the following words:—

MADAM,

Addresses of this Nature are usually fill'd with Flattery: And it is become so general and known a Practice for Authors of every kind to bedeck with all Perfections Those to whom they present their Writings, that Dedications are, by most People, at present, interpreted like Dreams, directly backwards. I dare not therefore, attempt Your Character, lest even Truth itself should be suspected—— Thus far, however, I'll venture to declare, that if sprightly blooming Youth,

[3] The Doctor and the Captain were traditional personages of the Italian stage; their parts need no further explanation; Trivelin was a popular Italian actor who in a humorous and exaggerated way played the parts of Judges, Princes, and Kings.

endearing sweet Good-nature, flowing gentile Wit, and an easy unaffected Conversation, may be reckon'd Charms,—*Miss* LE BAS is exquisitely charming.

The following COMEDY of *Monsieur* MOLIERE, that celebrated Dramatick Writer, was, by him, intended to reprove a vain, fantastical, conceited and preposterous Humour, which about that time prevailed very much in *France*. It had the desir'd good Effect, and conduced a great deal towards rooting out a Taste so unreasonable and ridiculous.—As Pride, Conceit, Vanity, and Affectation, are Foibles often found amongst the Fair Sex at present, I have attempted this Translation, in hopes of doing service to my pretty Country-Women.——And, certainly, it must have a double efficacy, under the Patronage of one who is so bright an Example of the contrary fine Accomplishments, which a large Fortune makes her not the less careful to improve.

I am not so presumptuous to imagine that my *English* can do sufficient Justice to the sense of this admir'd AUTHOR; and, therefore, have caused the ORIGINAL to be placed against it Page for Page, hoping, that both together, may prove an agreeable and useful Entertainment. —— But I have detain'd you too long already, and shall only add, that I am, with much respect, and every good Wish, MADAM, *Your most Obedient Humble Servant*,

THE TRANSLATOR.

The *Précieuses Ridicules* have been partly imitated in "*The Damoiselles à la Mode*, Compos'd and Written by Richard Flecknoe. London: Printed for the Author, 1667. To their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, the Author dedicates this his comedy more humbly than by way of epistle." This gentleman, who was "so distinguished as a wretched poet, that his name had almost become proverbial," and who gave the title to Dryden's *Mac-Flecknoe*, is said to have been originally a Jesuit. Langbaine states "that his acquaintance with the nobility was more than with the Muses." In the preface our author says: "This *Comedy* is taken out of several excellent pieces of *Molière*. The main plot out of his *Pretieusee's Ridiculee's;* the Counterplot of *Sganarelle*, out of his *Escole des Femmes*, and out of the *Escole des Marys*, the two *Naturals;* all which, like so many *Pretieuse* stones, I have brought out of *France;* and as a Lapidary set in one Jewel to adorn our English Stage."

This motley play was never acted; at least the author says: "for the Acting it, those who have the Governing of the Stage, have their Humours, and wou'd be intreated; and I have mine, and won't intreat them; and were all Dramatick Writers of my mind, they shou'd wear their old *Playes* Thred-bare, e're they shou'd have any *New*, till they better understood their own Interest, and how to distinguish betwixt good and bad."

The "Prologue intended for the overture of the Theater, 1666," opens thus:—

> "In these sad Times[4] our Author has been long
> Studying to give you some diversion;

[4] In 1665 the plague broke out in London, and in the succeeding year the great fire took place; only at Christmas 1666 theatrical performances began again.

And he has ta'n the way to do't, which he
Thought most diverting, mirth and Comedy:
And now he knows there are inough i' the Town
At name of Mirth and Comedy will frown,
And sighing say, the times are bad; what then?
Will their being sad and heavy better them?

According to the list of "The Representers, as they were first design'd," I see that Nell Gwyn should have played the part of "*Lysette*, the *Damoiselle's* waiting Woman." We have given Flecknoe's imitations in the Appendix.

James Miller, a well-known dramatist, and joint-translator of Molière with H. Baker, has also imitated part of "the *Pretentious Young Ladies*," and with another part borrowed from Molière's *School for Husbands* (see vol. ii.), two characters taken from Molière's *Learned Ladies* (see vol. vi.), and some short speeches borrowed from the *Countess of Escarbagnas* (see vol. vi.), he composed a comedy, which was played at Drury Lane, March 6th, 1735, under the title of *The Man of Taste, or the Guardians*. We shall give his different imitations in the Appendices to the several plays. Mr Miller appears to have been a man of indomitable spirit and industry. Being a clergyman, with a very small stipend, he wrote plays to improve his circumstances, but offended both his bishop and the public. At last he was presented to the very valuable living of Upcerne, in Dorsetshire, and was also successful with a translation of *Mahomet* of Voltaire, but died within the year after his induction. *The Man of Taste* was printed for J. Watts, MDCCXXXV., and is dedicated to Lord Weymouth. We give part of the dedication:

"As to the Attempt here made to expose the several Vices and Follies that at present flourish in Vogue, I hope your Lordship will think it confined within the bounds of a modest and wholesome Chastisement. That it is a very seasonable one, I believe, every Person will acknowledge. When what *is set* up for the Standard of Taste, is but just the Reverse of Truth and Common Sense; and that which is dignify'd with the Name of Politeness, is deficient in nothing—but Decency and Good-Manners: When all Distinctions of Station and Fortune are broke in upon, so that a *Peer* and a *Mechanick* are cloathed in the same Habits, and indulge in the same Diversions and Luxuries: When Husbands are ruin'd, Children robb'd, and Tradesmen starv'd, in order to give Estates to a *French* Harlequin, and *Italian* Eunuch, for a Shrug or a Song;[6] shall not fair and fearless Satire oppose this Outrage upon all Reason and Discretion. Yes, My Lord, Resentment can never better be shown, nor Indignation more laudably exerted than on such an occasion."

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[6] Farinelli, an eminent Italian soprano, came to England in 1734, remained there three years, sang chiefly at the Theatre of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, then under the direction of Porpora, his old master, became a great favourite, and made about £5000 a year. As *The Man of Taste* was performed at a rival house, Drury Lane, the bitterness of the allusion may be easily understood. The French Comedians acted at the Haymarket from November 22, 1734 to June 1735, hence the allusion to a French Harlequin.

The Prologue, spoken by Mr Cibber, is racy. We give the first half of it :—

"Wit springs so slow in our bleak Northern Soil,
It scarce, at best, rewards the Planter's Toil.
But now, when all the Sun-shine, and the Rain,
Are turn'd to cultivate a Foreign grain ;
When, what should cherish, preys upon the Tree,
What generous Fruit can you expect to see?
Our Bard, to strike the Humour of the Times,
Imports these Scenes from kindlier Southern Climes ;
Secure his Pains will with Applause be crown'd,
If you're as fond of Foreign sense as . . . sound :
And since their Follies have been bought so dear,
We hope their Wit a moderate Price may bear.
Terence, Great Master ! who, with wond'rous Art,
Explor'd the deepest Secrets of the Heart ;
That best Old Judge of Manners and of Men,
First grac'd this Tale with his immortal Pen.[6]
Moliere, the Classick of the Gallick Stage,
First dar'd to modernize the Sacred Page ;
Skilful, the one thing wanting to supply,
Humour, that Soul of Comic Poesy.
The Roman Fools were drawn so high . . . the Pit
Might take 'em now for Modern Men of Wit.
But Molière painted with a bolder Hand,
And mark'd his Oafs with the Fools-Cap and Band :
To ev'ry Vice he tagg'd the just Reproach,
Shew'd Worth on Foot, and Rascals in a Coach."

Mrs Aphra Behn, a voluminous writer of plays, novels, poems, and letters, all of a lively and amorous turn, was the widow of a Dutch merchant, and partly occupied the time not engaged in literary pursuits in political or gallant intrigues. Her comedies are her best works, and although some of her scenes are often indecent, and not a few of her expressions indelicate, yet her plots are always lively and well sustained and her dialogues very witty. The date of her birth is unknown, but she died on the 16th of April 1689, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

In 1682 was performed, at the Theatre, Dorset Garden, her play, *The False Count, or a New Way to Play an Old Game.* The prologue attacks the Whigs most furiously, and the epilogue, spoken by Mrs Barry, is very indecent. The plot of this play, or rather farce, is very improbable, and the language is more than free. Julia, in love with Don Carlos, afterwards Governor of Cadiz, was forced by her father to marry Francisco, a rich old man, formerly a leather-seller ; the latter

[6] The plot of *The Man of Taste,* as we have said before, was partly borrowed from Moliere's *School for Husbands,* partly from the *Pretentious Young Ladies,* and other of his plays. The first-mentioned French comedy owes part of its plot to Terence's *Adelphi,* hence the allusion.

going with his family to sea on a party of pleasure, are taken prisoners by Carlos and his servants, disguised as Turks. They are carried to a country house, and made to believe they are in the Grand Turk's seraglio. There is also an underplot, in which Isabella, Francisco's proud and vain daughter, is courted by Guilion, a supposed Count, but in reality a chimney-sweep, whose hand she accepts. In the end everything is discovered, and Guilion comes to claim his wife in his sooty clothes. The scene (iii. 1) in which the sweep, dressed as a nobleman, first makes his appearance, is imitated from the *Précieuses Ridicules*, and is given in the Appendix.

Thomas Shadwell, a dramatist, and the poet-laureate of Wi[illegible]m III., who has been flagellated by Dryden in his *Mac-Flecknoe* [illegible]n the second part of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, and been mentioned [illegible] contempt by Pope in his *Dunciad*, took from the *Précieuses Ridicules* Mascarille and Jodelet, and freely imitated and united them in the character of La Roch, a sham Count, in his *Bury-Fair*, acted by His Majesty's servants in 1689. This play, dedicated to Charles, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, was written "during eight months' painful sickness." In the Prologue Shadwell states:

> That every Part is Fiction in his Play;
> Particular Reflections there are none;
> Our Poet knows not one in all your Town.
> If any has so very little Wit,
> To think a Fop's Dress can his Person fit,
> E'en let him take it, and make much of it.

Whilst, in *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, Mascarille and Jodelet impose upon two provincial girls, in *Burg-Fair*, La Roch, "a French perukemaker," succeeds in deceiving Mrs Fantast and Mrs Gertrude under the name of Count de Cheveux. The Count is very amusing, and though a coward to boot, pretends to be a great warrior. His description of war is characteristic; he states that "de great Heros always burne and killè de Man, Woman, and Shilde for deir Glory." We give in the Appendix a short specimen of La Roch's conversation. Crowne, in his *Sir Courtly Nice*, has also imitated Mascarille's extempore lines; we give them in the Appendix.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LA GRANGE, } *repulsed Lovers.*
DU CROISY, }

GORGIBUS,[7] *a good citizen.*

THE MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE, *valet to La Grange.*[8]

THE VISCOUNT JODELET, *valet to Du Croisy.*

ALMANZOR, *footman to the pretentious ladies.*

TWO CHAIRMEN.

MUSICIANS.

MADELON, *daughter to Gorgibus,* } *The pretentious young ladies.*
CATHOS, *niece to Gorgibus,* }

MAROTTE, *maid to the pretentious young ladies.*

LUCILE. } *two female neighbours.*
CÉLIMÈNE. }

Scene—GORGIBUS' HOUSE, PARIS.

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[7] Gorgibus was the name of certain characters in old comedies. The actor, L'Epy, who played this part, had a very loud voice; hence Molière gave him probably this name.

[8] *Mascarille* was played by Molière, and has a personality quite distinct from the servant of the same name in the *Blunderer* and the *Love-Tiff*. The dress, in which he acted this part, has not been mentioned in the inventory taken after his death, but in a pamphlet, published in 1660, he is described as wearing an enormous wig, a very small hat, a ruff like a morning gown, rolls in which children could play hide-and-seek, tassels like cornucopiæ, ribbons that covered his shoes, with heels half a foot in height.

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES.

(*LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.

LA GRANGE, DU CROISY.

Du. Cr. Mr La Grange.

La. Gr. What?

Du. Cr. Look at me for a moment without laughing.

La. Gr. Well?

Du. Cr. What do you say of our visit? Are you quite pleased with it?

La Gr. Do you think either of us has any reason to be so?

Du Cr. Not at all, to say the truth.

La Gr. As for me, I must acknowledge I was quite shocked at it. Pray now, did ever anybody see a couple of country wenches giving themselves more ridiculous airs, or two men treated with more contempt than we were? They could hardly make up their mind to order chairs for us. I never saw such whispering as there was between them; such yawning, such rubbing of the eyes, and asking so often what o'clock it was. Did they answer anything else but "yes," or "no," to what we said to them? In short, do you not agree with me that if we had been the meanest persons in the world, we could not have been treated worse?

Du. Cr. You seem to take it greatly to heart.

La. Gr. No doubt I do; so much so, that I am resolved to be revenged on them for their impertinence. I know well enough why they despise us. Affectation has not alone infected Paris, but has also spread into the country, and our ridiculous damsels have sucked in their share of it. In a word, they are a strange medley of coquetry and affectation. I plainly see what kind of persons will be well received by them; if you will take my advice, we will play them such a trick as shall show them their folly, and teach them to distinguish a little better the people they have to deal with.

Du. Cr. How can you do this?

La. Gr. I have a certain valet, named Mascarille, who, in the opinion of many people, passes for a kind of wit; for nothing now-a-days is easier than to acquire such a reputation. He is an extraordinary fellow, who has taken it into his head to ape a person of quality. He usually prides himself on his gallantry and his poetry, and despises so much the other servants that he calls them brutes.

Du. Cr. Well, what do you mean to do with him?

La. Gr. What do I mean to do with him? He must . . . but first, let us be gone.

SCENE II.

GORGIBUS, DU CROISY, LA GRANGE.

Gorg. Well, gentlemen, you have seen my niece and my daughter. How are matters going on? What is the result of your visit?

La. Gr. They will tell you this better than we can. All we say is that we thank you for the favour you have done us, and remain your most humble servants.

Du. Cr. Your most humble servants.

Gorg. [*Alone*] Hoity-toity! Methinks they go away dissatisfied. What can be the meaning of this? I must find it out. Within there!

SCENE III.

GORGIBUS, MAROTTE.

Mar. Did you call, sir?

Gorg. Where are your mistresses?

Mar. In their room.

Gorg. What are they doing there?

Mar. Making lip salve.

Gorg. There is no end of their salves. Bid them come down. [*Alone*] These hussies with their salves have, I think, a mind to ruin me. Everywhere in the house I see nothing but whites of eggs, lac virginal, and a thousand other fooleries I am not acquainted with. Since we have been here they have employed the lard of a dozen hogs at least, and four servants might live every day on the sheep's trotters they use.

SCENE IV.

MADELON, CATHOS, GORGIBUS.

Gorg. Truly there is great need to spend so much money to grease your faces. Pray tell me, what have you done to those gentlemen, that I saw them go away with so much coldness? Did I not order you to receive them as persons whom I intended for your husbands?

Mad. Dear father, what consideration do you wish us to entertain for the irregular behaviour of these people?

Cat. How can a woman of ever so little understanding, uncle, reconcile herself to such individuals?

Gorg. What fault have you to find with them?

Mad. Their's is fine gallantry, indeed. Would you believe it? they began with proposing marriage to us.

Gorg. What would you have them begin with—with a proposal to keep you as mistresses? Is not their proposal a compliment to both of you, as well as to me? Can anything be more polite than this? And do they not prove the honesty of their intentions by wishing to enter these holy bonds?

Mad. O, father! Nothing can be more vulgar than what you have just said. I am ashamed to hear you talk in such a manner; you should take some lessons in the elegant way of looking at things.

Gorg. I care neither for elegant ways nor songs.[9] I tell you marriage is a holy and sacred affair; to begin with that is to act like honest people.

Mad. Good Heavens! If everybody was like you a love-story would soon be over. What a fine thing it would have been if Cyrus had immediately espoused Mandane, and if Aronce had been married all at once to Clélie.[10]

Gorg. What is she jabbering about?

Mad. Here is my cousin, father, who will tell you as well as I that matrimony ought never to happen till after other adventures. A lover, to be agreeable, must understand how to utter fine sentiments, to breathe soft, tender, and passionate vows; his courtship must be according to the rules. In the first place, he should behold the fair one of whom he becomes enamoured either at a place of worship,[11] or when out walking, or at some public ceremony; or else

[9] The original has a play on words. Madelon says, in addressing her father, *vous devriez un peu vous faire apprendre le bel air des choses*, upon which he answers, *je n'ai que faire ni d'air ni de chanson. Air* means tune as well as look, appearance.

[10] *Cyrus* and *Mandane* are the two principal characters of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's novel *Artamène, ou the Grand Cyrus; Aronce* and *Clélie* of the novel *Clélie*, by the same author.

[11] See note 18, page 38.

he should be introduced to her by a relative or a friend, as if by chance, and when he leaves her he should appear in a pensive and melancholy mood. For some time he should conceal his passion from the object of his love, but pay her several visits, in every one of which he ought to introduce some gallant subject to exercise the wits of all the company. When the day comes to make his declaration—which generally should be contrived in some shady garden-walk while the company is at a distance—it should be quickly followed by anger, which is shown by our blushing, and which, for a while, banishes the lover from our presence. He finds afterwards means to pacify us, to accustom us gradually to hear him depict his passion, and to draw from us that confession which causes us so much pain. After that come the adventures, the rivals who thwart mutual inclination, the persecutions of fathers, the jealousies arising without any foundation, complaints, despair, running away with, and its consequences. Thus things are carried on in fashionable life, and veritable gallantry cannot dispense with these forms. But to come out point-blank with a proposal of marriage,—to make no love but with a marriage-contract, and begin a novel at the wrong end! Once more, father, nothing can be more tradesmanlike, and the mere thought of it makes me sick at heart.

Gorg. What deuced nonsense is all this? That is high-flown language with a vengeance!

Cat. Indeed, uncle, my cousin hits the nail on the head. How can we receive kindly those who are so awkward in gallantry. I could lay a wager they have not even seen the map of the country of *Tenderness*, and that *Love-letters, Trifling attentions, Polite epistles*, and *Sprightly verses*, are regions to them unknown.[12] Do you not see

[12] The map of the country of Tenderness (*la carte de Tendre*) is found in the first part of *Clélie* (see note 2, page 224); Love-letter (*Billet-doux*);

that their whole person shews it, and that their external appearance is not such as to give at first sight a good opinion of them. To come and pay a visit to the object of their love with a leg without any ornaments, a hat without any feathers, a head with its locks not artistically arranged, and a coat that suffers from a paucity of ribbons. Heavens! what lovers are these! what stinginess in dress! what barrenness of conversation! It is not to be allowed; it is not to be borne. I also observed that their ruffs[13] were not made by the fashionable milliner, and that their breeches were not big enough by more than half-a-foot.

Gorg. I think they are both mad, nor can I understand anything of this gibberish. Cathos, and you, Madelon . .

Mad. Pray, father, do not use those strange names and call us by some other.

Gorg. What do you mean by those strange names? Are they not the names your godfathers and godmother gave you?

Mad. Good Heavens! how vulgar you are! I confes I wonder you could possibly be the father of such an int ligent girl as I am. Did ever anybody in genteel sty talk of Cathos or of Madelon? And must you not admi that either of these names would be sufficient to disgrace the finest novel in the world?

Cat. It is true, uncle, an ear rather delicate suffers

Polite epistle (*Billet galant*); Trifling attentions (*Petit Soins*); and Sprightly verses (*Jolis vers*), are the names of villages to be found in this map, which is a curiosity in its way, and as such is given in the Appendix, Note A.

[13] The ruff (*rabat*) was at first only the shirt-collar pulled out and worn outside the coat. Later ruffs were worn, which were not fastened to the shirt, sometimes adorned with lace, and tied in front with two strings with tassels. The *rabat* was very fashionable during the youthful years of Louis XIV.

extremely at hearing these words pronounced, and the name of Polixena, which my cousin has chosen, and that of Amintha, which I took, possess a charm, which you must needs acknowledge.[14]

Gorg. Hearken; one word will suffice. I do not allow you to take any other names than those that were given you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as for those gentlemen we are speaking about, I know their families and fortunes, and am determined they shall be your husbands. I am tired of having you upon my hands. Looking after a couple of girls is rather too weighty a charge for a man of my years.

Cat. As for me, uncle, all I can say is, that I think marriage a very shocking business. How can one endure the thought of lying by the side of a man, who is really naked?

Mad. Give us leave to take breath for a short time among the fashionable world of P[illegible] where we are but just arrived. Allow us to prepare at [illegible] the groundwork of our novel, and do not hurr[illegible]on too abruptly.

Gorg. [*Aside*] I cannot doubt it any longer; they are completely mad. [*Aloud*] Once more, I tell you, I understand nothing of all this gibberish; I will be master, and to cut short all kinds of arguments, either you shall both be married shortly, or, upon my word, you shall be nuns; that I swear.[15]

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[14] The *précieuses* often changed their names into more poetical and romantic appellations. The Marquise de Rambouillet, whose real name was Catherine, was known under the anagram of Arthenice.

[15] This scene is the mere outline of the well known quarrel between Chrysale, Philaminte, and Belinda in the "*Femmes Savantes*" (see vol. vi.), but a husband trembling before his wife, and only daring to show his temper to his sister, is a much more tempting subject for a dramatic writer than a man addressing in a firm tone his daughter and niece.

SCENE VI.

CATHOS, MADELON.

Cat. Good Heavens, my dear, how deeply is your father still immersed in material things! how dense is his understanding, and what gloom overcasts his soul!

Mad. What can I do, my dear? I am ashamed of him. I can hardly persuade myself I am indeed his daughter; I believe that an accident, some time or other, will discover me to be of a more illustrious descent.

Cat. I believe it; really, it is very likely; as for me, when I consider myself . . .

SCENE VII.

CATHOS, MADELON, MAROTTE.

Mar. Here is a [illegible]tman asks if you are at home, and says his master [illegible] see you.

Mad. Le[illegible] to express yourself a little less vulgarly. Say, [illegible]ssary [illegible]il enquiring if it is commodious for [illegible] to become visible.[16]

Mar. I do not understand Latin, and have not learned philosophy out of Cyrus,[17] as you have done.

Mad. Impertinent creature! How can this be borne! And who is this footman's master?

Mar. He told me it was the Marquis de Mascarille.

Mad. Ah, my dear! A marquis! a marquis! Well, go and tell him we are visible. This is certainly some wit who has heard of us.

Cat. Undoubtedly, my dear. [illegible] the [illegible]

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[16] All these and similar sentences were really employ[illegible] the *précieuses*.

[17] *Artamène, ou le Grand Cyrus*, (1649-1653) a novel in ten volumes, by Madle. de Scudéry.

Mad. We had better receive him here in this parlour than in our room. Let us at least arrange our hair a little and maintain our reputation. Come in quickly, and reach us the Counsellor of the Graces.

Mar. Upon my word, I do not know what sort of a beast that is; you must speak like a Christian if you would have me know your meaning.

Cat. Bring us the looking-glass, you blockhead! and take care not to contaminate its brightness by the communication of your image.

SCENE VIII.

MASCARILLE, TWO CHAIRMEN.

Masc. Stop, chairmen, stop. Easy does it! Easy, easy! I think these boobies intend to break me to pieces by bumping me against the walls and the pavement.

1 *Chair.* Ay, marry, because the gate [illegible] row and you would make us bring you in here.

Masc. To be sure, you rascals! W[illegible]ave me expose the fulness of my pl[illegible]es to the incl[illegible]y of the rainy season, and let the mud receive the im[illegible]n of my shoes? Begone; take away your chair.

2 *Chair.* Then please to pay us, sir.

Masc. What?

2 *Chair.* Sir, please to give us our money, I say.

Masc. [*Giving him a box on the ear*] What, scoundrel, to ask money from a person of my rank!

2 *Chair.* Is this the way poor people are to be paid? Will your r[illegible]et us a dinner?

[illegible], ha! I shall teach you to keep your right place. Those [illegible] fellows dare to make fun of me!

1 *Chair.* [illegible]*ng up one of the poles of his chair*] Come, pay us quickly.

Masc. What ?

1 *Chair.* I mean to have my money at once.

Masc. That is a sensible fellow.

1 *Chair.* Make haste, then.

Masc. Ay, you speak properly, but the other is a scoundrel, who does not know what he says. There, are you satisfied ?

1 *Chair.* No, I am not satisfied ; you boxed my friend's ears, and . . . (*holding up his pole*)

Masc. Gently ; there is something for the box on the ear. People may get anything from me when they go about it in the right way. Go now, but come and fetch me by and by to carry me to the Louvre to the *petit coucher.*[18]

SCENE IX.

MAROTTE, MASCARILLE.

Mar. [illegible]ny mistresses will come immediately.

Masc. [illegible]em not hurry themselves ; I am very comfort[illegible]d can wait.

Mar. [illegible]ere they come.

SCENE X.

MADELON, CATHOS, MASCARILLE, ALMANZOR.[19]

Masc. [*After having bowed to them*] Ladies, no doubt

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18 Louis XIV. and several other Kings of France, received their courtiers when rising or going to bed. This was called *lever* and *coucher*. The *lever* as well as the *coucher* was divided into *petit* and *grand*. All persons received at court had a right to come to the *grand lever* and *coucher*, but only certain noblemen of high rank and [illegible] of the royal blood could remain at the *petit lever* and *coucher*, which [illegible] time between the king putting on either a day or night shirt, and the time he went to bed or was fully dressed. The highest person of rank always claimed the right of handing to the king his shirt.

19 See Appendix, Note B.

you will be surprised at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation has drawn this disagreeable affair upon you; merit has for me such potent charms, that I run everywhere after it.

Mad. If you pursue merit you should not come to us.

Cat. If you find merit amongst us, you must have brought it hither yourself.

Masc. Ah! I protest against these words. When fame mentioned your deserts it spoke the truth, and you are going to make *pic, repic,* and *capot*[20] all the gallants from Paris.

Mad. Your complaisance goes a little too far in the liberality of its praises, and my cousin and I must take care not to give too much credit to your sweet adulation.

Cat. My dear, we should call for chairs.

Mad. Almanzor!

Alm. Madam.

Mad. Convey to us hither, instantly, the conveniences of conversation.

Masc. But am I safe here? [*Exit Almanzor.*

Cat. What is it you fear?

Masc. Some larceny of my heart; some massacre of liberty. I behold here a pair of eyes that seem to be very naughty boys, that insult liberty, and use a heart most barbarously. Why the deuce do they put themselves on their guard, in order to kill any one who comes near them? Upon my word! I mistrust them; I shall either scamper away, or expect very good security that they do me no mischief.

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[20] Dryden, in his *Sir Martin Mar-all* (Act i. sc. 1), makes Sir Martin say: "If I go to picquet . . . he will picque and repicque, and capot me twenty times together." I believe that these terms in Molière's and Dryden's times had a different meaning from what they have now.

Mad. My dear, what a charming facetiousness he has!

Cat. I see, indeed, he is an Amilcar.[21]

Mad. Fear nothing, our eyes have no wicked designs, and your heart may rest in peace, fully assured of their innocence.

Cat. But, pray, Sir, be not inexorable to the easy chair, which, for this last quarter of an hour, has held out its arms towards you; yield to its desire of embracing you.

Masc. (*After having combed himself,*[22] *and adjusted the rolls of his stockings.*)[23] Well, ladies, and what do you think of Paris?

Mad. Alas! what can we think of it? It would be the very antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the grand cabinet of marvels, the centre of good taste, wit, and gallantry.

Masc. As for me, I maintain that, out of Paris, there is no salvation for the polite world.

Cat. Most assuredly.

Masc. Paris is somewhat muddy; but then we have sedan chairs.

Mad. To be sure; a sedan chair is a wonderful protection against the insults of mud and bad weather.

Masc. I am sure you receive many visits. What great wit belongs to your company?

Mad. Alas! we are not yet known, but we are in the way of being so; for a lady of our acquaintance has

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21 Amilcar is one of the heroes of the novel *Clélie*, who wishes to be thought sprightly.

22 It was at that time the custom for men of rank to comb their hair or perriwigs in public.

23 The rolls (*canons*) were large round pieces of linen, often adorned with lace or ribbons, and which were fastened below the breeches, just under the knee.

promised us to bring all the gentlemen who have written for the Miscellanies of Select Poetry.[24]

Cat. And certain others, whom, we have been told, are likewise the sovereign arbiters of all that is handsome.

Masc. I can manage this for you better than any one; they all visit me, and I may say that I never rise without having half-a-dozen wits at my levee.

Mad. Good Heavens! you will place us under the greatest obligation if you will do us the kindness; for, in short, we must make the acquaintance of all those gentlemen if we wish to belong to the fashion. They are the persons who can make or unmake a reputation at Paris; you know that there are some, whose visits alone are sufficient to start the report that you are a *Connaisseuse*, though there should be no other reason for it. As for me, what I value particularly is, that by means of these ingenious visits, we learn a hundred things which we ought necessarily to know, and which are the quintessence of wit. Through them we hear the scandal of the day, or whatever niceties are going on in prose or verse. We know, at the right time, that Mr So-and-so has written the finest piece in the world on such a subject; that Mrs So-and-so has adapted words to such a tune; that a certain gentleman has written a madrigal upon a favour shown to him, another stanzas upon a fair one who betrayed him; Mr Such-a-one wrote a couplet of six lines yesterday evening to Miss Such-a-one, to which she returned him an answer this morning at eight o'clock; such an

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[24] Molière probably alludes to a Miscellany of Select Poetry, published in 1653, by de Sercy, under the title of *Poésies choisies de M.M. Corneille Benserade, de Scudéry, Boisrobert, Sarrazin, Desmarets, Baraud, Saint-Laurent, Colletet, Lamesnardière, Montreuil, Viguier, Chevreau, Malleville, Tristan, Testu, Maucroy, de Prade, Girard et de L'Age.* A great number of such miscellanies appeared in France, and in England also, about that time.

author is engaged on such a subject; this writer is busy with the third volume of his novel; that one is putting his works to press. Those things procure you consideration in every society, and if people are ignorant of them, I would not give one pinch of snuff for all the wit they may have.

Cat. Indeed, I think it the height of ridicule for any one who possesses the slightest claim to be called clever not to know even the smallest couplet that is made every day; as for me, I should be very much ashamed if any one should ask me my opinion about something new, and I had not seen it.

Masc. It is really a shame not to know from the very first all that is going on; but do not give yourself any farther trouble, I will establish an academy of wits at your house, and I give you my word that not a single line of poetry shall be written in Paris, but what you shall be able to say by heart before anybody else. As for me, such as you see me, I amuse myself in that way when I am in the humour, and you may find handed about in the fashionable assemblies[25] of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals all made by me, without counting riddles and portraits.[26]

[25] In the original French the word is *ruelle*, which means literally "a small street," "a lane," hence any narrow passage, hence the narrow opening between the wall and the bed. The *Précieuses* at that time received their visitors lying dressed in a bed, which was placed in an alcove and upon a raised platform. Their fashionable friends (*alcovistes*) took their places between the bed and the wall, and thus the name *ruelle* came to be given to all fashionable assemblies. In Dr John Ash's New and Complete Dictionary of the English Language, published in London 1755, I still find *ruelle* defined: "a little street, a circle, an assembly at a private house."

[26] This kind of literature, in which one attempted to write a portrait of one's self or of others, was then very much in fashion. La Bruyère and de Saint-Simon in France, as well as Dryden and Pope in England, have shown what a literary portrait may become in the hands of men of talent.

Mad. I must acknowledge that I dote upon portraits; I think there is nothing more gallant.

Masc. Portraits are difficult, and call for great wit; you shall see some of mine that will not displease you.

Cat. As for me, I am awfully fond of riddles.

Masc. They exercise the intelligence; I have already written four of them this morning, which I will give you to guess.

Mad. Madrigals are pretty enough when they are neatly turned.

Masc. That is my special talent; I am at present engaged in turning the whole Roman history into madrigals.[27]

Mad. Goodness gracious! that will certainly be superlatively fine; I should like to have one copy at least, if you think of publishing it.

Masc. I promise you each a copy, bound in the handsomest manner. It does not become a man of my rank to scribble, but I do it only to serve the publishers, who are always bothering me.

Mad. I fancy it must be a delightful thing to see one's self in print.

Masc. Undoubtedly; but, by the by, I must repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a certain duchess, an acquaintance of mine. I am deuced clever at extempore verses.

Cat. Extempore verses are certainly the very touchstone of genius.

Masc. Listen then.

Mad. We are all ears.

Masc. *Oh! oh! quite without heed was I,*
As harmless you I chanced to spy,

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[27] Seventeen years after this play was performed, Benserade published *les Métamorphoses d'Ovide mises en rondeaux.*

Slily your eyes
My heart surprize,
Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief I cry![28]

Cat. Good Heavens! this is carried to the utmost pitch of gallantry.

Masc. Everything I do shows it is done by a gentleman; there is nothing of the pedant about my effusions.

Mad. They are more than two thousand miles removed from that.

Masc. Did you observe the beginning, *oh! oh?* there is something original in that *oh! oh!* like a man who all of a sudden thinks about something, *oh! oh!* Taken by surprise as it were, *oh! oh!*

Mad. Yes, I think that *oh! oh!* admirable.

Masc. It seems a mere nothing.

Cat. Good Heavens! How can you say so? It is one of these things that are perfectly invaluable.

Mad. No doubt on it; I would rather have written that *oh! oh!* than an epic poem.

Masc. Egad, you have good taste.

Mad. Tolerably; none of the worst, I believe.

Masc. But do you not also admire *quite without heed was I? quite without heed was I,* that is, I did not pay attention to anything; a natural way of speaking, *quite without heed was I, of no harm thinking,* that is, as I was going along, innocently, without malice, like a poor sheep, *you I chanced to spy,* that is to say, I amused myself with looking at you, with observing you, with contemplating you. *Slily your eyes. . . .* What do you think of that word *slily* —is it not well chosen?

Cat. Extremely so.

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[28] See Appendix, Note C.

Masc. *Slily,* stealthily; just like a cat watching a mouse—*slily.*

Mad. Nothing can be better.

Masc. *My heart surprize,* that is, carries it away from me, robs me of it. *Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!* Would you not think a man were shouting and running after a thief to catch him? *Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!*[29]

Mad. I must admit the turn is witty and sprightly.

Masc. I will sing you the tune I made to it.

Cat. Have you learned music?

Masc. I? Not at all.

Cat. How can you make a tune then?

Masc. People of rank know everything without ever having learned anything.

Mdd. His lordship is quite in the right, my dear.

Masc. Listen if you like the tune: *hem, hem, la, la, la, la, la.* The inclemency of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice; but no matter, it is in a free and easy way. [*He sings*] *Oh! Oh! quite without heed was I,* etc.

Cat. What a passion there breathes in this music. It is enough to make one die away with delight!

Mad. There is something plaintive in it.

Masc. Do you not think that the air perfectly well expresses the sentiment, *stop thief, stop thief!* And then as if some one cried out very loud, *stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop thief!* Then all at once like a person out of breath, *Stop thief!*

---

[29] The scene of Mascarille reading his extempore verses is something like Trissotin in *Les Femmes savantes* (see vol. vi.) reading his sonnet for the Princess Uranie. But Mascarille comments on the beauties of his verses with the insolent vanity of a man who does not pretend to have even one atom of modesty; Trissotin, a professional wit, listens in silence, but with secret pride, to the ridiculous exclamations of the admirers of his genius.

Mad. This is to understand the perfection of things, the grand perfection, the perfection of perfections. I declare it is altogether a wonderful performance. I am quite enchanted with the air and the words.

Cat. I never yet met with anything so excellent.

Masc. All that I do comes naturally to me; it is without study.

Mad. Nature has treated you like a very fond mother; you are her darling child.

Masc. How do you pass away the time, ladies?

Cat. With nothing at all.

Mad. Until now we have lived in a terrible dearth of amusements.

Masc. I am at your service to attend you to the play, one of those days, if you will permit me. Indeed, a new comedy is to be acted which I should be very glad we might see together.

Mad. There is no refusing you anything.

Masc. But I beg of you to applaud it well, when we shall be there; for I have promised to give a helping hand to the piece. The author called upon me this very morning to beg me so to do. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to people of rank, that they may induce us to approve of them and give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dares contradict us. As for me, I am very punctual in these things, and when I have made a promise to a poet, I always cry out "Bravo" before the candles are lighted.

Mad. Do not say another word; Paris is an admirable place. A hundred things happen every day which people in the country, however clever they may be, have no idea of.

Cat. Since you have told us, we shall consider it our duty to cry up lustily every word that is said.

Masc. I do not know whether I am deceived, but you look as if you had written some play yourself.

Mad. Eh! there may be something in what you say.

Masc. Ah! upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have written one which I intend to have brought out.

Cat. Ay! to what company do you mean to give it?

Masc. That is a very nice question, indeed. To the actors of the hôtel de Bourgogne; they alone can bring things into good repute; the rest are ignorant creatures who recite their parts just as people speak in every-day life; they do not understand to mouth the verses, or to pause at a beautiful passage; how can it be known where the fine lines are, if an actor does not stop at them, and thereby tell you to applaud heartily?[30]

Cat. Indeed! that is one way of making an audience feel the beauties of any work; things are only prized when they are well set off.

Masc. What do you think of my top-knot, sword-knot, and rosettes?[31] Do you find them harmonise with my coat?

Cat. Perfectly.

Masc. Do you think the ribbon well-chosen?

Mad. Furiously well. It is real Perdrigeon.[32]

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[30] The company of actors at the hôtel de Bourgogne were rivals to the troop of Molière; it appears, however, from contemporary authors, that the accusations brought by our author against them were well-founded.

[31] In the original *petite oie;* this was first, the name given to the giblets of a goose, *oie*; next it came to mean all the accessories of dress, ribbons, laces, feathers, and other small ornaments. In one of the old translations of Molière *petite oie* is rendered by "muff," and *Perdrigeon* (see note 32), I suppose, with a faint idea of *perdrix*, a partridge, by "bird of paradise feathers!!".

[32] Perdrigeon was the name of a fashionable linen-draper in Paris at that time.

Masc. What do you say of my rolls ?[33]

Mad. They look very fashionable.

Masc. I may at least boast that they are a quarter of a yard wider than any that have been made.

Mad. I must own I never saw the elegance of dress carried farther.

Masc. Please to fasten the reflection of your smelling faculty upon these gloves.

Mad. They smell awfully fine.

Cat. I never inhaled a more delicious perfume.

Masc. And this ? [*He gives them his powdered wig to smell*].

Mad. It has the true quality odour ; it titillates the nerves of the upper region most deliciously.

Masc. You say nothing of my feathers. How do you like them ?

Cat. They are frightfully beautiful.

Masc. Do you know that every single one of them cost me a Louis-d'or ? But it is my hobby to have generally everything of the very best.

Mad. I assure you that you and I sympathize. I am furiously particular in everything I wear ; I cannot endure even stockings, unless they are bought at a fashionable shop.[34]

Masc. [*Crying out suddenly*] O ! O ! O ! gently.

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[33] See note 22, page 232. According to Ash's Dictionary, 1775, *canons*, are "cannions, a kind of boot hose, an ancient dress for the legs."

[34] Without going into details about the phraseology of the *précieuses*, of which the ridiculousness has appeared sufficiently in this scene, it will be observed that they used adverbs, as "furiously, terribly, awfully, extraordinarily, horribly, greatly," and many more, in such a way that they often appear absurd, as, "I love you horribly," or, "he was greatly small." Such a way of speaking is not unknown even at the present time in England ; we sometimes hear, "I like it awfully," "it is awfully jolly."

Damme, ladies, you use me very ill; I have reason[35] to complain of your behaviour; it is not fair.

Cat. What is the matter with you?

Masc. What! two at once against my heart! to attack me thus right and left! Ha! This is contrary to the law of nations, the combat is too unequal, and I must cry out, "Murder!"

Cat. Well, he does say things in a peculiar way.

Mad. He is a consummate wit.

Cat. You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is even wounded.

Masc. The devil it does! it is wounded all over from head to foot.

SCENE XI.

CATHOS, MADELON, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE.[36]

Mar. Madam, somebody asks to see you.

Mad. Who?

Mar. The Viscount de Jodelet.

Masc. The Viscount de Jodelet?

Mar. Yes, sir.

Cat. Do you know him?

Masc. He is my most intimate friend.

Mad. Shew him in immediately.

Masc. We have not seen each other for some time; I am delighted to meet him.

Cat. Here he comes.

---

[35] I employ here the words "to have reason," because that verb, in the sense of "to have a right, to be right," seems to have been a courtly expression in Dryden's time. Old Moody answers to Sir Martin Mar-all (Act iii., Scene 3), "You have reason, sir. There he is again, too; the town phrase; a great compliment I wis! *you have reason*, sir; that is, you are no beast, sir."

[36] See Appendix, Note D.

SCENE XII.

CATHOS, MADELON, JODELET, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE, ALMANZOR.[37]

Masc. Ah, Viscount!

Jod. Ah, Marquis! [*Embracing each other.*

Masc. How glad I am to meet you!

Jod. How happy I am to see you here.

Masc. Embrace me once more, I pray you.[38]

Mad. [*To Cathos*] My dearest, we begin to be known; people of fashion find the way to our house.

Masc. Ladies, allow me to introduce this gentleman to you. Upon my word, he deserves the honour of your acquaintance.

Jod. It is but just we should come and pay you what we owe; your charms demand their lordly rights from all sorts of people.

Mad. You carry your civilities to the utmost confines of flattery.

Cat. This day ought to be marked in our diary as a red-letter day.

Mad. [*To Almanzor*] Come, boy, must you always be told things over and over again? Do you not observe there must be an additional chair.

Masc. You must not be astonished to see the Viscount thus; he has but just recovered from an illness, which, as you perceive, has made him so pale.[39]

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[37] See Appendix, Note E.

[38] It was then the fashion for young courtiers to embrace each other repeatedly with exaggerated gestures, uttering all the while loud exclamations. The Viscount de Jodelet is the caricature of a courtier of a former reign; he is very old, very pale, dressed in sombre colours, speaks slowly and through the nose. Geoffrin, the actor, who played this part, was at least seventy years old.

[39] Molière here alludes to the complexion of the actor Geoffrin. See Note 2, page 111.

Jod. The consequence of continual attendance at court and the fatigues of war.

Masc. Do you know, ladies, that in the Viscount you behold one of the heroes of the age. He is a very valiant man.[40]

Jod. Marquis, you are not inferior to me; we also know what you can do.

Masc. It is true we have seen one another at work when there was need for it.

Jod. And in places where it was hot.

Masc. [*Looking at Cathos and Madelon*] Ay, but not so hot as here. Ha, ha, ha!

Jod. We became acquainted in the army; the first time we saw each other he commanded a regiment of horse aboard the galleys of Malta.

Masc. True, but for all that you were in the service before me; I remember that I was but a young officer when you commanded two thousand horse.

Jod. War is a fine thing; but, upon my word, the court does not properly reward men of merit like us.

Masc. That is the reason I intend to hang up my sword.

Cat. As for me, I have a tremendous liking for gentlemen of the army.[41]

Mad. I love them too; but I like bravery seasoned with wit.

---

[40] In the original *un brave à trois poils*, literally, "a brave man with three hairs." This is an allusion to the moustache and pointed beard on the chin, then called *royale*. We have seen the fashion revived in our days by the late emperor of the French, Napoleon III., and his courtiers; of course, the *royale* was then called *impériale*.

[41] Cathos, who only repeats what her cousin says, and has observed that Mascarille admires Madelon, is resolved to worship more particularly the Viscount de Jodelet.

Masc. Do you remember, Viscount, our taking that half-moon from the enemy at the siege of Arras ?[42]

Jod. What do you mean by a half-moon ? It was a complete full moon.

Masc. I believe you are right.

Jod. Upon my word, I ought to remember it very well. I was wounded in the leg by a hand-grenade, of which I still carry the marks. Pray, feel it, you can perceive what sort of a wound it was.

Cat. [*Putting her hand to the place*] The scar is really large.

Masc. Give me your hand for a moment, and feel this; there, just at the back of my head. Do you feel it ?

Mad. Ay, I feel something.

Masc. A musket shot which I received the last campaign I served in.

Jod. (*Unbuttoning his breast.*) Here is a wound which went quite through me at the attack of Gravelines.[43]

Masc. (*Putting his hand upon the button of his breeches.*) I am going to shew you a tremendous wound.

Mad. There is no occasion for it, we believe it without seeing it.

Masc. They are honour's marks, that show what a man is made of.

Cat. We have not the least doubt of the valour of you both.[44]

Masc. Viscount, is your coach in waiting ?

Jod. Why ?

Masc. We shall give these ladies an airing, and offer them a collation.

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[42] Turenne compelled the Prince de Condé and the Spanish army to raise the siege of Arras in 1654.

[43] In 1658, the Marshal de la Ferté took this town from the Spaniards.

[44] See Appendix, Note F.

Mad. We cannot go out to-day.

Masc. Let us send for musicians then, and have a dance.

Jod. Upon my word, that is a happy thought.

Mad. With all our hearts, but we must have some additional company.

Masc. So ho! Champagne, Picard, Bourguignon, Cascaret, Basque, La Verdure, Lorrain, Provençal, La Violette.[45] I wish the deuce took all these footmen! I do not think there is a gentleman in France worse served than I am! These rascals are always out of the way.

Mad. Almanzor, tell the servants of my lord marquis to go and fetch the musicians, and ask some of the gentlemen and ladies hereabouts to come and people the solitude of our ball. [*Exit Almanzor*

Masc. Viscount, what do you say of those eyes?

Jod. Why, Marquess, what do you think of them yourself?

Masc. I? I say that our liberty will have much difficulty to get away from here scot free. At least mine has suffered most violent attacks; my heart hangs by a single thread.

Mad. How natural is all he says! he gives to things a most agreeable turn.

Cat. He must really spend a tremendous deal of wit.

Masc. To show you that I am in earnest, I shall make some extempore verses upon my passion. [*Seems to think.*

Cat. O! I beseech you by all that I hold sacred, let us hear something made upon us.

Jod. I should be glad to do so too, but the quantity

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[45] These names, with the exception of *Cascaret*, *La Verdure* and *La Violette* are those of natives of different provinces, and were often given to footmen, according to the place where they were born. *Cascaret* is of Spanish origin, and not seldom used as a name for servants; *La Verdure* means, verdure; *La Violette*, violet.

of blood that has been taken from me lately, has greatly exhausted my poetic vein.

Masc. Deuce take it! I always make the first verse well, but I find the others more difficult. Upon my word, this is too short a time; but I will make you some extempore verses at my leisure, which you shall think the finest in the world.

Jod. He is devilish witty.

Mad. He—his wit is so gallant and well expressed.

Masc. Viscount, tell me, when did you see the Countess last?

Jod. I have not paid her a visit these three weeks.

Masc. Do you know that the duke came to see me this morning; he would fain have taken me into the country to hunt a stag with him?

Mad. Here come our friends.[46]

SCENE XIII.

LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, CATHOS, MADELON, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, ALMANZOR, AND MUSICIANS.

Mad. Lawk! my dears, we beg your pardon. These gentlemen had a fancy to put life into our heels; we sent for you to fill up the void of our assembly.

Luc. We are certainly much obliged to you for doing so.

Masc. This is a kind of extempore ball, ladies, but one of these days we shall give you one in form. Have the musicians come?

Alm. Yes, sir, they are here.

Cat. Come then, my dears, take your places.

Masc. [*Dancing by himself and singing*] La, la, la la, la, la, la, la.

[46] See Appendix, Note G.

Mad. What a very elegant shape he has.

Cat. He looks as if he were a first-rate dancer.

Masc. [*Taking out Madelon to dance*] My freedom will dance a Couranto[47] as well as my feet. Play in time, musicians, in time. O what ignorant wretches! There is no dancing with them. The devil take you all, can you not play in time? La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la? Steady, you country-scrapers!

Jod. [*Dancing also*] Hold, do not play so fast. I have but just recovered from an illness.

SCENE XIV.

DU CROISY, LA GRANGE, CATHOS, MADELON, LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, JODELET, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE, AND MUSICIANS.

La Gr. [*With a stick in his hand*] Ah! ah! scoundrels, what are you doing here? We have been looking for you these three hours. [*He beats Mascarille*]

Masc. Oh! oh! oh! you did not tell me that blows should be dealt about.

Jod. [*Who is also beaten*] Oh! oh! oh!

La Gr. It becomes you well, you rascal, to pretend to be a man of rank.

Du Cr. This will teach you to know yourself.

SCENE XV.

CATHOS, MADELON, LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, AND MUSICIANS.

Mad. What is the meaning of this?

Jod. It is a wager.

---

47 A Couranto was a very grave, Spanish dance, or rather march, but in which the feet did not rise from the ground.

Cat. What, allow yourselves to be beaten thus?

Masc. Good Heavens! I did not wish to appear to take any notice of it; because I am naturally very violent, and should have flown into a passion.

Mad. To suffer an insult like this in our presence!

Masc. It is nothing. Let us not leave off. We have known one another for a long time, and among friends one ought not to be so quickly offended for such a trifle.

SCENE XVI.

DU CROISY, LA GRANGE, MADELON, CATHOS, LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, AND MUSICIANS.

La Gr. Upon my word, rascals, you shall not laugh at us, I promise you. Come in, you there. [*Three or four men enter*]

Mad. What means this impudence to come and disturb us in our own house?

Du Cr. What, ladies, shall we allow our footmen to be received better than ourselves? Shall they come to make love to you at our expense, and even give a ball in your honour?

Mad. Your footmen?

La Gr. Yes, our footmen; and you must give me leave to say that it is not acting either handsome or honest to spoil them for us, as you do.

Mad. O Heaven! what insolence!

La Gr. But they shall not have the advantage of our clothes to dazzle your eyes. Upon my word, if you are resolved to like them, it shall be for their handsome looks only. Quick, let them be stripped immediately.

Jod. Farewell, a long farewell to all our fine clothes.[48]

Masc. The marquisate and viscountship are at an end.

Du Cr. Ah! ah! you knaves, you have the impudence to become our rivals. I assure you, you must go somewhere else to borrow finery to make yourselves agreeable to your mistresses.

La Gr. It is too much to supplant us, and that with our own clothes.

Masc. O fortune, how fickle you are!

Du Cr. Quick, pull off everything from them.

La Gr. Make haste and take away all these clothes. Now, ladies, in their present condition you may continue your amours with them as long as you please; we leave you perfectly free; this gentleman and I declare solemnly that we shall not be in the least degree jealous.

SCENE XVII.

MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, AND MUSICIANS.

Cat. What a confusion!

Mad. I am nearly bursting with vexation.

1 *Mus.* [*To Mascarille*] What is the meaning of this? Who is to pay us?

Masc. Ask my lord the viscount.

1 *Mus.* [*To Jodelet*] Who is to give us our money?

Jod. Ask my lord the marquis.

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[48] The original has *braverie;* brave, and bravery, had formerly also the meaning of showy, gaudy, rich, in English. Fuller in *The Holy State*, bk. ii., c. 18, says: "If he (the good yeoman) chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery."

SCENE XVIII.

GORGIBUS, MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, AND MUSICIANS.

Gorg. Ah! you hussies, you have put us in a nice pickle, by what I can see; I have heard about your fine goings on from those two gentlemen who just left.

Mad. Ah, father! they have played us a cruel trick.

Gorg. Yes, it is a cruel trick, but you may thank your own impertinence for it, you jades. They have revenged themselves for the way you treated them; and yet, unhappy man that I am, I must put up with the affront.

Mad. Ah! I swear we will be revenged, or I shall die in the attempt. And you, rascals, dare you remain here after your insolence?

Masc. Do you treat a marquis in this manner? This is the way of the world; the least misfortune causes us to be slighted by those who before caressed us. Come along, brother, let us go and seek our fortune somewhere else; I perceive they love nothing here but outward show, and have no regard for worth unadorned. [*They both leave.*

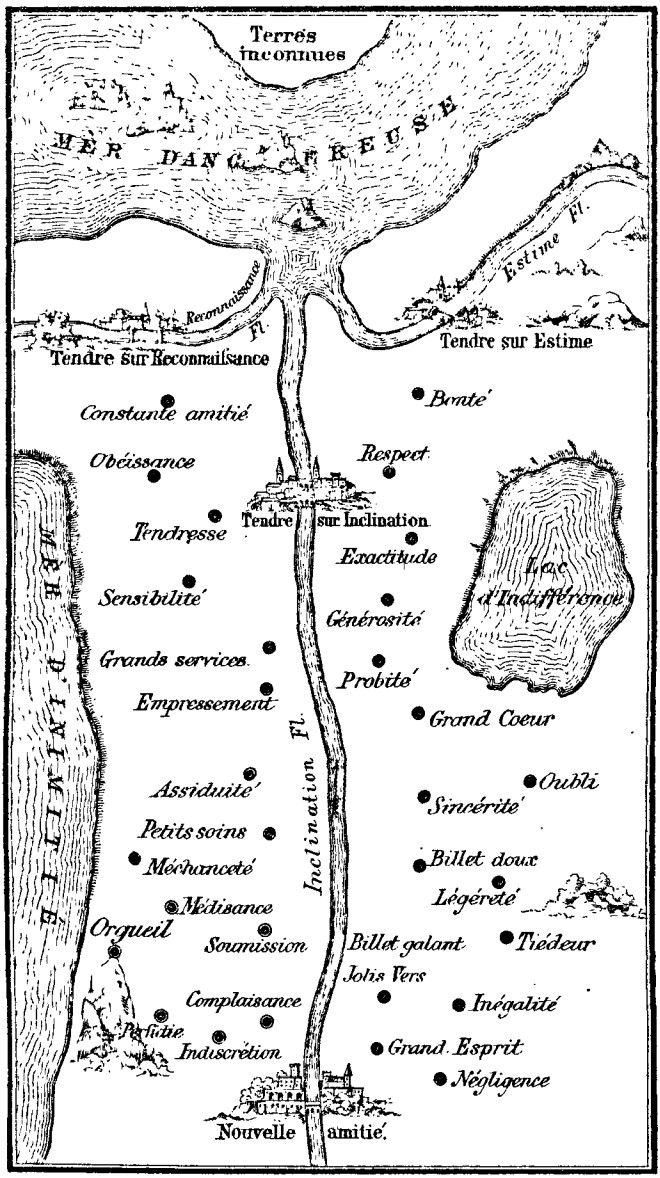
SCENE XIX.

GORGIBUS, MADELON, CATHOS, AND MUSICIANS.

1 *Mus.* Sir, as they have not paid us, we expect you to do so, for it was in this house we played.

Gorg. [*Beating them*] Yes, yes, I shall satisfy you; this is the coin I will pay you in. As for you, you sluts, I do not know why I should not serve you in the same way; we shall become the common talk and laughing-stock of everybody; this is what you have brought upon your-

selves by your fooleries. Out of my sight and hide yourselves, you jades; go and hide yourselves for ever. [*Alone*] And you, that are the cause of their folly, you stupid trash, mischievous amusements for idle minds, you novels, verses, songs, sonnets, and sonatas, the devil take you all!


Terres inconnues
MER DANGEREUSE
Reconnaissance Fl.
Estime Fl.
Tendre sur Reconnaissance
Tendre sur Estime
Bonté
Constante amitié
Obéissance
Respect
Tendre sur Inclination
Tendresse
Exactitude
Lac d'Indifférence
Sensibilité
Générosité
Grands services
Probité
Empressement
Grand Coeur
MER D'INIMITIÉ
Inclination Fl.
Assiduité
Oubli
Sincérité
Petits soins
Billet doux
Médisance
Légéreté
Orgueil
Soumission
Billet galant
Tiédeur
Jolis Vers
Complaisance
Inégalité
Perfidie
Indiscrétion
Grand Esprit
Négligence
Nouvelle amitié

APPENDIX.

A, Page 225.

MAP OF THE COUNTRY OF TENDERNESS.

In the map of the country of Tenderness it will be seen that *Tendre* is bounded on the north by *the dangerous sea*, on the west by *the inimical sea*, and on the east by *the lake of indifference*. There are three rivers in *Tendre*. Right in the middle flows the chief river, *Inclination*, which runs into the *Mer dangereuse*. Two towns are situated on its shores: to the south the frontier-town, *Nouvelle amitié;* higher up, nearly in the middle of the empire, the capital, *Tendre sur Inclination*. The two other rivers, *Estime* and *Reconnaissance*, fall also in the *Mer dangereuse*; and on their shores are two large towns, *Tendre sur Estime* and *Tendre sur Reconnaissance*. If any one wishes to go from *Nouvelle amitié* to *Tendre sur Inclination* he has only to follow the level high-road or travel by water on the broad river. But if he wishes to go from *Nouvelle amitié* to *Tendre sur Estime* or to *Tendre sur Reconnaissance*, he has to pass many mountains and places. The first road leads through the villages *Grand Esprit*, *Jolis vers*, *Billet galant*, *Billet doux*, *Sincérité*, *Grand Cœur*, *Probité*, *Genérosité*, *Exactitude*, *Respect*, and *Bonté;* but if he loses his way, and strays to the right in the village *Négligence*, he will arrive, through *Inégalité*, *Tiédeur*, *Légèreté*, and *Oubli* to the *Lac d'Indifférence*. If he wishes to go from *Nouvelle Amitié* to *Tendre sur Reconnaissance*, he passes through the villages *Complaisance*, *Soumission*, *Petits Soins*, *Assiduité*, *Empressement*, *Grands Services*, *Sensibilité*, *Tendresse*, *Obéissance*, and *Constante Amitié;* but if he strays to the left, he may, after having gone through the places *Indiscrétion*, *Perfidie*, *Orgueil*, *Médisance*, and *Méchanceté*, be drowned into the *Mer d'Inimitié*. This allegorical map of the country of *Tendre* became so much the fashion that many imitations were published, such as a map of the Kingdom of Love (*Carte du Royaume d'Amour*), a description of the Kingdom of Coquetry, and even a *Carte du Jansénisme*.

B, Page 230.

Madelon is called in Flecknoe's *Damoiselles à la Mode* Mary, and Cathos Anne; the father is named Bonhomme, the maid Lysette, the two lovers Du Buisson and La Fleur—this, by the by, is a servant's

name. The complaint of the Lovers about the ill way they have been treated by the fair objects of their love and the remarks of the old gentleman to his daughter and niece are nearly the same in Flecknoe and Molière, though the first is a little coarser. We give however the meeting between the Marquis Mascarillio, the Count Jodelet, and the *Damoiselles* (Act III. scene 3).

Enter MADEMOISELLE, MARY AND ANNE.

Masc. [*Addresses himself unto them*] Oh Heavens! oh paradise!

Lys. Hai day! this Mounsieur has got the *French* staggers right.

Masc. Most fair, and most accomplished Ladies, if I importune you with my visit, 't is your perfections have brought this trouble on your selves, of which I am so great an Idolater, as where e're 't is found, I needs must go to reverence and honour it.

Mary. Noble sir there 's no perfection here, but only what you bring along with you.

Masc. Now by your fair Eyes, Ladies, which like Suns, illuminate all this other Hemisphear; your Graces and Perfection are so great, as for Wit, Beauty, and true Gallantry, you *pic*, *repic* and *Capot*, all the Ladies in Paris else.

Anne. You may say what you please Sir, but we are not so vain to lend the serious of our belief, unto the Raollery (*sic*) of your Complement,—I marry sister, this is a brave man indeed! you may see Nobility in his very Meen!

Mary. I, and in 's fashion and behaviour too! who 's there? some *Chamber Pulpits* strait.

Anne. Some chairs. [*They set chairs*] Some chair there,—please you sir to sit, here 's a Chair that stretches forth it arms, and shou'd be glad and proud o' th' honour of embracing you.

C, Page 236.

The extempore verses of Mascarille in the *Damoiselles à la Mode* are as follows:

Ah, ha! And have I caught you (as they say,
Mos *did his Mare*) *stealing my heart away.*
And wo'd you run away with 't when y' ave don;
I' fa'ith, i' faith, for all you 'd fain be gone,
I'll make you dearly pay for 't e're you part;
Stop Thief, stop Thief, my heart, my heart, my heart.

The remarks on these beautiful verses and on Mascarille's singing, which Ann calls "the very Harmony of the Spheres," are nearly alike in both plays. Then Mascarille exclaims: "I can hold no longer, ah, ah! . . . Now, by your soft and sweeter bosoms Ladies, those perfum'd pillows that love does rest upon! you even ravish my heart out of my breast; methinks it hangs only by a slender string! Oh, oh, oh! I

languish, faint and die!" When Count Jodelet is announced, Mascarille says, he was "my only Comrade in all our former Wars; why *Pylades* and *Orestes*, and *Damon* and *Pithias* were meer strangers and enemies, compared unto us two . . . now . . . you shall see the gallantest man in France, and bravest soldier, brave upon brave, a three pyld brave." Jodelet makes his remarks, and offers to show his wounds in nearly the same manner as in Molière. Then the lackeys' masters come in and beat them off.

Crowne in his *Sir Courtly Nice* has also imitated Mascarille's extempore lines as follows:

"As I gaz'd unaware,
On a Face so fair;
Your cruel Eye,
Lay watching by
To snap my heart,
Which you did wi' such art;
That away wi 't you ran,
Whil 'st I look'd on,——
To my ruin and grief;
Stop Thief——stop Thief."

D, Page 241.

In Miller's *Man of Taste* the conversation between Maria and Dorothea (Madelon and Cathos) is nearly the same as in the *Précieuses ridicules*. Mascarille is there called Martin, and under the name of Lord Apemode is introduced to the young ladies. He is less of a dressed-up flunkey, and more of a satirist, than his prototype in the French play. We shall now give part of the same scene from the *Man of Taste* (Act ii.), chiefly because it is so thoroughly English in its tone:

Maria. But you was educated at the University, I suppose, my Lord?

Martin. Alas, Madam, no, no, that 's quite out of Fashion. A College is good for nothing but to make one Slovenly and Pedantick. The Education of People of Fashion is now-a-days more at large.

Dorothea. But then you have travell'd, to be sure, my Lord.

Mart. Yes, madam . . . I have rode *Post* thro' every Town in *Great Britain* . . . for 't is necessary, you know, to be perfectly well acquainted with one's own Country first. After that, madam, I drove all *Europe* over, and I think I may say, without Vanity, to as much purpose as most People of Quality now-a-days do! D'ye see this Lace, madam?

Maria. As fine as a Cobweb, my Lord.

Mart. This I purchas'd at *Brussels*. This Embroidery I had done for me in *Paris*.

Doro. Wonderfully rich !

Mart. This Linen, wove on purpose at *Cambray.*

Maria. No Cambrick comes up to it.

Mart. This Diamond Button, Madam . . .

Maria. Ah ! it puts out my Eyes . . .

Mart. This Brilliant I bought of a *Jew* at the *Hogue.* Then as for my Solitaire——Um ! I have forgot where 'twas made . . . But my *Chaplain* kept the Journal of my Travels, I can know of him ; I think 't is larger by some inches than any I have seen.

Doro. Most extremely genteel !

Mart. So you see, Ladies, I did not go Abroad for nothing ; I'm come Home a little more improved than I went.

Maria. Superlatively compleat ! your Lordship has not an Inch of any thing English about you.

Mart. Nothing, nothing, Madam, except this Oaken-stick in my Hand : this indeed is the product of *Windsor Forest.*

Maria. Ay, my Lord, an *English* Club is fit to keep *English* Bull-dogs at a Distance.

Mart. D' ye observe what a furious grim Phiz here is : now when a Man is affronted, 't is only shewing the Face of his Staff, and he has no Occasion to discompose his own Countenance, you know.

Doro. True, my Lord . . . But did your Lordship bring home nothing from *Rome?*

Mart. A whole Barnful of Curiosities, Madam : Old Coins, Medals, Statues, and Pictures by the Hundred Weight.

Maria. All Antiques and Originals, to be sure.

Mart. Truly, Madam, I can't tell that ; I was not at the Pains of collecting them myself. They are what they should be, tho' I don't question ; for they cost a horrid deal of money, and the Price you know in these cases is the only thing we ever judge by.

Doro. We 'll come and see 'em, my Lord, and give our Opinion.

Mart. Lack-a-day, Madam, they are all huddled together for the present, for want of Apartments proper to place 'em in ; but I have sent my Builder over to *Venice,* to bring home a score or two of Models, and then I shall immediately fall to Building . . . 'Tis Building ! Building, Madam ! by which a Man now must manifest his Taste.

Maria. Oh, I adore our new way of Building ! so delicate ! so quite *Novelle* and out of the Way.

Mart. Such noble *Rusticks* without, such elegant *Stuccho* within, and such a grove of Chimnies on Top ?

Doro. With Windows no larger than the Mount of one's Fan !

Maria. And a Wall before, as high again as the House, which serves so sublimely for a *Blind,* and by which Means the insolent Rays of the Sun are so utterly excluded, that one would think one's self at Noon-day in some underground Cavern !

Mart. Right, Madam, but then a *Lanthorn* in the Hall as big as

a Light-house ; and such a Blaze of Wax in the Evening, is so charming ! such a polite turning of Night in every respect into Day, that nothing better could ever have been thought of !

Maria. Superlatively exquisite . . . But come, my Lord, we are going to *Deard's* this Morning to purchase a few Rings and Shells, and some other Necessaries ; shan't we have the Assistance of your Lordship's Fancy ?

Doro. That shop is a Cabinet of Delights ? one might lay out a whole Fortune there before one knew one had got any thing one wanted . . . Come, my Lord, you 'll go with us.

Mart. Why, to tell you the truth, Madam, I 'm engaged to be at a famous Auction of Books this Morning.

Maria. Your Lordship, I suppose, is a very great Reader ?

Mart. Yes, Madam . . . of very small things ! a Sixpenny Poem or Pamphlet, now and then a Monthly Magazine, and if I want a Nap after Dinner . . . a Weekly Journal.

Maria. Oh, no body of Taste reads any thing now above a Pamphlet or News-paper.

Mart. No, . . . no more than they study any thing above Quadrille or an Opera Song . . . But a Man must have a Library, you know, and then he must have books to put in it . . . and if the Gilding be good they make a pretty orderly Figure enough.

Doro. True, my Lord . . . But this shan't serve for an Excuse.

Maria. No, he positively shall go. [*Taking hold of his Sleeve*

Doro. [*Taking hold of the other Sleeve.*] Yes, we insist upon it.

Mart. [*Bawling out suddenly.*] Hold ! hold ! hold ! What d' ye mean, Ladies, what d' ye mean ! What Usage is this ? Murder ! murder !

Maria. Bless me ! What 's the Matter, my Lord ?

Mart. What ! both at once against my Heart ? to attack me Right and Left thus ! 'Tis contrary to the Law of Nations ; Two to one is downright Cruelty, Butchery, Murder, and Manslaughter.

Maria. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Admirable ! Witty beyond Measure !

Doro. You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before 'tis wounded.

Mart. S' life, madam, I 'm all one Wound from Head to Foot.

Maria. Come along then, come along, you merry Mortal, for go you shall.

Mart. Nay, Madam, I find 't is in vain for me to resist ; I must be a Sacrifice to such potent Charms.

So the poor Sheep, with fragrant Flowers array'd,
Is dragg'd a Victim to the Cyprian Maid ;
The best and fattest must her Power appease,
So fatal 't is alas ! too much to please !
In vain it strives, in vain it bleats, poor Beast !
Since doom'd it is, and at each Horn a Priest.

E, Page 242.

In Miller's *Man of Taste* Jodelet is called Reynard, and he assumes the name of Colonel Cockade. The conversation between the disguised lackeys and the ladies is pretty nearly the same as in Molière's play, though it is not quite in the taste of the *Précieuses*. Even if they are ridiculous, they would not say, what Maria states to Martin: "I have often thought it, my Lord, a very great Hardship that we Women mayn't frequent Mr Figg's Amphitheatre,[1] as well as you gentlemen." But the scene (Act IV.) ends thus:—

Martin. I resolv'd to crown all with a Smattering of Philosophy; and for that purpose am now *Fellow of the Royal Society.*

Reynard. And I am a Free Mason, Ladies, which is the same thing, you know . . .

Mart. Come Ladies, what say you of making a party for the *French* Players? There's a charming Piece perform'd here to-night.

Reyn. Where our unpolish'd Beef-and-Pudding *English* Clowns are so roasted!

Maria. I have neglected my *French* so shamefully of late, I shouldn't understand 'em enough to find out the sense of the play.

Mart. The sense of the play! ha, ha, ha! . . . Why, madam, you may find out all the sense that's in it without understanding a single syllable.

Maria. Well, that's fine!

Mart. Besides, 'tis being ten times more Polite, Madam . . . 'tis quite out of Fashion to go to any thing one understands.

Reyn. Ay, Madam, 'tis the Beauty of all polite Diversions not to put People upon the Drudgery of Thinking. The Eye and the Ear are enough to be employ'd . . . enough in Conscience.

Mart. And let me tell you, Ladies, we that are at the head of these Things, are negociating an Affair which will raise our Diversions to a much nobler Pitch. . . . In short, we are in treaty with all the Princes of *Europe*, to furnish us with Strolers of every Country . . . in twenty unknown Languages at least; so that we shall have Performers of every Nation in Europe . . . but our own.

Reyn. And all this, too, Ladies, at the most trifling Expense imaginable . . . as we have contriv'd it.

Mart. Not above Fifty Thousand a Year at most . . . and suppose every Penny of it should be carried out of the Kingdom, what's that to a wealthy trading Nation, you know?

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[1] Mr Jim Figg's Amphitheatre was a place chiefly devoted to pugilistic encounters.

Maria. A mere Trifle . . . I'll subscribe a hundred a year my self. . . . Hark'e Lisetta . . . tell Mr Snip the Mercer that he must stay another Twelvemonth, at least, for his money.

Doro. Ay, let a hundred of those home-bred Animals starve, rather than abate a Foreigner One Shilling of his Demand.

Mart. Well, Ladies, if you are not for regaling on *Francisque*, what think you of a Taste of *Faronelli* to-night?[2]

Doro. Oh! that charming creature, *Faronelli!*

Maria. Oh, Ravishing! Transporting! Killing!

Doro. Admiration itself can't express it.

Maria. Dying is too little. He does more than kill one. . . . But, my dear Lord, how barbarously d'ye think I was treated last time I was to hear him?

Mart. Truly, Madam, I can't tell: squeez'd to a Jelly, I suppose.

Maria. Oh, worse than that.

Mart. Worse than that! lost your Watch or Snuff-Box, perhaps.

Maria. Worse, much worse!

Mart. How! Nay then, I can't guess.

Maria. Why, I had a great fat She-Creature sat next me, that had got the Phthisick, and wheezed so hideously all the time, that I could not hear a single Piano! . . .

Mart. Oh, the Brute! that she must needs breathe, indeed.

Maria. A Citizen! an Alderman's Wife, I'll be sworn! I could have almost wished her Husband's Fur-Gown had been ramm'd into her throat.

Reyn. Ha, ha, ha! But come, Ladies, shall we attend you there?

Maria. We can't possibly stir out this Evening, Sir.

Mart. Let us have Musick here then, and divert ourselves with a Dance.

Reyn. Well thought of, my Lord!

Maria. That we consent to.

When it is discovered that the fine Gentlemen, Martin (Mascarille) and Reynard (Jodelet) are but lackeys, the latter says: "Ay, Brother Martin, Virtue without fine Cloaths is like a Book without fine Binding, not fit to appear before People of Quality and Politeness."

F, Page 244.

The end of Flecknoe's *Damoiselles à la mode* is really ingenuous, though the whole play is one of the most complete and ridiculous muddles we ever read. The masters, Messieurs Du Buisson and La Fleur come in "gallantly attired;" Mascarille and Jodelet, "in their laqueyes clothes," beg of them; the waiting-woman informs them that her mistresses have become reformed characters, that now they read

only spiritual books, and make nothing but "salves and unguents for the poor." Mary and Anne thereupon enter, the first with a book, the other with a gallypot in her hand; but the book is the first part of the *Grand Cyrus*, and the gallypot contains "the best Pomatum as ever skin'd Ladies face." Before they are found out the following scene takes place (Act v. sc. 10):—

Mary. (We) mean to leave off this vain and wicked world, and betake us presently to a Nunnery.

Bonhomme. Come, come, leave this fooling, and talk no more of Nunneries, but think of Marriage; behold your Husbands here.

Anne. Which?

Bonh. Why these here, don't you see?

Anne. Who, those? with those profane legs there in surplices!

Du Buisson. They're turn'd Fanaticks.

Mary. And those light shuttle-cock heads that look as if they'd fly.

Anne. No, those whom we were to marry were grave and sober gentlemen, and far from the folly and levity of these.

Mary. Sure these are the Lacqueys agen!

Bonh. Come, come, leave your fooling, I say; I tell you these are they.

Mary. If they be, we are much beholding to them sure, to inveigh against the fashion, and the mode, and cry out against vanity, whilst th' ar a hundred times more vain themselves.

Du Buisson. Oh now I perceive what they'd be at!—No, no, far be it from us to prohibit you anything you have a mind unto, or seek to be your Masters, but follow the mode and fashions, read *Romances*, do what you will, you shall find us always your servants.

Mary. Nay, then, to shew ourselves right women, now we may, we will not, but thus we throw them all away, which had you sought to have made us do by any other way than gentleness, we wou'd have died e're ever we wou'd have done. [*They throw away their Book and Pot.*

Anne. Mean time don't think you have deceiv'd us with your fine plot there, for I hope by what w'ave done, you see we have our plots as well as you, and cou'd too, if we list, deceive you too.

Du Bu. We confess and acknowledge it.

Mary. And now we'll be idolatrous of the mode no more, nor think that Lady damm'd who's out o' th' fashion.

Anne. Nor call a leg without Canons a leg in Herauldry, or Hat without Feathers the Quaker's block.

Mary. Nor read Romances so long till we imagine our selves the *Amaranths* and Polixens we read of.

Du Bu. Enough, enough.

F, Page 244.

The language of the *Précieuses* is imitated by Mrs Fantast and Mr Trim in the following dialogue of Shadwell's *Busy Fair* (ii. 1). The boasting of the two mock-noblemen is also imitated by the French Count, who is a hair-dresser in disguise.

TRIM, MRS FANTAST. *Scene*—BUSY FAIR.

Trim. Not all the Clouds assembled in the Firmament can hide, or can Eclipse so muffle the Sun, but we poor Mortals know it shines, and feel the warm effects. Why should Dorinda think to blunt her pointed Glories, or conceal the radiant Lustre of her conquering Beams!

Mrs F. I see, to the quick-sighted Eugenius nothing is obscure. Nor cou'd Eugenius in the dark be hid: That golden Tongue, and that sweet Eloquence wou'd soon reveal him; as the proscrib'd Senator was by his Perfumes betray'd.

Trim. How does the bright Dorinda make me blush, when she commends my Eloquence; and in that very Act so much exceeds me!

Mrs F. Fine! very fine! *bien tourné!* that thought 's very *recherchée.* . . Nothing can be more engaging than the Wit and Breeding of Eugenius.

Trim. I see, there is no contending with Dorinda; she will have the Ascendant over poor Eugenius; his small Pinnace must strike Sail to her Admiral, Wit . . . Let me present to the fair Dorinda's Hands a little Offspring of my Brain, the tribute of my Morning service.

Mrs F. I was just going to present Eugenius with the Issue of my teeming Muse, who was deliv'red this Morning of a Pastoral; I must needs say, she had a good time, for she had an easie Labour; *Aurora Musis amica* . . .

LORD BELLAMY, MR WILDISH. *Enter the* FRENCH COUNT *with his Equipage, and* NICHOLAS, *his Page.*

Count. Nicholas.

Nic. Monsieur.

Count. Takè de Notice of dose two Garle, vatch dem; dey have de very fine Ayre.

Mrs F. His Person is *Charmant*, jaunt his Air, victorious his Mein: *Mon pauvre Cœur!* . . .

Count. Page, settè my Cravat-string. Ver well, ver well . . . Monsieur, Serviteur très-humble. Have you forgottè me?

Wild. Monsieur le Count de Cheveux!

Count. The same. I had de Honeur to wait upon you vid my Regiment of Gen d' Armes, on de right Attaque at Luxemburgh. Oh, my Lord Bellamy, I am surprisè ver much! you did Charge my Regiment at the Battel of Monts. I will say no more of dat; but, Begar, you did make us turnè de Back; vich de Regiment never did before, nor since: But is all one for dat, Serviteur très-humble.

Wild. You are welcome into England.

Count. I come to see de fine Ladèe, de grand Beautèe English which, Begar, is beyond all de Varle; yes indeed.

Lord B. You have learnt the Language?

Count. I speak a littel. I did keepè de Company vid de English Officers, de ver brave Gentleman indeed, to learnè de Langage; for I did resolvè to com dis plas, for see de Beautèe and de Wit of England.

G, Page 246.

The meeting between Mascarille, Jodelet, Madelon and Cathos in the *Pretentious Young Ladies*, has been imitated as follows by Mrs Behn in her *False Count* (iii. 2). Guilion is a chimney-sweep and a compound of Mascarille and Jodelet; Carlos is the governor of Cadiz; Francisco represents Gorgibus, but is more foolish, married, and of course, according to Mrs Behn, a cuckold; Isabella is a pretentious young lady; Julia, the wife of Francisco; Jacinta, her maid.

Enter GUILION, CARLOS, *and* PAGES, *&c.*, FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, JULIA, JACINTA.

Guil. How now, Fellow, where's this old Don *Francisco?*

Fran. I'm the Person, Sir.

Isa. Heavens, what an Air he has!

Guil. Art thou he? Old Lad, how dost thou do? Hah!

Fran. I don't know.

Guil. Thou knowest me not it seems, old Fellow, hah!

Fran. Know you—no, nor desire to do;—on what acquaintance, pray?

Guil. By Instinct, such as you ought to know a Person of Quality; and pay your Civilities naturally; in France, where I have travel'd, so much good manners is used, your Citizen pulls off his hat thus—to every Horse of Quality, and every Coach of Quality; and do you pay my proper Person no more respect, hah!

Isa. What a dishonour 's this, to me, to have so dull a Father, that needs to be instructed in his Duty.

Guil. But, Sir, to open the eyes of your understanding——here's a Letter to you from your Correspondent, a Merchant of *Sivil.*

[*Gives him a dirty Letter, which he wipes on his Cloak and reads, and begins to pull off his hat, and reading on, bows lower and lower till he have finished it.*

Fran. Cry Mercy, my Lord, and yet I wou'd he were a thousand Leagues off.

Guil. I have Bills of Exchange too, directed to thee, old Fellow, at *Sivil;* but finding thee not there, and I (as most persons of my Quality are) being something idle, and never out of my way, came to this Town, to seek thee, Fellow,—being recommended as thou seest here, old vermin—here. [*Gives him Bills.*

Isa. Ah what a graceful Mein he has! how fine his conversation! ah the difference between him and a Filthy Citizen.

Jul. *Clara* has told me all. [*Jacinta whispering to Jul.*

Car. That's she in the middle; stand looking on her languishingly,—your head a little a one side—so—fold your Arms,—good,—now and then heave your breast with a sigh,—most excellent. [*He groans.*

Fran. Bills for so many thousands.

Jac. He has you in his eye already,——

Isa. Ah, *Jacinta*, thou flatterest me.

Jac. Return him some kind looks in pity.

Car. That other's my Mistress,—— [*She sets her eyes and bows, &c.*] Could'st thou but keep this old Fellow in discourse whilst I give her the sign to retire a little.

Guil. I'll warrant you I'll banter him till you have cuckold him, if you manage matters as well as I.

Fran. My Lord, I ask your pardon for my rudeness in not knowing you before, which I ought to have done in good manners, I confess,—— who the devil does he stare at so?—Wife, I command you to withdraw, upon pain of our high displeasure.—My Lord, I shall dispatch your affairs,—he minds me not.—Ay, 'tis my Wife, I say Minion begone,—your Bills, my Lord, are good, and I accept 'em;—why a Devil he minds me not yet [*Julia goes to t' other side to Carlos*], and though I am not at my proper home, I am where I can command Money,—hum,—sure 'tis my daughter,—Ay, ay—'tis so, how if he should be smitten now; the plaguy jade had sure the spirit of Prophesie in her; 'tis so—'tis she—my Lord.

Guil. Prethee, old Fellow, Peace,—I am in Love.——

Fran. In Love—what, shall I be the Father of a Lord; wou'd it become me, think ye?—he's mighty full of Cogitabund;—my Lord,—sure his soul has left the Tenement of his Body,—I have his Bills here, and care not if it never return more. [*Looks over the Bills.*

Car. Dear *Julia*, let's retire, our time's but short.

Jul. I dare not with you, the venture wou'd be too bold in a young beginner in the Thefts of Love.

Guil. ——Her eyes are Suns of *Jove.*

Car. Oh, nothing is so vent'rous as Love, if it be true.

Guil. ——Or else, two Morning Stars,
All other Beauties are but Soot to her.

Jul. But shou'd my Husband——

Car. He's safe for one dear half hour, I'll warrant you. Come.

Fran. Um—my Wife here still,—must I begin to thunder?

Jul. Lord, and you be so forward, I'll be gone.——

Car. So her Husband, kind heart, lest she should be cruel, has himself given me the dear opportunity. [*Aside.*]—Be sure you keep the old Fellow in discourse awhile.

Guil. Be you as sure to cuckold him. [*Ex. Carlos and Julia.*]—Old Fellow,—prethee what Person of Quality is that?

Fran. Person of Quality, alas my Lord, 'tis a silly Citizen's Daughter.

Guil. A Citizen's; what clod of earth cou'd bring forth such a Beauty?

Fran. Alas, my Lord, I am the clod of Earth, and to Earth if you call it so she must return again, for she's to be married to a Citizen this Morning.

Guil. Oh! I am doubly wounded, first with her harmonious eyes,

Who've fir'd my heart to that degree,
No chimney ever burnt like me.

Fair Lady,—suffer the Broom of my affection to sweep all other Lovers from your heart.

Isa. Ah, my Lord, name it not, I'm this day to be married.

Guil. To-day;—name me the Man; Man, did I say, the Monster that dares lay claim to her I deign to love. None answer me,—I'll make him smoak, by *Vulcan*—and all the rest of the Goddesses.

Fran. Bless me, what a furious thing this Love is!

Guil. By this bright sword, that is so used to slaughter [*Draws*], he dies. Old Fellow, say——the Poltroon's name.

Fran. Oh fearful—alas, dread Sir!

Isa. Ah! sheath your Sword, and calm your generous Rage.

Guil. I cannot brook a Rival in my Love, the rustling Pole of my affection is too strong to be resisted.

[*Runs raging up and down the stage, with his sword in his hand.*

Isa. I cannot think, my Lord, so mean a Beauty can so suddenly charm a heart so great as yours.

Guil. Oh! you're mistaken. As soon as I cast my eyes on the full moon of your countenance, I was struck blind and dumb.

Fran. Ay, and deaf too, I'll be sworn; he cou'd neither hear, see, nor understand; this Love's a miraculous thing.

Guil. And that Minute, the most renown'd Don *Guilielmo Roderigo de Chimney Sweperio*, became your Galley slave. I say no more, but that I do love,—and I will love, and that if you are but half so willing as I, I will dub you Viscountess *de Chimney Sweperio.*

Isa. I am in Heaven, ah! I dye *Jacinta.* How can I credit this, say no more, I'll do't.

Fran. Do't, but my Lord, and with what face can I put off Seignior *Antonio*, hum.

Guil. Antonio,——hay, Pages, give order that *Antonio* be instantly run through the Lungs,—d'ye hear?

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! run through the Lungs?

Page. It shall be done, my Lord, but what *Antonio?*

Guil. Why, any *Antonio;* all the *Antonios* that you find in *Cadiz.*

Fran. Oh, what bloody minded Monsters these Lords are! But, my Lord, I'll here give you the trouble of killing him. I'll put him off

with a handsome Compliment; as thus,——Why, look ye, Friend *Antonio*, the business is this, my Daughter *Isabella* may marry a Lord, and you may go fiddle.

Guil. Ay, that's civil,—and if he do not desist, I'll unpeople Spain but I'll kill him; for, Madam, I'll tell you what happened to me in the Court of France. There was a Lady in the Court in love with me—— she took a liking to my Person which,——I think,——you will confess——

Isa. To be the most accomplisht in the World.

Guil. I had some sixscore Rivals, they all took snuff; that is, were angry,——at which I smiled;——they were incensed, at which I laught, ha, ha, ha,——i' faith; they rag'd, I—when I met 'em—cockt, thus—— *en passant*——justled 'em——thus [*Overthrows Francisco.*] They turn'd and frown'd,——thus,——I——drew——

Fran. What, on all the sixscore, my Lord?

Guil. All, all; sa, sa, quoth I, sa, sa, sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Fences him round the stage.*

Fran. Hold, hold, my Lord, I am none of the sixscore.

Guil. And run 'em all through the Body.

Fran. Oh Heavens; and kill'd 'em all.

Guil. Not a Man,—— only run 'em through the body a little, that's all, my two boys were by, my Pages here.

Isa. Is it the fashion, Sir, to be attended by Pages so big?

Guil. Pages of Honour always;—— these were stinted at nurse, or they had been good proper fellows.

Fran. I am so frighted with this relation, that I must up to my Wife's Chamber for a little of that strong Cordial that recovered her this morning. [*Going out, Guilion stays him.*

Guil. Why, I'll tell you sir, what an odd sort of a wound I received in a Duel the other day,——nay, Ladies, I'll show it you; in a very odd place——in my back parts.

[*Goes to untuck his breeches, the Ladies squeak.*

Isa. Ah.

Page. Show a wound behind, sir, the Ladies will think you are a coward.

Guil. Peace, child, peace, the Ladies understand Duelling as little as myself;——but, since you are so tender-hearted, Ladies, I'll not show my wound; but faith, it spoiled my dancing. [*Page comes in.*

Page. My Lord, now you talk of dancing, here's your baggage brought from aboard the Gally by your sea-men, who us'd to entertain you with their rustick sports.

Guil. Very well; sir, with your permission, I am resolved, whether you will or no, to give the Ladies some divertisement,——bid 'em come in; nay, sir, you stir not. [*Exit Page.*] 'Tis for your delight, sir, I do't; for, sir, you must understand, a man, if he have any thing in him, sir, of Honour, for the case, sir, lies thus, 'tis not the business of an Army

to droll upon an Enemy,—truth is, every man loves a whole skin ;—but 'twas the fault of the best Statesman in Christendom to be loose in the hilts ;——you conceive me.

Fran. Very well, my Lord, I'll swear he's a rare spoken man ;—— why? what a son-in-law shall I have ! I have a little business, my Lord, but I'll wait on you presently. [*Going out.*

Guil. —— Sir, there is nothing like your true jest, a thing once well done, is twice done, and I am the happiest man in the World in your alliance ;——for, sir, a Nobleman if he have any tollerable parts,—— is a thing much above the Vulgar ;——oh,——here come the Dancers.

[*Enter Dancers.*

Come sit down by me.

Fran. 'Tis my duty to stand, my Lord.

Guil. Nay, you shall sit. [*They dance with Don.*

SGANARELLE; OU, LE COCU IMAGINAIRE.

COMÉDIE EN UN ACTE.

SGANARELLE;

OR, THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

(THE ORIGINAL IN VERSE).

28TH MAY, 1660.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Six months after the brilliant success of the *Précieuses Ridicules*, Molière brought out at the Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon a new comedy, called *Sganarelle, ou le Cocu Imaginaire*, which I have translated by *Sganarelle, or the self-deceived Husband.* It has been said that Molière owed the first idea of this piece to an Italian farce, *Il Ritratto ovvero Arlichino cornuto per opinione*, but as it has never been printed, it is difficult to decide at the present time whether or not this be true. The primary idea of the play is common to many *commedia dell' arte*, whilst Molière has also been inspired by such old authors as Noël Du Fail, Rabelais, those of the *Quinze joyes de mariage*, of the *Cent nouvelles Nouvelles*, and perhaps others.

The plot of *Sganarelle* is ingenious and plausible; every trifle becomes circumstantial evidence, and is received as conclusive proof both by the husband and wife. The dialogue is sprightly throughout, and the anxious desire of Sganarelle to kill his supposed injurer, whilst his cowardice prevents him from executing his valorous design, is extremely ludicrous. The chief aim of our author appears to have been to show how dangerous it is to judge with too much haste, especially in those circumstances where passion may either augment or diminish the view we take of certain objects. This truth, animated by a great deal of humour and wit, drew crowds of spectators for forty nights, though the play was brought out in summer and the marriage of the young king kept the Court from Paris.

The style is totally different from that employed in the *Précieuses ridicules*, and is a real and very good specimen of the *style gaulois*, adapted to the age in which Molière lived. He has often been blamed for not having followed up his success of the *Précieuses ridicules* by a comedy in the same style, but Molière did not want to make fresh enemies. It appears to have been a regular and set purpose with him always to produce something farcical after a creation which provoked either secret or open hostility, or even violent opposition.

Sganarelle appears in this piece for the first time, if we except the farce, or rather sketch, of the *Médecin volant*, where in reality nothing is developed, but everything is in mere outline. But in Sganarelle

Molière has created a character that is his own just as much as Falstaff belongs to Shakspeare, Sancho Panza to Cervantes, or Panurge to Rabelais. Whether Sganarelle is a servant, a husband, the father of Lucinde, the brother of Ariste, a guardian, a faggot-maker, a doctor, he always represents the ugly side of human nature, an antiquated, grumpy, sullen, egotistical, jealous, grovelling, frightened character, ever and anon raising a laugh on account of his boasting, mean, morose, odd qualities. Molière was, at the time he wrote *Sganarelle*, more than thirty years old, and could therefore no longer successfully represent Mascarille as the rollicking servant of the *Blunderer*.

This farce was published by a certain Mr Neufvillenaine, who was so smitten by it that, after having seen it represented several times, he knew it by heart, wrote it out, and published it, accompanied by a running commentary, which is not worth much, and preceded by a letter to a friend in which he extols its beauties. Molière got, in 1663, his name inserted, instead of that of Neufvillenaine, in the *privilége du roi*.

Mr Henry Baker, the translator of this play, in the "Select Comedies of M. de Molière, London, 1732," oddly dedicates it to Miss Wolstenholme[1] in the following words:—

MADAM,

Be so good to accept this little Present as an Instance of my high Esteem. Whoever has any Knowledge of the French Language, or any Taste for COMEDY, must needs distinguish the Excellency of *Molière's* Plays: one of which is here translated. What the *English* may be, I leave others to determine; but the ORIGINAL, which you receive along with it, is, I am certain, worthy your Perusal.

Tho' what You read, at present, is called a DEDICATION, it is, perhaps, the most unlike one of any thing You ever saw: for, You'll find not one Word, in Praise, either of Your blooming Youth, Your agreeable Person, Your genteel Behaviour, Your easy Temper, or Your good Sense . . . and, the Reason is, that I cannot for my Life bring myself to such a Degree of Impertinence, as to sit down with a solemn Countenance, and Take upon me to inform the World, that the Sun is bright, and that the Spring is lovely.

My Knowledge of You from Your Infancy, and the many Civilities I am obliged for to Your Family, will, I hope, be an Excuse for this Presumption in,

MADAM, *Your most obedient humble servant,*

H. B.

Enfield,
Jan. 1st 1731-2.

This play seems to have induced several English playwrights to imi-

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[1] I suppose the lady was a descendant of Sir John Wolstenholme, mentioned in one of the notes of Pepy's Diary, Sept. 5, 1662, as created a baronet, 1664, an intimate friend of Lord Clarendon's, and collector outward for the Port of London —ob. 1679.

tate it. First, we have Sir William D'Avenant's *The Playhouse to be Let*, of which the date of the first performance is uncertain. According to the Biographia Britannica, it was "a very singular entertainment, composed of five acts, each being a distinct performance. The first act is introductory, shows the distress of the players in the time of vacation, that obliges them to let their house, which several offer to take for different purposes; amongst the rest a Frenchman, who had brought over a troop of his countrymen to act a farce. This is performed in the second act, which is a translation of Molière's *Sganarelle, or the Cuckold in Conceit;* all in broken French to make the people laugh. The third act is a sort of comic opera, under the title of The History of Sir Francis Drake. The fourth act is a serious opera, representing the cruelties of the Spaniards in Peru. The fifth act is a burlesque in Heroicks on the Amours of Cæsar and Cleopatra, has a great deal of wit and humour, and was often acted afterwards by itself."

With the exception of the first act, all the others, which are separate and distinct, but short dramatic pieces, were written in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and two of them at least were performed at the Cockpit, when Sir William D'Avenant had obtained permission to present his entertainments of music and perspective in scenes.[2]

The second imitation of *Sganarelle* is "*Tom Essence, or the Modish Wife*, a Comedy as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1677. London, printed by T. M. for W. Cademan, at the *Pope's Head*, in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*, 1677." This play is written by a Mr Thomas Rawlins, printer and engraver to the Mint, under Charles the First and Second, and is founded on two French comedies—viz., Moliere's *Sganarelle*, and Thomas Corneille's *Don César d'Avalos*. The prologue is too bad to be quoted, and I doubt if it can ever have been spoken on any stage. This play is written partly in blank verse, partly in prose; though very coarse, it is, on the whole, clever and witty. Old Moneylove, a credulous fool, who has a young wife (Act ii., Scene 1), reminds one at times of the senator Antonio in Otway's *Venice Preserved*, and is, of course, deceived by the gallant Stanley; the sayings and doings of Mrs Moneylove, who is "what she ought not to be," and the way she tricks her husband, are very racy, perhaps too much so for the taste of the present times. I do not think any dramatist would now bring upon the stage a young lady like Theodocia, daughter of old Moneylove, reading the list about Squire Careless. Tom Essence is a seller of perfumes, a "jealous coxcomb of his wife;" and Courtly is "a sober gentleman, servant to Theodosia;" these are imitations of Sganarelle and Lelio. Love-all, "a wilde debaucht blade," and Mrs Luce, "a widdow disguis'd, and passes for Theodocia's maid," are taken from Corneille.

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[2] The Dramatic Works of Sir William D'Avenant. Edinburgh, 1873, iv., p. 3.

In the epilogue, the whole of which cannot be given, Mrs Essence speaks the following lines :—

> "But now methinks a Cloak-Cabal I see,
> Whose Prick-ears glow, whilst they their Jealousie
> In *Essence* find; but Citty-Sirs, I fear,
> Most of you have more cause to be severe
> We yield you are the truest Character."

Nearly all the scenes imitated in this play from Molière's *Sganarelle* contain nothing which merits to be reproduced. But a scene which struck me as worth noticing is given in the Appendix.

The Perplexed Couple, or Mistake upon Mistake, as it is acted at the New Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, by the Company of Comedians, acting under Letters Patent granted by King Charles the Second. London, Printed for *W. Meares* at the *Lamb*, and *J. Brown*, at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Bar*, 1715, is the third imitation of Molière's *Sganarelle*. This comedy, printed for two gentlemen, with zoological signs, was written by a Mr Charles Molloy, who for a long time was the editor of a well-known paper, *Common Sense*, in defence of Tory principles. This play had little success, and deserved to have had none, for it has no merit whatever. Our author states in the prologue :—

> "The injur'd Muses, who with savage Rage
> Of late have often been expell'd a Tyrant Stage,
> Here fly for Refuge; where, secure from Harms,
> By you protected shall display their Charms . . .
> No Jest profane the guilty scene deforms,
> That impious way of being dull he scorns;
> No Party Cant shall here inflame the Mind,
> And poison what for Pleasure was designed."

Mr Molloy admits in the preface that "the Incident of the Picture in the Third act, something in the Fourth, and one Hint in the last Act, are taken from the *Cocu Imaginaire;* the rest I'm forced to subscribe to myself, for I can lay it to no Body else." I shall only remark on this, that nearly the whole play is a mere paraphrasing of Molière's *Cocu Imaginaire*, and several other of his plays. The scene between Leonora, the heroine, and Sterling, the old usurer and lover (Act 1), is imitated from Madelon's description in the art of making love in the *Pretentious Young Ladies*, and so are many others. The servant Crispin is a medley of Mascarille from *The Blunderer*, of Gros-René from *The Love-Tiff*, and of the servant of the same name in the *Cocu Imaginaire;* the interfering uncle of Lady Thinwit, is taken from *George Dandin*, whilst Sir Anthony Thinwit becomes Sganarelle. The only thing new I have been able to discover in *The Perplexed Couple* is the lover Octavio disguising himself as a pedlar to gain admittance to the object of his

love; and old Sterling, the usurer, marrying the maid instead of the mistress. Molière's farce has been lengthened by those means into a five-act comedy, and though "no jest profane" may be found in it it is more full than usual of coarse and lewd sayings, which can hardly be called inuendoes. The play is a mistake altogether; perhaps that is the reason its second name is called *Mistake upon Mistake.*

The Picture, or the Cuckold in Conceit, a Comedy in one act, by Js. Miller, is founded on Molière, and is the fourth imitation of *Sganarelle.* London, MDCCXLV. This play is, on the whole, a free translation of Molière's, interspersed with some songs set to music by Dr Arne. Sganarelle is called Mr Timothy Dotterel, grocer and common councilman; Gorgibus, Mr Per-cent; Lelio, Mr Heartly; Gros-René, John Broad, whilst Celia's maid is called Phillis. The Prologue, spoken by Mr Havard, ends thus:

". . . To-night we serve
A Cuckold, that the Laugh does well deserve;
A Cuckold in Conceit, by Fancy made
As mad, as by the common Course of Trade:
And more to please ye, and his Worth enhance,
He's carbonado'd à la mode de France;
Cook'd by Molière, great Master of his Trade,
From whose Receipt this Harrico was made.
But if that poignant Taste we fail to take,
That something, that a mere Receipt can't make;
Forgive the Failure—we're but Copies all,
And want the Spirit of th' Original."

We have given in the Appendix the passages taken from this play, so that the reader may compare them with Molière's.

The fifth and best imitation is Arthur Murphy's *All in the Wrong*, a comedy in five acts, first performed during the summer season of 1761, at the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane. Though the chief idea and several of the scenes are taken from *Sganarelle*, yet the characters are well drawn, and the play, as a whole, very entertaining. We give the scenes borrowed from Molière in the Appendix. The Prologue, written and spoken by Samuel Foote, is as follows:

"To-Night, be it known to Box, Gall'ry, and Pit,
Will be open'd the best Summer-Warehouse for Wit;[3]
The New Manufacture, Foote and Co., Undertakers;
Play, Pantomime, Opera, Farce,—by the Makers!
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe
To Shakespeare, and Southern, to Otway, and Rowe.
Though our judgment may err, yet our justice is shewn,
For we promise to mangle no works but our own.
And moreover on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make you cry.

[3] Mr Garrick, at this time, had let his playhouse for the summer months.

For Roscius, who knew we were mirth-loving souls,
Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers, and bowls.
Resolv'd that in buskins no hero shall stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the Tragedy walk.
No blood, no blank verse!——and in short we're undone,
Unless you're contented with Frolic and Fun.
If tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh-mill,
There should be but one female inclin'd to sit still;
If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party should shun to catch cold at Vauxhall;
If at Sadler's sweet Wells the made wine should be thick,
The cheese-cakes turn sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick;
If the fume of the pipes should oppress you in June,
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
I hope you will call at our warehouse in Drury;
We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure you;
Domestic and foreign, and all kinds of wares;
English cloths, Irish linnen, and French petenlairs!
If for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be made;
If from dealings too large, we plunge deeply in debt,
And Whereas issue out in the Muses Gazette;
We'll on you our assigns for Certificates call;
Though insolvent, we're honest, and give up our all."

Otway in his very indecent play, *The Soldier's Fortune*, performed at Dorset Garden, 1681, has borrowed freely from Molière; namely: one scene from *Sganarelle*, four scenes from *The School for Husbands* (see vol. ii.), and a hint from *The School for Wives* (see vol. ii.)

The joke from *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, Scene xii., page 244, about "the half moon and the full moon" is repeated in the conversation between Jourbin and Bloody-Bones in *The Soldier's Fortune*, (iv. 1.)

Sir John Vanbrugh also translated Molière's *Sganarelle*, which was performed at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, 1706, but has not been printed.

All these imitations will be given in the Appendices of the respective plays.

There was also a ballad opera played at Drury Lane April 11, 1733, called the *Imaginary Cuckold*, which is an imitation of *Sganarelle*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GORGIBUS, *a citizen of Paris.*

LELIO, *in love with Celia.*

SGANARELLE,[1] *a citizen of Paris and the self-deceived husband.*

VILLEBREQUIN, *father to Valère.*

GROS-RENÉ, *servant to Lelio.*

A RELATIVE OF SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

CELIA, *daughter of Gorgibus.*

SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

CELIA'S MAID.

Scene—A PUBLICK PLACE IN PARIS.

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[1] Molière acted this part himself. In the inventory of his dresses taken after his death, and given by M. Eudore Soulié in his *Recherches sur Molière*, 1863, we find "a . . . dress for the *Cocu imaginaire*, consisting of knee-breeches, doublet, cloak, collar, and shoes, all in crimson red satin."

SGANARELLE:

OR THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND.

(*SGANARELLE: OU LE COCU IMAGINAIRE.*)

SCENE I.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, CELIA'S MAID.[5]

Cel. [*coming out in tears, her father following her.*] Ah! never expect my heart to consent to that.

Gorg. What do you mutter, you little impertinent girl? Do you suppose you can thwart my resolution? Have I not absolute power over you? And shall your youthful brain control my fatherly discretion by foolish arguments? Which of us two has most right to command the other? Which of us two, you or I, is, in your opinion, best able to judge what is advantageous for you? Zounds, do not provoke me too much, or you may feel, and in a very short time too, what strength this arm of mine still possesses! Your shortest way, you obstinate minx, would be to accept without any more ado the husband intended for you; but you say, "I do not know what kind of temper he has, and I ought to think about it beforehand, if you will allow me." I know that he is heir to a large fortune; ought I therefore to trouble my head about anything else? Can this man, who has twenty thousand golden charms in his pocket to be beloved by you, want any accomplish-

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[5] See Appendix, Note A.

ments? Come, come, let him be what he will, I promise you that with such a sum he is a very worthy gentleman!

Cel. Alas!

Gorg. Alas, indeed! What is the meaning of that? A fine alas you have uttered just now! Look ye! If once you put me in a passion you will have plenty of opportunities for shouting alas! This comes of that eagerness of yours to read novels day and night; your head is so full of all kinds of nonsense about love, that you talk of God much less than of Clélie. Throw into the fire all these mischievous books, which are every day corrupting the minds of so many young people; instead of such trumpery, read, as you ought to do, the Quatrains of Pibrac[6] and the learned memorandum-books of Councillor Matthew,[7] a valuable work and full of fine sayings for you to learn by heart; the Guide for Sinners[8] is also a good book. Such writings teach people in a short time how to spend their lives well, and if you had never read anything but such moral books you would have known better how to submit to my commands.

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[6] Gui du Faur de Pibrac (1528-1584) was a distinguished diplomatist, magistrate, and orator, who wrote several works, of which the *Cinquante quatrains contenant préceptes et enseignements utiles pour la vie de l'homme, composés à l'imitation de Phocylides, Epicharmus, et autres poètes grecs*, and which number he afterwards increased to 126, are the best known. These quatrains, or couplets of four verses, have been translated into nearly all European and several Eastern languages. A most elegant reprint has been published of them, in 1874, by M. A. Lemerre, of Paris.

[7] Pierre Matthieu (1563-1621), a French historian and poet, wrote, among other works, his *Tablettes de la vie et de la mort, quatrains de la Vanité du Monde*, a collection of 274 moral quatrains, divided in three parts, each part of which was published separately in an oblong shape, like a memorandum-book; hence the name *Tablettes*.

[8] *La guide des pécheurs*, the Guide for Sinners, is a translation in French of an ascetic Spanish work, *la guia de pecadores*, written by a Dominican friar, Lewis, of Granada.

Cel. Do you suppose, dear father, I can ever forget that unchangeable affection I owe to Lelio? I should be wrong to dispose of my hand against your will, but you yourself engaged me to him.

Gorg. Even if you were engaged ever so much, another man has made his appearance whose fortune annuls your engagement. Lélie is a pretty fellow, but learn that there is nothing that does not give way to money, that gold will make even the most ugly charming, and that without it everything else is but wretchedness. I believe you are not very fond of Valère, but though you do not like him as a lover, you will like him as a husband. The very name of husband endears a man more than is generally supposed, and love is often a consequence of marriage. But what a fool I am to stand arguing when I possess the absolute right to command. A truce then, I tell you, to your impertinence; let me have no more of your foolish complaints. This evening Valère intends to visit you, and if you do not receive him well, and look kindly upon him, I shall . . . but I will say no more on this subject.[9]

SCENE II.

CELIA, CELIA'S MAID.

Maid. What, madam! you refuse positively what so many other people would accept with all their heart! You answer with tears a proposal for marriage, and delay for a long time to say a "yes" so agreeable to hear! Alas! why does some one not wish to marry me? I should not need much entre[illegible]; and so far from thinking it any trouble to say "yes" [illegible] believe me I would very quickly say it a dozen times. [illegible]r brother's tutor was quite right when,

[9] See Appendix, Note B.

as we were talking about worldly affairs, he said, "A woman is like the ivy, which grows luxuriantly whilst it clings closely to the tree, but never thrives if it be separated from it." Nothing can be truer, my dear mistress, and I, miserable sinner, have found it out. Heaven rest the soul of my poor Martin! when he was alive my complexion was like a cherub's; I was plump and comely, my eyes sparkled brightly, and I felt happy: now I am doleful. In those pleasant times, which flew away like lightning, I went to bed, in the very depth of winter, without kindling a fire in the room; even airing the sheets appeared then to me ridiculous; but now I shiver even in the dogdays. In short, madam, believe me there is nothing like having a husband at night by one's side, were it only for the pleasure of hearing him say, "God bless you," whenever one may happen to sneeze.

Cel. Can you advise me to act so wickedly as to forsake Lelio and take up with this ill-shaped fellow?

Maid. Upon my word, your Lelio is a mere fool to stay away the very time he is wanted; his long absence makes me very much suspect some change in his affection.

Cel. [*showing her the portrait of Lelio*] Oh! do not distress me by such dire forebodings! Observe carefully the features of his face; they swear to me an eternal affection; after all, I would not willingly believe them to tell a falsehood, but that he is such as he is here limned by art, and that his affection for me remains unchanged.

Maid. To be sure, these features denote a deserving lover, whom you are right to regard tenderly.

Cel. And yet I must —— Ah! support me.

[*She lets fall the portrait of Lelio.*

Maid. Madam, what is the cause [redacted]. Heavens! she swoons. Oh! make haste! help [redacted]!

SCENE III.

CELIA, SGANARELLE, CELIA'S MAID.[10]

Sgan. What is the matter? I am here.

Maid. My lady is dying.

Sgan. What! is that all? You made such a noise, I thought the world was at an end. Let us see, however. Madam, are you dead? Um! she does not say one word.

Maid. I shall fetch somebody to carry her in; be kind enough to hold her so long.

SCENE IV.

CELIA, SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

Sgan. [*passing his hand over Celia's bosom*] She is cold all over, and I do not know what to say to it. Let me draw a little nearer and try whether she breathes or not. Upon my word, I cannot tell, but I perceive still some signs of life.

Sgan.'s Wife [*looking from the window*] Ah! what do I see? My husband, holding in his arms . . . But I shall go down; he is false to me most certainly; I should be glad to catch him.

Sgan. She must be assisted very quickly; she would certainly be in the wrong to die. A journey to another world is very foolish, so long as a body is able to stay in this. [*He carries her in.*]

SCENE V.

SGANARELLE'S WIFE, *alone.*

He has suddenly left this spot; his flight has disappointed my curiosity; but I doubt no longer that he is unfaithful to me; the little I have seen sufficiently proves it. I

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[10] See Appendix, Note C.

am no longer astonished that he returns my modest love with strange coldness; the ungrateful wretch reserves his caresses for others, and starves me in order to feed their pleasures. This is the common way of husbands; they become indifferent to what is lawful; at the beginning they do wonders, and seem to be very much in love with us, but the wretches soon grow weary of our fondness, and carry elsewhere what is due to us alone. Oh! how it vexes me that the law will not permit us to change our husband as we do our linen! That would be very convenient; and, troth, I know some women whom it would please as much as myself. [*Taking up the picture which Celia had let fall.*] But what a pretty thing has fortune sent me here; the enamel of it is most beautiful, the workmanship delightful; let me open it.

SCENE VI.

SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE.[11]

Sgan. [*Thinking himself alone*] They thought her dead, but it was nothing at all! She is already recovering and nearly well again. But I see my wife.

Sgan.'s Wife. [*Thinking herself alone*] O Heaven! It is a miniature, a fine picture of a handsome man.

Sgan. [*Aside, and looking over his wife's shoulder*] What is this she looks at so closely? This picture bodes my honour little good. A very ugly feeling of jealousy begins to creep over me.

Sgan.'s Wife. [*Not seeing her husband*] I never saw anything more beautiful in my life! The workmanship is even of greater value than the gold! Oh, how sweet it smells!

Sgan. [*Aside*] The deuce! She kisses it! I am victimised!

[11] See Appendix, Note D.

Sgan.'s Wife. [*Continues her monologue.*] I think it must be a charming thing to have such a fine-looking man for a sweetheart; if he should urge his suit very much the temptation would be great. Alas! why have I not a handsome man like this for my husband instead of my booby, my clod-hopper . . . ?

Sgan. [*Snatching the portrait from her.*] What, hussey! have I caught you in the very act, slandering your honourable and darling husband? According to you, most worthy spouse, and everything well considered, the husband is not as good as the wife? In Beelzebub's name (and may he fly away with you), what better match could you wish for? Is there any fault to be found with me? It seems that this shape, this air, which everybody admires; this face, so fit to inspire love, for which a thousand fair ones sigh both night and day; in a word, my own delightful self, by no manner of means pleases you. Moreover, to satisfy your ravenous appetite you add to the husband the relish of a gallant.

Sgan.'s Wife. I see plainly the drift of your jocular remarks, though you do not clearly express yourself. You expect by these means . . .

Sgan. Try to impose upon others, not upon me, I pray you. The fact is evident; I have in my hands a convincing proof of the injury I complain of.

Sgan.'s Wife. I am already too angry, and do not wish you to make me more so by any fresh insult. Hark ye, do not imagine you shall keep this pretty thing; consider . . .

Sgan. I am seriously considering whether I shall break your neck. I wish I had but the original of this portrait in my power as much as I have the copy.

Sgan.'s Wife. Why?

Sgan. For nothing at all, dear, sweet object of

my love! I am very wrong to speak out; my forehead ought to thank you for many favours received. [*Looking at the portrait of Lelio*] There he is, your darling, the pretty bed-fellow, the wicked incentive of your secret flame, the merry blade with whom . . .

Sgan.'s Wife. With whom? Go on.

Sgan. With whom, I say . . . I am almost bursting with vexation.[12]

Sgan.'s Wife. What does the drunken sot mean by all this?

Sgan. You know but too well, Mrs Impudence. No one will call me any longer Sganarelle, but every one will give me the title of Signor Cornutus; my honour is gone, but to reward you, who took it from me, I shall at the very least break you an arm or a couple of ribs.

Sgan.'s Wife. How dare you talk to me thus?

Sgan. How dare you play me these devilish pranks?

Sgan.'s Wife. What devilish pranks? Say what you mean.

Sgan. Oh! It is not worth complaining of. A stag's top-knot on my head is indeed a very pretty ornament for everybody to come and look at it.

Sgan.'s Wife. After you have insulted your wife so grossly as to excite her thirst for vengeance, you stupidly imagine you can prevent the effects of it by pretending to be angry? Such insolence was never before known on the like occasion. The offender is the person who begins the quarrel.

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[12] The original has: "*j'en crève d'ennuis.*" The French word *ennui*, which now only means weariness of mind, signified formerly injury, and the vexation or hatred caused thereby; something like the English word "annoy," as in Shakespeare's Richard III., v. 3:

> "Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
> Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy."

Sgan. Oh! what a shameless creature! To see the confident behaviour of this woman, would not any one suppose her to be very virtuous?

Sgan.'s Wife. Away, go about your business, wheedle your mistresses, tell them you love them, caress them even, but give me back my picture, and do not make a jest of me. [*She snatches the picture from him and runs away.*]

Sgan. So you think to escape me; but I shall get hold of it again in spite of you.[13]

SCENE VII.

LELIO, GROS-RENÉ.

Gr.-Re. Here we are at last; but, sir, if I might be so bold, I should like you to tell me one thing.

Lel. Well, speak.

Gr.-Re. Are you possessed by some devil or other, that you do not sink under such fatigues as these? For eight whole days we have been riding long stages, and have not been sparing of whip and spur to urge on confounded screws, whose cursed trot shook us so very much that, for my part, I feel as if every limb was out of joint; without mentioning a worse mishap which troubles me very much in a place I will not mention. And yet, no sooner are you at your journey's end, than you go out well and hearty, without taking rest, or eating the least morsel.

Lel. My haste may well be excused, for I am greatly alarmed about the report of Celia's marriage. You know I adore her, and, before everything, I wish to hear if there is any truth in this ominous rumour.

Gr.-Re. Ay, sir, but a good meal would be of great use to you to discover the truth or falsehood of this report;

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[13] See Appendix, Note E.

doubtless you would become thereby much stronger to withstand the strokes of fate. I judge by my own self, for, when I am fasting, the smallest disappointment gets hold of me and pulls me down; but when I have eaten sufficiently my soul can resist anything, and the greatest misfortunes cannot depress it. Believe me, stuff yourself well, and do not be too cautious. To fortify you under whatever mischief fortune may do, and in order to prevent sorrow from entering your heart, let it float in plenty of wine.[14]

Lel. I cannot eat.

Gr.-Re. [*Aside*] I can eat very well indeed; if it is not true may I be struck dead! [*Aloud*] For all that, your dinner shall be ready presently.

Lel. Hold your tongue, I command you.

Gr.-Re. How barbarous is that order!

Lel. I am not hungry, but uneasy.

Gr.-Re. And I am hungry and uneasy as well, to see that a foolish love-affair engrosses all your thoughts.[15]

Lel. Let me but get some information about my heart's delight, and without troubling me more, go and take your meal if you like.

Gr.-Re. I never say nay when a master commands.

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[14] This is an imitation of Plautus' *Curculio, or the Forgery.* The Parasite of Phædromus, who gives his name to the piece, says (ii. 3):—"I'm quite undone. I can hardly see; my mouth is bitter; my teeth are blunted; my jaws are clammy through fasting; with my entrails thus lank with abstinence from food, am I come . . . Let's cram down something first; the gammon, the udder, and the kernels; these are the foundations for the stomach, with head and roast-beef, a good-sized cup and a capacious pot, that counsel enough may be forthcoming."

[15] Shakespeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act ii., Sc. 1), has the following:

Speed. . . . Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon, love, can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

SCENE VIII.

LELIO *alone.*

No, no, my mind is tormented by too many terrors; the father has promised me Celia's hand, and she has given me such proofs of her love that I need not despair.

SCENE IX.

SGANARELLE, LELIO.[16]

Sgan. [*Not seeing Lelio, and holding the portrait in his hand*] I have got it. I can now at my leisure look at the countenance of the rascal who causes my dishonour. I do not know him at all.

Lel. [*Aside*] Heavens! what do I see? If that be my picture, what then must I believe?

Sgan. [*Not seeing Lelio*] Ah! poor Sganarelle! your reputation is doomed, and to what a sad fate! Must . . . [*Perceiving that Lelio observes him, he goes to the other side of the stage*].

Lel. [*Aside*] This pledge of my love cannot have left the fair hands to which I gave it, without startling my faith in her.

Sgan. [*Aside*] People will make fun of me henceforth by holding up their two fingers; songs will be made about me, and every time they will fling in my teeth that scandalous affront, which a wicked wife has printed upon my forehead.

Lel. [*Aside*] Do I deceive myself?

Sgan. [*Aside*] Oh! Jade![17] were you impudent enough

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[16] See Appendix, Note F.

[17] The original is *truande*, which, as well as the masculine *truand*, meant, in old French, a vagabond, a rascal; it is still retained in the English phrase "to play the truant."

to cuckold me in the flower of my age? The wife too of a husband who may be reckoned handsome! and must a monkey, a cursed addle-pated fellow . . .

Lel. [*Aside, looking still at the portrait in Sganarelle's hand*] I am not mistaken; it is my very picture.[18]

Sgan. [*Turning his back towards him*] This man seems very inquisitive.

Lel. [*Aside*] I am very much surprised.

Sgan. What would he be at?

Lel. [*Aside*] I will speak to him. [*Aloud*] May I . . . [*Sganarelle goes farther off*] I say, let me have one word with you.

Sgan. [*Aside, and moving still farther*] What does he wish to tell me now?

Lel. Will you inform me by what accident that picture came into your hands?

Sgan. [*Aside*] Why does he wish to know? But I am thinking . . . [*Looking at Lelio and at the portrait in his hand*] Oh! upon my word, I know now the cause of his anxiety; I no longer wonder at his surprise. This is my man, or rather, my wife's man.

Lel. Pray, relieve my distracted mind, and tell me how you come by . . .

Sgan. Thank Heaven, I know what disturbs you; this portrait, which causes you some uneasiness, is your very likeness, and was found in the hands of a certain acquaintance of yours; the soft endearments which have passed between that lady and you are no secret to me. I cannot tell whether I have the honour to be known by your gallant lordship in this piece of gallantry; but henceforth, be kind enough to break off an intrigue, which a husband may not approve of; and consider that the holy bonds of wedlock . . .

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[18] See Appendix, Note G.

Lel. What do you say? She from whom you received this pledge . . .

Sgan. Is my wife, and I am her husband.

Lel. Her husband?

Sgan. Yes, her husband, I tell you. Though married I am far from merry;[19] you, sir, know the reason of it; this very moment I am going to inform her relatives about this affair.[20]

SCENE X.

LELIO, *alone.*

Alas! what have I heard! The report then was true that her husband was the ugliest of all his sex. Even if your faithless lips had never sworn me more than a thousand times eternal love, the disgust you should have felt at such a base and shameful choice might have sufficiently secured me against the loss of your affection . . . But this great insult, and the fatigues of a pretty long journey, produce all at once such a violent effect upon me, that I feel faint, and can hardly bear up under it.

SCENE XI.

LELIO, SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

Sgan.'s Wife. In spite of me, my wretch . . . [*Seeing Lelio*] Good lack! what ails you? I perceive, sir, you are ready to faint away.

Lel. It is an illness that has attacked me quite suddenly.

Sgan.'s Wife. I am afraid you shall faint; step in here, and stay until you are better.

Lel. For a moment or two I will accept of your kindness.

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[19] The original has *mari-très-marri;* literally, "husband very sad;" *marri* being the old French for sad: the ancient plays and tales are full of allusions to the connection between these two words, *mari* and *marri.*

[20] See Appendix, Note H.

SCENE XII.

SGANARELLE, A RELATIVE OF SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

Rel. I commend a husband's anxiety in such a case, but you take fright a little too hastily. All that you have told me against her, kinsman, does not prove her guilty. It is a delicate subject, and no one should ever be accused of such a crime unless it can be fully proved.

Sgan. That is to say, unless you see it.

Rel. Too much haste leads us to commit mistakes. Who can tell how this picture came into her hands, and, after all, whether she knows the man? Seek a little more information, and if it proves to be as you suspect, I shall be one of the first to punish her offence.

SCENE XIII.

SGANARELLE, *alone.*

Nothing could be said fairer; it is really the best way to proceed cautiously. Perhaps I have dreamt of horns without any cause, and the perspiration has covered my brow rather prematurely. My dishonour is not at all proved by that portrait which frightened me so much. Let me endeavour then by care . . .

SCENE XIV.

SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE, *standing at the door of her house, with* LELIO.

Sgan. [*Aside, seeing them*] Ha! what do I see? Zounds! there can be no more question about the portrait, for upon my word here stands the very man, *in propria persona.*

Sgan.'s Wife. You hurry away too fast, sir; if you

leave us so quickly, you may perhaps have a return of your illness.

Lel. No, no, I thank you heartily for the kind assistance you have rendered me.

Sgan. [*Aside*] The deceitful woman is to the last polite to him. [*Sganarelle's Wife goes into the house again*].

SCENE XV.

SGANARELLE, LELIO.

Sgan: He has seen me, let us hear what he can say to me.

Lel. [*Aside*] Oh! my soul is moved! this sight inspires me with . . . but I ought to blame this unjust resentment, and only ascribe my sufferings to my merciless fate; yet I cannot help envying the success that has crowned his passion. [*Approaching Sganarelle*] O too happy mortal in having so beautiful a wife.

SCENE XVI.

SGANARELLE, CELIA, *at her window seeing Lelio go away.*

Sgan. [*Alone.*] This confession is pretty plain. His extraordinary speech surprises me as much as if horns had grown upon my head. [*Looking at the side where Lelio went off*] Go your way, you have not acted at all like an honourable man.

Cel. [*Aside, entering*] Who can that be? Just now I saw Lelio. Why does he conceal his return from me?

Sgan. [*Without seeing Celia*] 'O too happy mortal in having so beautiful a wife!' Say rather, unhappy mortal in having such a disgraceful spouse through whose guilty passion, it is now but too clear, I have been cuckolded without any feeling of compassion. Yet I allow him to go away

after such a discovery, and stand with my arms folded like a regular silly-billy! I ought at least to have knocked his hat off, thrown stones at him, or mud on his cloak; to satisfy my wrath I should rouse the whole neighbourhood, and cry, "Stop, thief of my honour!"

Cel. [*To Sganarelle*] Pray, Sir, how came you to know this gentleman who went away just now and spoke to you?

Sgan. Alas! madam, it is not I who am acquainted with him; it is my wife.

Cel. What emotion thus disturbs your mind?

Sgan. Do not blame me; I have sufficient cause for my sorrow; permit me to breathe plenty of sighs.

Cel. What can be the reason of this uncommon grief?

Sgan. If I am sad it is not for a trifle: I challenge other people not to grieve, if they found themselves in my condition. You see in me the model of unhappy husbands; poor Sganarelle's honour is taken from him; but the loss of my honour would be small—they deprive me of my reputation also.

Cel. How do they do that?

Sgan. That fop has taken the liberty to cuckold me—saving your presence, madam—and this very day my own eyes have been witness to a private interview between him and my wife.

Cel. What? He who just now . . .

Sgan. Ay, ay, it is he who brings disgrace upon me; he is in love with my wife, and my wife is in love with him.

Cel. Ah! I find I was right when I thought his returning secretly only concealed some base design; I trembled the minute I saw him, from a sad foreboding of what would happen.

Sgan. You espouse my cause with too much kindness, but everybody is not so charitably disposed; for many, who have

already heard of my sufferings, so far from taking my part, only laugh at me.

Cel. Can anything be more base than this vile deed? or can a punishment be discovered such as he deserves? Does he think he is worthy to live, after polluting himself with such treachery? O Heaven! is it possible?

Sgan. It is but too true.

Cel. O traitor, villain, deceitful, faithless wretch!

Sgan. What a kind-hearted creature!

Cel. No, no, hell has not tortures enough to punish you sufficiently for your guilt!

Sgan. How well she talks!

Cel. Thus to abuse both innocence and goodness!

Sgan. [*Sighing aloud.*] Ah!

Cel. A heart which never did the slightest action deserving of being treated with such insult and contempt.

Sgan. That's true.

Cel. Who far from . . . but it is too much; nor can this heart endure the thought of it without feeling on the rack.

Sgan. My dear lady, do not distress yourself so much; it pierces my very soul to see you grieve so at my misfortune.

Cel. But do not deceive yourself so far as to fancy that I shall sit down and do nothing but lament; no, my heart knows how to act in order to be avenged; nothing can divert me from it; I go to prepare everything.

SCENE XVII.

SGANARELLE, *alone.*

May Heaven keep her for ever out of harm's way! How kind of her to wish to avenge me! Her anger at my dishonour plainly teaches me how to act. Nobody should bear such affronts as these tamely, unless indeed he be a fool.

Let us therefore hasten to hunt out this rascal who has insulted me, and let me prove my courage by avenging my dishonour.[21] I will teach you, you rogue, to laugh at my expense, and to cuckold people without showing them any respect. [*After going three or four steps he comes back again.*] But gently, if you please, this man looks as if he were very hot-headed and passionate; he may, perhaps, heaping one insult upon another, ornament my back as well as he has done my brow.[22] I detest, from the bottom of my heart, these fiery tempers, and vastly prefer peaceable people. I do not care to beat for fear of being beaten; a gentle disposition was always my predominant virtue. But my honour tells me that it is absolutely necessary I should avenge such an outrage as this. Let honour say whatever it likes, the deuce take him who listens. Suppose now I should play the hero, and receive for my pains an ugly thrust with a piece of cold steel quite through my stomach; when the news of my death spreads through the whole town, tell me then, my honour, shall you be the better of it?[23] The grave is too melancholy an abode, and too unwholesome for people who are afraid of the colic; as for me, I find, all things considered, that it is, after all, better to be a cuckold than to be dead. What harm is

[21] A similar adventure is told of the renowned fabulist La Fontaine. One day some one informed him that Poignan, a retired captain of dragoons and one of his friends, was by far too intimate with Madame La Fontaine, and that to avenge his dishonour he ought to fight a duel with him. La Fontaine calls upon Poignan at four o'clock in the morning, tells him to dress, takes him out of town, and then coolly says "that he has been advised to fight a duel with him in order to avenge his wounded honour." Soon La Fontaine's sword flies out of his hand, the friends go to breakfast, and the whole affair is at an end.

[22] In the original there is a play on words which cannot be rendered in English: *Il pourrait bien . . . charger de bois mon dos, comme il a fait mon front. Bois* means "stick" and "stags' antlers."

[23] Compare in Shakspeare's *First Part of King Henry IV.*, v., 1, Falstaff's speech about honour.

there in it? Does it make a man's legs crooked? does it spoil his shape? The plague take him who first invented being grieved about such a delusion, linking the honour of the wisest man to anything a fickle woman may do. Since every person is rightly held responsible for his own crimes, how can our honour, in this case, be considered criminal? We are blamed for the actions of other people. If our wives have an intrigue with any man, without our knowledge, all the mischief must fall upon our backs; they commit the crime and we are reckoned guilty. It is a villainous abuse, and indeed Government should remedy such injustice. Have we not enough of other accidents that happen to us whether we like them or not? Do not quarrels, lawsuits, hunger, thirst, and sickness sufficiently disturb the even tenour of our lives? and yet we must stupidly get it into our heads to grieve about something which has no foundation. Let us laugh at it, despise such idle fears, and be above sighs and tears. If my wife has done amiss, let her cry as much as she likes, but why should I weep when I have done no wrong? After all, I am not the only one of my fraternity, and that should console me a little. Many people of rank see their wives cajoled, and do not say a word about it. Why should I then try to pick a quarrel for an affront, which is but a mere trifle? They will call me a fool for not avenging myself, but I should be a much greater fool to rush on my own destruction. [*Putting his hand upon his stomach.*] I feel, however, my bile is stirred up here; it almost persuades me to do some manly action. Ay, anger gets the better of me; it is rather too much of a good thing to be a coward too! I am resolved to be revenged upon the thief of my honour. Full of the passion which excites my ardour, and in order to make a beginning, I shall go and tell everywhere that he lies with my wife.

SCENE XVIII.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, CELIA'S MAID.

Cel. Yes, I will yield willingly to so just a law, father; you can freely dispose of my heart and my hand; I will sign the marriage contract whenever you please, for I am now determined to perform my duty. I can command my own inclinations, and shall do whatever you order me.

Gorg. How she pleases me by talking in this manner! Upon my word! I am so delighted that I would immediately cut a caper or two, were people not looking on, who would laugh at it. Come hither, I say, and let me embrace you; there is no harm in that; a father may kiss his daughter whenever he likes, without giving any occasion for scandal. Well, the satisfaction of seeing you so obedient has made me twenty years younger.

SCENE XIX.

CELIA, CELIA'S MAID.

Maid. This change surprises me.

Cel. When you come to know why I act thus, you will esteem me for it.

Maid. Perhaps so.

Cel. Know then that Lelio has wounded my heart by his treacherous behaviour, and has been in this neighbourhood without . . .

Maid. Here he comes.

SCENE XX.

LELIO, CELIA, CELIA'S MAID.

Lel. Before I take my leave of you for ever, I will at least here tell you that . . .

Cel. What! are you insolent enough to speak to me again?

Lel. I own my insolence is great, and yet your choice is such I should not be greatly to blame if I upbraided you. Live, live contented, and laugh when you think of me, as well as your worthy husband, of whom you have reason to be proud.

Cel. Yes, traitor, I will live so, and I trust most earnestly that the thought of my happiness may disturb you.

Lel. Why this outbreak of passion?

Cel. You pretend to be surprised, and ask what crimes you have committed?

SCENE XXI.

CELIA, LELIO, SGANARELLE *armed cap-à-pié*, CELIA'S MAID.[24]

Sgan. I wage war, a war of extermination against this robber of my honour, who without mercy has sullied my fair name.

Cel. [*To Lelio, pointing to Sganarelle*] Look on this man, and then you will require no further answer.

Lel. Ah! I see.

Cel. A mere glance at him is sufficient to abash you.

Lel. It ought rather to make you blush.

Sgan. My wrath is now disposed to vent itself upon some one; my courage is at its height; if I meet him, there will be blood shed. Yes, I have sworn to kill him, nothing can keep me from doing so. Wherever I see him I will dispatch him. [*Drawing his sword half-way and approaching Lelio*] Right through the middle of his heart I shall thrust . . .

Lel. [*Turning round*] Against whom do you bear such a grudge?

Sgan. Against no one.

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[24] See Appendix, Note 1.

Lel. Why are you thus in armour?

Sgan. It is a dress I put on to keep the rain off. [*Aside*] Ah! what a satisfaction it would be for me to kill him! Let us pluck up courage to do it.

Lel. [*Turning round again*] Hey?

Sgan. I did not speak. [*Aside, boxing his own ears, and thumping himself to raise his courage*] Ah! I am enraged at my own cowardice! Chicken-hearted poltroon!

Cel. What you have seen ought to satisfy you, but it appears to offend you.

Lel. Yes, through him I know you are guilty of the greatest faithlessness that ever wronged a faithful lover's heart, and for which no excuse can be found.

Sgan. [*Aside*] Why have I not a little more courage?

Cel. Ah, traitor, speak not to me in so unmanly and insolent a manner.

Sgan. [*Aside*] You see, Sganarelle, she takes up your quarrel: courage, my lad, be a trifle vigorous. Now, be bold, try to make one noble effort and kill him whilst his back is turned.

Lel. [*Who has moved accidentally a few steps back, meets Sganarelle, who was drawing near to kill him. The latter is frightened, and retreats*] Since my words kindle your wrath, madam, I ought to show my satisfaction with what your heart approves, and here commend the lovely choice you have made.

Cel. Yes, yes, my choice is such as cannot be blamed.

Lel. You do well to defend it.

Sgan. No doubt, she does well to defend my rights, but what you have done, sir, is not according to the laws; I have reason to complain; were I less discreet, much blood would be shed.

Lel. Of what do you complain? and why this . . .

Sgan. Do not say a word more. You know too well

where the shoe pinches me. But conscience and a care for your own soul should remind you that my wife is my wife, and that to make her yours under my very nose is not acting like a good Christian.

Lel. Such a suspicion is mean and ridiculous! Harbour no scruples on that point: I know she belongs to you; I am very far from being in love with . . .

Cel. Oh! traitor! how well you dissemble!

Lel. What! do you imagine I foster a thought which need disturb his mind? Would you slander me by accusing me of such a cowardly action?

Cel. Speak, speak to himself; he can enlighten you.

Sgan. [*To Celia*] No, no, you can argue much better than I can, and have treated the matter in the right way.

SCENE XXII.

CELIA, LELIO, SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE, CELIA'S MAID.

Sgan.'s Wife. [*To Celia*] I am not inclined, Madam, to show that I am over-jealous; but I am no fool, and can see what is going on. There are certain amours which appear very strange; you should be better employed than in seducing a heart which ought to be mine alone.

Cel. This declaration of her love is plain enough.[25]

Sgan. [*To his wife*] Who sent for you, baggage? You come and scold her because she takes my part, whilst you are afraid of losing your gallant.

Cel. Do not suppose anybody has a mind to him. [*Turning towards Lelio*] You see whether I have told a falsehood, and I am very glad of it.

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[25] Some commentators think it is Lelio who utters these words, but they are clearly Celia's.

Lel. What can be the meaning of this?

Maid. Upon my word, I do not know when this entanglement will be unravelled. I have tried for a pretty long time to comprehend it, but the more I hear the less I understand. Really I think I must interfere at last. [*Placing herself between Lelio and Celia*] Answer me one after another, and [*To Lelio*] allow me to ask what do you accuse this lady of?

Lel. That she broke her word and forsook me for another. As soon as I heard she was going to be married I hastened hither, carried away by an irrepressible love, and not believing I could be forgotten; but discovered, when I arrived here, that she was married.

Maid. Married? To whom?

Lel. [*Pointing to Sganarelle*] To him.

Maid. How! to him?

Lel. Yes, to him.

Maid. Who told you so?

Lel. Himself, this very day.

Maid. [*To Sganarelle*] Is this true?

Sgan. I? I told him I was married to my own wife.

Lel. Just now, whilst you looked at my picture, you seemed greatly moved.

Sgan. True, here it is.

Lel. [*To Sganarelle*] You also told me that she, from whose hands you had received this pledge of her love, was joined to you in the bonds of wedlock.

Sgan. No doubt [*Pointing to his wife*], for I snatched it from her, and should not have discovered her wickedness had I not done so.

Sgan.'s Wife. What do you mean by your groundless complaint? I found this portrait at my feet by accident. After you had stormed without telling me the cause of your rage,

I saw this gentleman [*pointing to Lelio*] nearly fainting, asked him to come in, but did not even then discover that he was the original of the picture.

Cel. I was the cause of the portrait being lost; I let it fall when swooning, and when you [*to Sganarelle*] kindly carried me into the house.

Maid. You see that without my help you had still been at a loss, and that you had some need of hellebore.[26]

Sgan. [*Aside*] Shall we believe all this? I have been very much frightened for my brow.

Sgan.'s Wife. I have not quite recovered from my fear; however agreeable credulity may be, I am loth to be deceived.

Sgan. [*To his wife*] Well, let us mutually suppose ourselves to be people of honour. I risk more on my side than you do on yours; accept, therefore, without much ado, what I propose.

Sgan.'s Wife. Be it so, but woe be to you if I discover anything.

Cel. [*To Lelio, after whispering together*] Ye Heavens! if it be so, what have I done? I ought to fear the consequences of my own anger! Thinking you false, and wishing to be avenged, I in an unhappy moment complied with my father's wishes, and but a minute since engaged myself to marry a man whose hand, until then, I always had refused. I have made a promise to my father, and what grieves me most is . . . But I see him coming.

Lel. He shall keep his word with me.

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[26] Among the ancients the *helleborus officinalis* or *orientalis* was held to cure insanity; hence the allusion.

SCENE XXIII.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, LELIO, SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE, CELIA'S MAID.

Lel. Sir, you see I have returned to this town, inflamed with the same ardour, and now I suppose you will keep your promise, which made me hope to marry Celia, and thus reward my intense love.

Gorg. Sir, whom I see returned to this town inflamed with the same ardour, and who now supposes I will keep my promise, which made you hope to marry Celia, and thus reward your intense love, I am your lordship's very humble servant.

Lel. What, sir, is it thus you frustrate my expectations?

Gorg. Ay, sir, it is thus I do my duty, and my daughter obeys me too.

Cel. My duty compels me, father, to make good your promise to him.

Gorg. Is this obeying my commands as a daughter ought to do? Just now you were very kindly disposed towards Valère, but you change quickly . . . I see his father approaching, who certainly comes to arrange about the marriage.

SCENE XXIV.

VILLEBREQUIN, GORGIBUS, CELIA, LELIO, SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE, CELIA'S MAID.[27]

Gorg. What brings you hither, M. Villebrequin?

Vill. An important secret, which I only discovered this morning, and which completely prevents me from keeping the engagement I made with you. My son, whom your daughter was going to espouse, has deceived everybody, and

[27] See Appendix, Note J.

been secretly married these four months past to Lise. Her friends, her fortune, and her family connections, make it impossible for me to break off this alliance; and hence I come to you . . .

Gorg. Pray, say no more. If Valère has married some one else without your permission, I cannot disguise from you, that I myself long ago, promised my daughter Celia to Lelio, endowed with every virtue, and that his return to-day prevents me from choosing any other husband for her.

Vill. Such a choice pleases me very much.

Lel. This honest intention will crown my days with eternal bliss.

Gorg. Let us go and fix the day for the wedding.

Sgan. [*Alone*] Was there ever a man who had more cause to think himself victimised? You perceive that in such matters the strongest probability may create in the mind a wrong belief. Therefore remember, never to believe anything even if you should see everything.[28]

[28] See Appendix, Note K.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 277.

This scene, in James Miller's *The Picture* is treated thus: Gorgibus is called Per-Cent, Celia's maid is Phillis, and Lelio is Heartly.

Celia. Dear Sir, I never can consent to't while I live.

Per-Cent. You impertinent Hussy, who asks your Consent? A Daughter's Consent, quotha? that's pretty stuff, indeed. Have not I, as your Lord and Father, an absolute Power over my own Goods, my Chattels, my Household-stuff, my Cats, my Dogs, my Daughter? And may not I dispose of 'em to the best Advantage? Consent! I am older and wiser, and know what belongs to consenting better than you; if you don't know what Value to set upon yourself, I do. I tell you again and again, *Mr Counter* is worth twenty thousand Pounds; and a Man that is worth twenty thousand Pounds must be a very honest Man.

Cel. Dear Sir, he must be as old again as I am.

Per-C. And as wise again, Madam.

Phillis. The Wretch is almost as old as you, Sir.

Per-C. And he is almost as Rich; you may find ten thousand Faults, but I find twenty thousand Beauties in him.

Cel. And can you be so sordid?

Per-C. Prudent, prudent, Child.

Cel. After you have given your Word?

Per-C. Air, Air, mere Breath.

Cel. Poor *Heartly!*

Per-C. Ay, *poor* indeed.

Cel. Is absent and forgotten.

Per-C. And shou'd be forgotten by you too, if you had any Sense of Morality in you.

Cel. Forget him! Never. Sure, Sir, you have forgot that you yourself engaged me to him.

Per-C. Conditional, all Conditional.—*He* engag'd that his old Uncle should die, and nobody then expected his Life, for he had four Doctors attended him; but he recover'd his Health, and I shall recover my Daughter.

Cel. Sir, he has a Gentleman's Fortune.

Per-C. Yes, a poor Gentleman.

Cel. Has had a Gentleman's Education.

Per-C. Yes, he speaks French and plays upon the Fiddle. I tell you, I'll be obeyed, Mrs Baggage.

Cel. 'Tis true, I owe Obedience to a Father, but not where Honour, Love, and Life's at stake.

Per-C. [*Mimicking her*] And Life's at stake!—very pretty and heroical that.—And Life's at stake!—These confounded Romances have been the Ruin of thee; I warrant thou canst say more of *Pamela*, or *Joseph Andrews*, than thy Catechism.—Your Mother's good books that I gave you have not a soil upon 'em—*Baxter*, upon unlawful Dreams; Crums of Comfort for Christian Chickens; *Whitfield's* pious Journals. —Read these, read these, and learn Obedience better. I know the Man will make a good Husband, for he has always been a good husband.

Cel. & Phil. How, Sir?

Per-C. Of his Money.—In short, this very Afternoon he intends to wait on you, and I desire you to put on your best Looks to receive him; and so, Madam, your Servant.

Cel. Will you not hear me, Sir?

SONG.

What Pleasure can in Wealth be found
By one, who, 'gainst her Will, is bound
In Wedlock's lasting Chain?
That State, which does so happy prove
To those whose Hearts are join'd in Love
Will be to me but Pain.

Per-C. I'm deaf to any thing of *Heartly*.

B, Page 279.

This scene is partly imitated in Murphy's *All in the Wrong* (Act i. sc. 1); but Celia is called Belinda, and Gorgibus Mr Blandford. We give it here below:—

Blandford. Here is my daughter. So Belinda . . . you are to prepare for marriage, that's all.

Belinda. With Mr Beverley, Sir?

Blan. Mr Beverley!

Bel. You know you encouraged him yourself, Sir.

Blan. Well, well! I have changed my mind on that head: my friend, Sir William, here offers you his son. Do as I advise you: have a care, Belinda, how you disobey my commands.

Bel. But, Sir——

Blan. But, Madam, I must and will be obeyed. You don't like him, you say: but I like him, and that's sufficient for you.

Bel. And can you, Sir William, against our inclinations force us both?

Blan. Hold your tongue, Belinda; don't provoke me. What makes

you from home? Go your ways back directly, and settle your mind. I tell you once for all I will have my own way. Come, Sir William, we will step to the lawyer's chambers. Go home, Belinda, and be observant of my commands. Come, Sir William. What did you say? [*to Belinda*] You mutiny, do you? Don't provoke me. You know, Belinda, I am an odd sort of a man when provok'd. Look ye here: mind what I say; I won't reason with you about the matter; my power is absolute, and if you offer to rebel, you shall have no husband at all with my consent. I'll cut you off with a shilling; I'll see you starve; beg an alms; live miserable; die wretched; in short, suffer any calamity without the least compassion from me. If I find you an undutiful girl, I cast you off for ever. So there's one word for all.

C, Page 281.

In Murphy's *All in the Wrong* (Act i. sc. 1), Belinda (Celia) faints in the presence of Sir John Restless (Sganarelle), who succours her in the following manner:—

Sir John. She is fallen into a fit. Would my servants were in the way. [*Lady Restless* (*at her window*).

Lady Restless. Where can this barbarous man be gone to? How!—under my very window.

Sir J. How cold she is!—quite cold— [*lays his hand to her cheek.*

Lady R. How familiar he is with her!

Sir J. And yet she looks beautiful still.

Lady R. Does she so?

Sir J. Her eyes open—how lovely they look!

Lady R. Traitor!

Sir J. Her cheek begins to colour. Well, young lady, how fare you now, my dear.

Lady R. My dear too!

Belinda. Heavens! where am I?——

Sir J. Repose yourself awhile, or will you step into my house?

Lady R. No, truly, shan't she. Vile man! but I will spoil your sport. I will come down to you directly, and slash confusion in your face. [*Exit from above.*

D, Page 282.

Lady Restless (Sganarelle's wife) has found the picture which Belinda (Celia) had dropt, and is admiring it in Murphy's play as well as in Molière's; we give the scene here below:

Lady Restless. This is really a handsome picture: what a charming countenance! it is perfumed I fancy: the scent is agreeable.

Sir John. The jade, how eagerly she kisses it!

Lady R. Why had I not such a dear, dear man, instead of the brute, the monster——

Sir J. Monster !—She does not mince the matter : plain downright English ! I must contain my rage, and steal upon her meditations—so—so—so. [*Enters on tiptoe.*

Lady R. There is no falsehood in this look.

Sir J. [*Looking over her shoulder*] Oh ! what a handsome dog she has chosen for herself !

Lady R. With you, I could be for ever happy !

Sir J. You could, could you ? [*Snatches the picture.*

Lady R. [*Screams out*] Mercy on me !—Oh ! is it you, sir ?

Sir J. Now, Madam, now false one, have I caught you ?

Lady R. You are come home at last, I find, Sir.

Sir J. My Lady Restless, my Lady Restless, what can you say for yourself now ?

Lady R. What can I say for myself, Sir John ?

Sir J. Ay ! Madam ! this picture ——

Lady R. Yes, Sir, that picture ?

Sir J. Will be evidence ——

Lady R. Of your shame, Sir John.

Sir J. Of my shame !—'tis very true what she says : yes, Madam, it will be an evidence of my shame ; I feel that but too sensibly. But on your part ——

Lady R. You own it then, do you ?——

Sir J. Own it ! I must own it, Madam ; though confusion cover me, I must own it : it is what you have deserved at my hands.

Lady R. I deserve it, Sir John ! find excuses if you will. Cruel, cruel man !—to make me this return at last. I cannot bear it. Oh ! oh ! (*cries*) such black injustice !

Sir J. You may weep ; but your tears are lost : they fall without effect. I now renounce you for ever. This picture will justify me to the wide world ; it will shew what a base woman you have been.

Lady R. What does the man mean ?

Sir J. The picture of your gallant, Madam ! the darling of your amorous hours, who gratifies your luxurious appetites abroad, and ——

Lady R. Scurrilous wretch ! Oh ! Sir, you are at your old stratagem I find : recrimination, you think, will serve your turn.

Sir J. It is a pity you know, Madam, that a woman should be tied to a man for life, even though she has a mortal hatred for him.

Lady R. Artful hypocrite !

Sir J. That she can't change her husband as she does her ear-rings or her gloves.

Lady R. Sir John, this is your old device : this won't avail you.

Sir J. Had the original of this fallen to your lot, you could kiss the picture for ever. You can gloat upon it, Madam, glue your very lips to it.

Lady R. Shallow artifice !

Sir J. With him you could be for ever happy.

Lady R. This is all in vain, Sir John.

Sir J. Had such a dear, dear man fallen to your lot, instead of the brute, the monster.—Am I a monster? I am, and you have made me so. The world shall know your infamy.

Lady R. Oh! brave it out, Sir, brave it out to the last: harmless, innocent man! you have nothing to blush for, nothing to be ashamed of: you have no intrigues, no private amours abroad. I have not seen anything, not I.

Sir J. Madam, I have seen, and I now see your paramour.

Lady R. That air of confidence will be of great use to you, Sir. You have no convenient to meet you under my very window, to loll softly in your arms!

Sir J. Hey! how!

Lady R. Her arm thrown carelessly round your neck! Your hand tenderly applied to her cheek.

Sir J. 'Sdeath! that's unlucky—she will turn it against me. [*Aside.*

Lady R. You are in confusion, are you, Sir? But why should you? You meant no harm—"You are safe with me, my dear—will you step into my house, my love?"—Yes, Sir, you would fain bring her into my very house.

Sir J. My Lady Restless, this evasion is mean and paltry. You beheld a young lady in distress.

Lady R. I know it, and you, tender-hearted man, could caress her out of mere compassion: you could gaze wantonly out of charity; from pure benevolence of disposition you could convey her to some convenient dwelling. Oh! Sir John, Sir John!

Sir J. Madam, this well acted passion ——

Lady R. Don't imagine she has escaped me, Sir.

Sir J. You may talk and rave, Ma'am; but depend upon it, I shall spare no pains to do myself justice on this occasion. Nor will I rest till ——

Lady R. Oh! fie upon you, Sir John: these artifices —

Sir J. Nor will I rest, Madam, until I have found, by means of this instrument here in my hand, who your darling is. I will go about it streight. Ungrateful, treacherous woman! [*Exit.*

Lady R. Yes, go, under that pretext, in pursuit of your licentious pleasures. This ever has been his scheme to cloak his wicked practices: abandoned man! to face me down too, after what my eyes so plainly beheld! I wish I could wring that secret out of Tattle. I'll step to my own room directly, and try by menaces, by wheedling, by fair means, by foul means, by every means, to wrest it from her. [*Exit.*

E, Page 285.

In Rawlins' Comedy of *Tom Essence, or the Modish Wife*, Tom Essence (Sganarelle) has discovered his wife with the picture of Courtly (Lelio); both think one another faithless, and thus ends the scene (Act i.,

Scene 1), which is not found in Molière, but which is given on account of its originality:

Tom Essence. Stand forth, and make up your mouth as demurely as on the day of my Tribulation and Bondage, which was my Wedding-day with thee . . . so now, against thy brazen-fac't Lady-ship, thus I draw my accusation: *Dorothy Essence,* hold up thy hand,—hold up I say . . . so . . . I will show you, to your cost, what I learnt last Sessions, when I was on the Jury . . . Whereas thou *Dorothy Essence,* wife of *Thomas Essence,* Milliner.

Mrs Ess. Whereas thou *Thomas Essence,* Husband of *Dorothy Essence,* Gentle-woman.

T. Ess. . . . A Citizen's Daughter and a Gentle-woman . . . not having Grace or Obedience before your eyes . . .

Mrs Ess. Not having Grace or Obedience before your eyes.

T. Ess. But being moved by the Diabolical discourses of lewd wild Gallants.

Mrs Ess. But being mov'd by the Diabolical Glances of lewd wanton Creatures.

T. Ess. By Amber-grise and Pomander leave off . . . or . . . Hast Feloniously stolen from the body of thy said Husband . . .

Mrs Ess. Hast Feloniously stolen from the body of thy said Wife.

T. Ess. The inestimable Commodity of his Life and Calling, his Reputation.

Mrs Ess. The inestimable Commodity of her Life and Calling, her Reputation.

T. Ess. To his dammage, and against the peace of our Soveraign Lord the King, and so forth.

Mrs Ess. To her dammage . . .

T. Ess. Cudslid Silence . . . How sayest thou *Dorothy,* Guilty or not Guilty?

Mrs Ess. How sayest thou *Thomas,* Guilty or not Guilty . . .

T. Ess. As gad-sa'me, leave off your tricks and plead, or sentence shall pass upon you to be Prest to death.

Mrs Ess. Not Guilty, my Lord . . .

T. Ess. Say you so? . . . How wilt thou be tryed then?

Mrs Ess. By this . . . [*Snatches the picture and runs out.*

T. Ess. Good . . . She'll run away with the King's Witness that shall hang her; however, I'le after her, for fear by tampering she spoil my Evidence.

F, Page 287.

This scene has been imitated in *All in the Wrong* (end of Act ii), but Lelio is there called Beverley:

Sir John. I want to see his face; this may be the original . . . I'll walk round him. [*Sings*] Loll toll loll . . . [*Looks at him*] . . . ha! it has his air. [*Sings*] Loll toll loll, . . . and it has his eye! loll tol

loll . . . it has his complexion; the same glowing, hot, amorous complexion . . . it has his shoulders . . . Loll toll loll . . . Ay and I fancy the mole upon the cheek too. I wish I could view him nearer . . . Ay! he wants to sneak off. Guilt! guilt! conscious guilt. I'll make sure of him. Pray, Sir,—I beg your pardon . . . Is not your name Wildair?

Beverley. No, Sir, Beverley at your service.

Sir J. Have you no relation of that name?

Bev. None.

Sir J. You are very like a gentleman of that name—a friend of mine, whose picture I have here.—Will you give me leave just to . . .

[*Compares him with the picture.*

Bev. Do you find any likeness, Sir?

Sir J. Your head a little more that way, if you please. Ay! ay! it is he. Yes, a plain case; this is my man, or rather,—this is my wife's man.

Bev. Did you ever know anything so whimsical?

Bellmont. Never—ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. They are laughing at me. Ay! and I shall be laughed at by the whole town, pointed at, hooted at, and gazed at!

Bev. What do I see? 'Sdeath the setting of that picture is like what I gave to Belinda. Distraction! if it is the same ——

[*Drawing near him.*

Sir J. He makes his approach, and means, I suppose, to snatch it out of my hand. But I'll prevent him, and so into my pocket it goes. There, lie safe there.

Bev. Confusion! he puts it up in a hurry. Will you be so good, sir, as to favour me with a ——

Sir J. Sir, I wish you a good day.

Bev. With a sight of that picture for a moment?

Sir J. The picture, sir—Po!—a mere daub.

Bev. A motive of curiosity, sir ——

Sir J. It is not worth your seeing. I wish you a good day.

Bev. I shall take it as a favour.

Sir J. A paltry thing. I have not a moment to spare; my family is waiting dinner. Sir, I wish you a good morning. [*Runs into his house.*

Bev. Death and fire! my picture!

G, Page 288.

Otway, in his *Soldier's Fortune* (ii. 1), has thus imitated the ninth scene from Molière's *Sganarelle,* who is called for the nonce Sir David Dunce; Lelio's name is Beaugard.

Sir David Dunce. Well, of all Blessings a discreet Wife is the greatest that can light upon a Man of Years. . . . Here's the Villain in Effigy [*Pulls out the Picture.*] Odd a very handsome Fellow, a dangerous Rogue I'll warrant him. . . . Bless us! what will this World come to!

Beauguard. 'Sdeath! what's that I see? Sure 'tis the very Picture which I sent by Sir Jolly; if so, by this light I am . . . jilted [*Aside.*]

Sir D. Who the Devil's this? Sir, sir, sir, who are you, sir?

Beaug. Ay, ay, 'tis the same . . .

Sir D. Sir, methinks you are very curious.

Beaug. Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary reason to be so.

Sir D. And perhaps, sir, I care not for you, nor your Reason neither.

Beaug. Sir, if you are at leisure, I would beg the Honour to speak with you.

Sir D. With me, Sir? what's your Business with me?

Beaug. I would not willingly be troublesome, tho' it may be I am so at this time.

Sir D. It may be so too, Sir.

Beaug. But to be known to so worthy a Person as you are would be so great an Honour, so extraordinary a Happiness, that I could not avoid taking this Opportunity of tendering you my Service.

Sir D. Smooth Rogue, who the Devil is this Fellow? [*Aside*] But, sir, you were pleased to nominate Business, Sir, I desire with what speed you can to know your Business, Sir, that I may go about my Business.

Beaug. Sir, if I might with good Manners, I should be glad to inform myself, whose Picture that is, which you have in your Hand; methinks it is a very fine Painting.

Sir D. Picture, Friend, Picture! Sir, 'tis a Resemblance of a very impudent Fellow, they call him Captain Beaugard forsooth . . . do you know him, Friend?——

Beaug. I think I have heard of such a Vagabond; the truth on't is, he is a very impudent Fellow.

Sir D. Ay, a damn'd Rogue.

Beaug. Oh, a notorious Scoundrel.

Sir D. I expect to hear he's hanged by the next Sessions.

Beaug. The truth on't is, he has deserv'd it long ago; but did you ever see him, Sir Davy?

Sir D. Sir——does he know me? [*Aside.*

Beaug. Because I fancy that Miniature is very much like him. Pray, Sir, whence had it you?——

Sir D. Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I!—bless us. [*Compares the Picture with Beaugard's Face.*] What have I done now? This is the very Traitor himself. . . . [*Aside*] Whence had it you?

Beaug. Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's English in my country, Sir.

Sir D. Go, Sir, you are a Rascal.

Beaug. How!

Sir D. Sir, I say you are a Rascal, if you go to that——

Beaug. Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Soldier. . . . That Picture is mine, and I must have it, or I shall take an Opportunity to kick your Worship most inhumanly.

Sir D. Kick, sir.

Beaug. Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a Recreation I can show you.

Sir D. Sir, I am a free-born subject of England, and there are Laws look you, there are Laws; so I say you are a Rascal again.

H, Page 289.

In *All in the Wrong* (Act iii.) Lady Restless [illegible] told Beverley (Lelio) that his portrait was given by her husband, to show him how little she regards it, Be[illegible] Sir John, asks an explanation in the following words :—

Beverley. Well encountered : your servant, Sir.

Sir John. My servant, Sir !—I rather take it you are my lady's vant.

Beve. You, if I don't mistake, Sir John, are a pretty general servant of ladies. Pray, Sir, have not you a picture of mine in your pocket?

Sir J. That, I suppose, you have heard from my good lady within there.

Beve. Yes, Sir, and I have heard a great deal more from my Lady.

Sir J. I don't in the least doubt it.

Beve. Sir, I do not mean to work myself up into any choler about such a trifling bauble. Since the lady has thought proper to give it to you——

Sir J. Do her justice, pray ; she did not give it ; so far she was true to you. I took it from her, Sir.

Beve. Took it from her ! That shows he is upon easy terms. [*Aside*] It is of no consequence to me ; I despise it, and you are welcome to make what use you will of it. This I will only say, that you have made me miserable.

Sir J. What, I have interrupted your happiness?

Beve. You have.

Sir J. And no doubt you think it cruel of me so to do.

Beve. Call it by what name you will : you have ruined me with the woman I doated on to distraction.

Sir J. A candid declaration ! And so, Sir, you doated on her, and never reflected that you were doing me the least injury?

Beve. Injury !—I promise you, Sir, I will never injure you again, and so you may set your mind at peace. I here declare I never will hold farther intercourse with her.

Sir J. Oh ! that is too late for me. I have now done with her myself. You are very welcome to the lady, Sir ! you may take her home with you as soon as you please. I forswear her, and so I shall tell my lady this moment. [*Going.*

Beve. That will make her Ladyship happy, no doubt.

Sir J. Yes, I dare say you know it will.

Beve. She told me as much, Sir.

Sir J. She did ! . . . Why then you may depend I shall keep my word, and my Lady may depend upon it too. And that, I suppose, will make you both happy, Sir.

Beve. My happiness is past recalling : I disdain all further connection with the lady.

ed of her!
detest her, hate her as much as I ever loved her.
so I too, I assure you. And so I shall tell my Lady
Your servant Sir. If I can find proof sufficient, you
I promise you. [*Exit.*

I see how it is She has been connected with him till she has his very appetite. 'Sdeath, I'll seek her this moment, upbraid with her falsehood, and then—by heaven! I shall do it with regret. I feel a tug at my heart-string: but were I to be torn piecemeal this shall be our last interview.

I, Page 297.

We only give the second act of Sir W. D'Avenant's *The Play-House to be let*, an abbreviated mock imitation of the twenty-first scene of Molière's *Sganarelle*.

Enter SGANARELLE, *in armour.*

Sganarelle. Begar! mi be desp-rate, end de-fy
Man, voman, and chile dat make de cuckol.
Celie. Vat do you turn your eyes vit
Same end not anser mi?
Lelie. Ah I ave see too mush.
Celie Do dis object suffice to confond ti?
Lelie. But it oblizhe you to blush rader.
Sgan. My colere care not noo one littel
Pudding vor his valeur.
Lelie. Vat man be you dat tro-bill me, end make
Mi angry? vit vom vod you vite?
Sgan. Vit somebody, bute mi be cunning
As de devil and vill no tell.
Lelie. Vi be you armed in dis façon?
Sgan. Perhaps 'tis my façon vor feat it soud rain:
Vat contantmant it vod be to kill him.
Sganarelle, tak corage!
Lelie. Vat you say?
Sgan. Mi say notin bute about bussness
Vit myn self. [*He beats his stomach and face.*
Lelie. Dat is strang man!
Sgan. If mi had tail like de lion, mi voud
Beat myn body into courage.
Celie. Dat object soud make you ane shame,
From vich your eyes seem to be vonded.
Lelie. Yes, mi know bi dat object, dat you be
Guilty of infidelite inexcusable.
Sgan. Myn arte is littel as de pin head.

Celie. Ah, cease before me traitre dis
Cruel insolence in your discour.
Sgan. Begar! see be mor angry vor mi den
I be vor mi selve. Be generous Sganarelle,
Ands kill him a littel as soon as he
Sall turn his back—
[*Lelie passing two or three steps without design, makes Sganarelle return, who did approach to kill him.*
Lelie. Celie, since myn discour move your colere,
I vill seem vell satisfait of your arte,
End praise de choice it has made.
Celie. Yese, my choise is sush as noting can alter.
Lelie. Yese, you doe vell in defending it.
Sgan. See is stout voman end does vel to defend
Myn cause. Sir, your amours bi not legall.
But I'm vise, else strange slaughter voud proceed.
Lelie. From vence dis plaint end brutal anger?
Sgan. Myn vife is myn in publique and yours in privat.
Lelie. Sush sugestion be redicule.
Celie. Ah traitre! dou know vell to disembel.
Lelie. Vat, be you also angry because mi
Teach him discretion?
Celie. Make your discour to him: he know too mush.

J, Page 302.

Murphy in his *All in the Wrong* (Act v.) has not literally followed Molière's play; he has made a comedy in five acts out of a farce in one. Some of Molière's funny scenes were unsuited for comedy, and have been left out, others are lengthened, and new matter has been introduced. But the final scene in the English play is as follows:

Sir John. [*Laughing*] Why yes; it is very clear. I can now laugh at my own folly, and my wife's too.

Lady Restless. There has been something of a mistake, I believe.

Beverley. You see, Sir John, what your suspicions are come to. I never was within your doors before this day; nor should I, perhaps, have had the honour of speaking to your Lady, had it not been for the misunderstanding your mutual jealousies occasioned between Belinda and me.

Blandford. And your Ladyship has been ingenious enough to work out of those whimsical circumstances a charge against my daughter. Ha! ha!

Sir J. It is ever her way, sir. I told you, my dear, that you would make yourself very ridiculous.

Lady R. I fancy, sir, you have not been behind hand with me. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir William. And now, Mr Blandford, I think we may as well let the match go on as we at first intended.

Blan. No, no more of that: you have disposed of your son. Belinda, I no longer oppose your inclinations: take Mr Beverley as soon as you will.

Sir J. Now let us see: if she agrees to marry him, why then, she knows he is innocent, and I shall be satisfied. [*Aside.*

Belin. If you insist upon it, sir.

Blan. I do insist.

Lady R. If Beverley accepts of her, all my suspicions are at an end. [*Aside.*

Bev. Thus let me take the bright reward of all my wishes. [*Takes her hand.*

Belin. Since it is over, you have used your authority, Sir, to make me happy indeed. We have both seen our error, and frankly confess that we have been in the wrong too.

Sir W. Why, we have been all in the wrong, I think.

Sir J. It has been a day of mistakes, but of fortunate ones, conducing at last to the advantage of all parties. My Lady Restless will now be taught ——

Lady R. Sir John, I hope you will be taught ——

Blan. Never mention what is past. The wrangling of married people about unlucky questions that break out between them, is like the lashing of a top: it only serves to keep it up longer.

Sir J. Very true: and since we have been *All in the wrong to-day*, we will, for the future, endeavour to be *All in the Right.*

Bev. A fair proposal, Sir John: we will make it our business, both you, who are married, and we, who are now entering into that state, by mutual confidence to ensure mutual happiness.

The God of Love thinks we profane his fire,
When trifles light as air mistrust inspire.
But where esteem and gen'rous passions spring,
There reigns secure, and waves his purple wing;
Gives home-felt peace; prevents the nuptial strife;
Endears the bliss, and bids it last for life.

K, Page 303.

The closing words uttered by Dotterel (Sganarelle) in James Miller's *The Picture* are as follows:

Mr Dot. Sure never did honest Citizen *conceit* himself a Cuckold upon more apparent Evidences than I did.

You see how strong appearances can blind,
And spread with false Opinions all the Mind.
I thought I saw the Devil and all, but now;
But 'tis all smooth—No Bud upon my Brow—
Then let my Tale be of some Use in Life;
And whatsoe'er you see, never suspect your Wife.

DON GARCIE DE NAVARRE;

OU.

LE PRINCE JALOUX.

COMÉDIE HÉROÏQUE EN CINQ ACTES.

DON GARCIA OF NAVARRE;

OR

THE JEALOUS PRINCE.

A HEROIC COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN VERSE.)

FEBRUARY 4TH, 1661.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

NOTHING can be more unlike *The Pretentious Young Ladies* or *Sganarelle* than Molière's *Don Garcia of Navarre*. The Théâtre du Palais-Royal had opened on the 20th January 1661 with *The Love-Tiff* and *Sganarelle*, but as the young wife of Louis XIV., Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV., King of Spain, had only lately arrived, and as a taste for the Spanish drama appeared to spring up anew in France, Molière thought perhaps that a heroic comedy in that style might meet with some success, the more so as a company of Spanish actors had been performing in Paris the plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon, since the 24th of July 1660. Therefore he brought out, on the 4th of February 1661, his new play of *Don Garcia of Navarre*. It is said that there exists a Spanish play of the same name, of which the author is unknown; Molière seems to have partly followed an Italian comedy, written by Giacinto Andrea Cicognini, under the name of *Le Gelosie fortunate del principe Rodrigo;* the style, loftiness and delicacy of expression are peculiar to the French dramatist.

Don Garcia of Navarre met with no favourable reception, though the author played the part of the hero. He withdrew it after five representations, but still did not think its condemnation final, for he played it again before the king on the 29th of September 1662, in October 1663 at Chantilly, and twice at Versailles. He attempted it anew on the theatre of the Palais-Royal in the month of November 1663; but as it was everywhere unfavourably received, he resolved never to play it more, and even would not print it, for it was only published after his death in 1682. He inserted some parts of this comedy in the *Misanthrope*, the *Femmes Savantes*, *Amphitryon*, *Tartuffe*, and *les Fâcheux*, where they produce great effect.

Though it has not gained a place on the French stage, it nevertheless possesses some fine passages. Molière wished to create a counterpart of *Sganarelle*, the type of ridiculous jealousy, and to delineate passionate jealousy, its doubts, fears, perplexities and anxieties, and in this he has succeeded admirably. However noble-minded Don Garcia may be, there rages within his soul a mean passion which tortures and degrades him incessantly. When at last he is banished from the presence of the fair object of his love, he resolves to brave death by devoting himself to the destruction of her foe; but he is forestalled by his presumed rival, Don

Alphonso, who turns out to be the brother of his mistress, and she receives him once again and for ever in her favour. The delineation of all these passions is too fine-spun, too argumentative to please the general public; the style is sometimes stilted, yet passages of great beauty may be found in it. Moreover the jealousy expressed by Don Garcia is neither sufficiently terrible to frighten, nor ridiculous enough to amuse the audience; he always speaks and acts as a prince, and hence he sometimes becomes royally monotonous.

Some scenes of this play have been imitated in *The Masquerade*, a comedy, acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1719, London, "printed for Bernard Lintot, between the Temple Gate," which was itself partly borrowed from Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*. This comedy was written by Mr Charles Johnson, who "was originally bred to the law, and was a member of the Middle Temple; but being a great admirer of the Muses, and finding in himself a strong propensity to dramatic writing, he quitted the studious labour of the one, for the more spirited amusements of the other; and, by contracting an intimacy with Mr Wilks, found means, through that gentleman's interest, to get his plays on the stage without much difficulty . . . he, by a polite and modest behaviour formed so extensive an acquaintance and intimacy, as constantly ensured him great emoluments on his benefit night; by which means, being a man of economy, he was enabled to subsist very genteelly. He at length married a young widow, with a tolerable fortune; on which he set up a tavern in Bow Street, Covent Garden, but quitted business at his wife's death, and lived privately on an easy competence he had saved. . . . He was born in 1679 . . . but he did not die till March 11, 1748."[1]

The Masquerade is a clever comedy, rather free in language and thought, chiefly about the danger of gambling. Some of the sayings are very pointed. It has been stated that the author frequented the principal coffee-houses in town, and picked up many pungent remarks there; however this may be, the literary men who at the present time frequent clubs, have, I am afraid, not the same chance. As a specimen of free and easy—rather too easy—wit, let me mention the remarks of Mr Smart (Act I.) on the way he passed the night, and in what manner "Nine persons are kept handsomely out of the sober income of one hundred pounds a year." I also observe the name of an old acquaintance in this play. Thackeray's hero in the Memoirs of Mr Charles J. Yellowplush is "the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace, youngest and fifth son of the Earl of Crabs," and in *The Masquerade* (Act III. Sc. 1) Mr Ombre says: "Did you not observe an old decay'd rake that stood next the box-keeper yonder . . . they call him *Sir Timothy Deuxace*; that wretch has play'd off one of the best families in Europe—he has thrown away all his posterity, and reduc'd 20,000 acres of wood-land, arable, meadow, and pasture within the narrow

[1] Biographia Dramatica, by Baker, Reed and Jones, 1812, Vol. I. Part 1.

circumference of an oaken table of eight foot." *The Masquerade* as the title of the play is a misnomer, for it does not conduce at all to the plot.

We give the greater part of the Prologue to *The Masquerade*, spoken by Mr Wilks :—

The Poet, who must paint by Nature's Laws,
If he wou'd merit, what he begs, Applause ;
Surveys your changing Pleasures with Surprise,
Sees each new Day some new Diversion rise ;
Hither, thro' all the Quarters of the Sky,
Fresh Rooks in Flocks from ev'ry Nation hye,
To us, the Cullies of the Globe, they fly :
French, Spaniard, Switzers ; This Man dines on Fire
And swallows Brimstone to your Heart's Desire ;
Another, Handless, Footless, Half a Man,
Does, Wou'd you think it ? what no Whole one can,
A Spaniard next, taught an Italian Frown,
Boldly declares He'll stare all Europe down :
His tortur'd Muscles pleas'd our English Fools ;[2]
Why wou'd the Sot engage with English Bulls ?
Our English Bulls are Hereticks uncivil,
They'd toss the Grand Inquisitor, the Devil :
'Twas stupidly contriv'd of Don Grimace,
To hope to fright 'em with an ugly Face.
And yet, tho' these Exotick Monsters please,
We must with humble Gratitude confess,
To you alone 'tis due, that in this Age,
Good Sense still triumphs on the British stage :
Shakespear beholds with Joy his Sons inherit
His good old Plays, with good old Bess's Spirit.
Be wise and merry, while you keep that Tether ;
Nonsense and Slavery must die together.

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[2] In the rival House, Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, Rich was bringing o Pantomimes, which, by the fertility of his invention, the excellency of his own performance, and the introduction of foreign performers, drew nightly crowded houses—hence the allusion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON GARCIA, *Prince of Navarre, in love with Elvira.*[3]

DON ALPHONSO, *Prince of Leon, thought to be Prince of Castile, under the name of Don Silvio.*

DON ALVAREZ, *confidant of Don Garcia, in love with Eliza.*

DON LOPEZ, *another confidant of Don Garcia, in love with Eliza.*

DON PEDRO, *gentleman-usher to Inez.*

A PAGE.

DONNA ELVIRA, *Princess of Leon.*

DONNA INEZ, *a Countess, in love with Don Silvio, beloved by Mauregat, the usurper of the Kingdom of Leon.*

ELIZA, *confidant to Elvira.*

Scene—ASTORGA, *a city of Spain, in the kingdom of Leon.*

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[3] In the inventory taken after Molière's death mention is made of "Spanish dress, breeches, cloth cloak, and a satin doublet, the whole adorned with silk embroideries." This is probably the dress in which Molière played *Don Garcia.*

DON GARCIA OF NAVARRE

OR, THE JEALOUS PRINCE.

(*DON GARCIE DE NAVARRE, OU LE PRINCE JALOUX.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.

DONNA ELVIRA, ELIZA.

Elvira. No, the hidden feelings of my heart were not regulated by choice: whatever the Prince may be, there is nothing in him to make me prefer his love. Don Silvio shows, as well as he, all the qualities of a renowned hero. The same noble virtues and the same high birth made me hesitate whom to prefer. If aught but merit could gain my heart, the conqueror were yet to be named; but these chains, with which Heaven keeps our souls enslaved, decide me, and, though I esteem both equally, my love is given to Don Garcia.

Eliza. The love which you feel for him, seems to have very little influenced your actions, since I myself, madam, could not for a long time discover which of the two rivals was the favoured one.

Elv. Their noble rivalry in love, Eliza, caused a severe struggle in my breast. When I looked on the one, I felt no pangs, because I followed my own tender inclinations; but when I thought I sacrificed the other, I considered I acted very unjustly; and was of opinion, that Don Silvio's passion, after all, deserved a happier destiny. I

also reflected that a daughter of the late King of Leon owed some obligations to the house of Castile; that an intimate friendship had long knit together the interests of his father and mine. Thus, the more the one made progress in my heart, the more I lamented the ill success of the other. Full of pity, I listened to his ardent sighs, and received his vows politely; thus in a slight degree I tried to make amends for the opposition his love met with in my heart.

El. But since you have been informed he previously loved another, your mind ought to be at rest. Before he loved you, Donna Inez had received the homage of his heart. As she is your most intimate friend, and has told you this secret, you are free to bestow your love upon whom you wish, and cover your refusal to listen to him under the guise of friendship for her.

Elv. It is true I ought to be pleased with the news of Don Silvio's faithlessness, because my heart, that was tormented by his love, is now at liberty to reject it; can justly refuse his addresses, and, without scruple, grant its favours to another. But what delight can my heart feel, if it suffers severely from other pangs; if the continual weakness of a jealous prince receives my tenderness with disdain, compels me justly to give way to anger, and thus to break off all intercourse between us?

El. But as he has never been told that you love him, how can he be guilty if he disbelieves in his happiness? And does not that which could flatter his rival's expectations warrant him to suspect your affection?

Elv. No, no; nothing can excuse the strange madness of his gloomy and unmanly jealousy. I have told him but too clearly, by my actions, that he can indeed flatter himself with the happiness of being beloved. Even if we do not speak, there are other interpreters which clearly lay bare our secret feelings. A sigh, a glance, a mere blush, silence

itself, is enough to show the impulses of a heart. In love, everything speaks: in a case like this, the smallest glimmer ought to throw a great light upon such a subject, since the honour which sways our sex forbids us ever to discover all we feel. I have, I own, endeavoured so to guide my conduct, that I should behold their merits with an unprejudiced eye. But how vainly do we strive against our inclinations! How easy is it to perceive the difference between those favours that are bestowed out of mere politeness, and such as spring from the heart! The first seem always forced; the latter, alas! are granted without thinking, like those pure and limpid streams which spontaneously flow from their native sources. Though the feelings of pity I showed for Don Silvio moved the Prince, yet I unwittingly betrayed their shallowness, whilst my very looks, during this torture, always told him more than I desired they should.

El. Though the suspicions of that illustrious lover have no foundation—for you tell me so—they at least prove that he is greatly smitten: some would rejoice at what you complain of. Jealousy may be odious when it proceeds from a love which displeases us; but when we return that love, such feelings should delight us. It is the best way in which a lover can express his passion; the more jealous he is the more we ought to love him. Therefore since in your soul a magnanimous Prince . . .

Elv. Ah! do not bring forward such a strange maxim. Jealousy is always odious and monstrous; nothing can soften its injurious attacks; the dearer the object of our love is to us, the more deeply we feel its offensive attempts. To see a passionate Prince, losing every moment that respect with which love inspires its real votaries; to see him, when his whole mind is a prey to jealousy, finding fault either with what I like or dislike, and explaining every look of

mine in favour of a rival![4] No, no! such suspicions are too insulting, and I tell you my thoughts without disguise. I love Don Garcia; he alone can fascinate a generous heart; his courage in Leon has nobly proved his passion for me; he dared on my account the greatest dangers, freed me from the toils of cowardly tyrants, and protected me against the horrors of an unworthy alliance by placing me within these strong walls. Nor will I deny but that I should have regretted had I owed my deliverance to any other; for an enamoured heart feels an extreme pleasure, Eliza, in being under some obligations to the object beloved; its faint flame becomes stronger and brighter when it thinks it can discharge them by granting some favours. Yes, I am charmed that he assisted me and risked his life for me, for this seems to give his passion a right of conquest; I rejoice that the danger I was in threw me into his hands. If common reports be true, and Heaven should grant my brother's return, I wish fervently, and with all my heart, that his arm may aid my brother to recover his throne, and punish a traitor; that his heroic valour may be successful, and thus deserve my brother's utmost gratitude. But for all this, if he continues to rouse my anger; if he does not lay aside his jealousy, and obey me in whatever I command, he in vain aspires to the hand of Donna Elvira. Marriage can never unite us; for I abhor bonds, which, undoubtedly, would then make a hell upon earth for both of us.

El. Although one may hold different opinions, the Prince, Madam, should conform himself to your desires; they are so clearly set down in your note that, when he sees them thus explained, he . . .

Elv. This letter, Eliza, shall not be employed for such a purpose. It will be better to tell him what I think of his

[4] Molière has expressed the same thoughts differently in *The Bores*, Act ii. Scene 4. See vol. ii.

conduct. When we favour a lover by writing to him, we leave in his hands too flagrant proofs of our inclination. Therefore take care that that letter is not delivered to the Prince.

El. Your will is law; yet I cannot help wondering that Heaven has made people's minds so unlike, and that what some consider an insult should be viewed with a different eye by others. As for me, I should think myself very fortunate if I had a lover who could be jealous, for his uneasiness would give me satisfaction. That which often vexes me is to see Don Alvarez give himself no concern about me.

Elv. We did not think he was so near us. Here he comes.

SCENE II.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

Elv. Your return surprises me. What tidings do you bring? Is Don Alphonso coming, and when may we expect him?

Alv. Yes, Madam; the time has arrived when your brother, brought up in Castile, will get his own again. Hitherto, the cautious Don Louis, to whom the late King, on his death-bed, entrusted the care of Don Alphonso, has concealed his rank from every one, in order to save him from the fury of the traitor Mauregat. Though the miserable but successful tyrant has often inquired after him, under pretence of restoring him to the throne, yet Don Louis, who is full of prudence, would never trust to Mauregat's pretended feelings for justice, with which he tried to allure him. But as the people became enraged at the violence which a usurper would have offered you, generous old Don Louis thought it time to try what could be done after twenty years' ex-

pectation. He has sounded Leon; his faithful emissaries have sought to influence the minds of great and small. Whilst Castile was arming ten thousand men to restore that Prince so wished for by his people, Don Louis caused a report to be noised abroad that the renowned Don Alphonso was coming, but that he would not produce him save at the head of an army, and completely ready to launch the avenging thunderbolts at the vile usurper's head. Leon is besieged, and Don Silvio himself commands the auxiliary forces, with which his father aids you.

Elv. We may flatter ourselves that our expectations will be realized, but I am afraid my brother will owe Don Silvio too heavy a debt.[5]

Alv. But, Madam, is it not strange that, notwithstanding the storm which the usurper of your throne hears growling over his head, all the advices from Leon agree that he is going to marry the Countess Inez ?

Elv. By allying himself to the high-born maiden, he hopes to obtain the support of her powerful family. I am rather uneasy that of late I have heard nothing of her. But she has always shown an inveterate dislike to that tyrant.

El. Feelings of honour and tenderness will cause her to refuse the marriage they urge upon her, for . . .

Alv. The Prince is coming here.

SCENE III.

DON GARCIA, DONNA ELVIRA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

Garc. I come, Madam, to rejoice with you in the good tidings you have just heard. Your brother, who threatens a tyrant stained with crimes, allows me to hope that my love

[5] Donna Elvira is afraid that Don Alphonso will owe Don Silvio a debt so heavy, that he will only be able to repay it by the gift of her hand.

may one day be returned, and offers to my arm an opportunity to acquire glory in fresh dangers for the sake of your lovely eyes. If Heaven proves propitious, I will gain amidst these dangers a victory, which divine justice owes to you, which will lay treachery at your feet, and restore to your family its former dignity. But what pleases me still more amidst these cherished expectations is that Heaven restores you this brother to be King; for now my love may openly declare itself, without being accused of seeking to gain a crown whilst striving to obtain your hand. Yes, my heart desires nothing more than to show before the whole world that in you it values but yourself; if I may say so without giving offence, a hundred times have I wished you were of less rank. Loving you as I do, I could have desired that your divine charms had fallen to the lot of some one born in a humbler station, that I might unselfishly proffer my heart, and thus make amends to you for Heaven's injustice, so that you might owe to my love the homage due to your birth.[6] But since Heaven has forestalled me, and deprives me of the privilege of proving my love, do not take it amiss that my amorous flames look for some slight encouragement when I shall have killed the tyrant, whom I am ready to encounter; suffer me by noble services favourably to dispose the minds of a brother and of a whole nation towards me.

Elv. I know, Prince, that by avenging our wrongs you can make a hundred deeds of daring speak for your love. But the favour of a brother and the gratitude of a nation are not sufficient to reward you; Elvira is not to be obtained by such efforts; there is yet a stronger obstacle to overcome.

[6] The sentence from "Yes, my heart," &c., until "your birth" is nearly the same as the words addressed by Alceste to Célimène in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv. Sc. 3 (see Vol. III.)

Garc. Yes, Madam, I know what you mean. I know very well that my heart sighs in vain for you; neither do I ignore the powerful obstacle against my love, though you name it not.

Elv. Often we hear badly when we think we hear well. Too much ardour, Prince, may lead us into mistakes. But since I must speak, I will. Do you wish to know how you can please me, and when you may entertain any hope?

Garc. I should consider this, Madam, a very great favour.

Elv. When you know how to love as you ought.

Garc. Alas! Madam, does there exist anything under the canopy of heaven that yields not to the passion with which your eyes have inspired me?

Elv. When your passion displays nothing at which the object of your love can feel offended.

Garc. That is its greatest study.

Elv. When you shall cease to harbour mean unworthy sentiments of me.

Garc. I love you to adoration.

Elv. When you have made reparation for your unjust suspicions, and when you finally banish that hideous monster which poisons your love with its black venom; that jealous and whimsical temper which mars, by its outbreaks, the love you offer, prevents it from ever being favourably listened to, and arms me, each time, with just indignation against it.

Garc. Alas, Madam, it is true, that, notwithstanding my utmost effort, some trifling jealousy lingers in my heart; that a rival, though distant from your divine charms, disturbs my equanimity. Whether it be whimsical or reasonable, I always imagine that you are uneasy when he is absent, and that in spite of my attentions, your sighs are continually sent in search of that too happy rival. But

if such suspicions displease you, alas, you may easily cure them; their removal, which I hope for, depends more on you than on me. Yes, with a couple of love-breathing words you can arm my soul against jealousy, and disperse all the horrors with which that monster has enshrouded it, by encouraging me to entertain some expectation of a successful issue. Deign therefore to remove the doubt that oppresses me; and, amidst so many trials, let your charming lips grant me the assurance that you love me,—an assurance, of which, I know, I am utterly unworthy.

Elv. Prince, your suspicions completely master you. The slightest intimation of a heart should be understood; it does not reciprocate a passion that continually adjures the object beloved to explain herself more clearly. The first agitation displayed by our soul ought to satisfy a discreet lover; if he wishes to make us declare ourselves more plainly, he only gives us a reason for breaking our promise. If it depended on me alone, I know not whether I should choose Don Silvio or yourself; the very wish I expressed for you not to be jealous, would have been a sufficient hint to any one but you; I thought this request was worded agreeably enough without needing anything further. Your love, however, is not yet satisfied, and requires a more public avowal. In order to remove any scruples, I must distinctly say that I love you; perhaps even, to make more sure of it, you will insist that I must swear it too.

Garc. Well, Madam, I own I am too bold; I ought to be satisfied with everything that pleases you. I desire no further information. I believe you feel kindly towards me, that my love inspires you even with a little compassion; I am happier than I deserve to be. It is over now; I abandon my jealous suspicions; the sentence which condemns them is very agreeable; I shall obey the decision you so kindly

pronounce, and free my heart from their unfounded sway.

Elv. You promise a great deal, Prince, but I very much doubt whether you can restrain yourself sufficiently.

Garc. Ah! Madam, you may believe me; it is enough that what is promised to you ought always to be kept, because the happiness of obeying the being one worships ought to render easy the greatest efforts. May Heaven declare eternal war against me; may its thunder strike me dead at your feet; or, what would be even worse than death, may your wrath be poured upon me, if ever my love descends to such weakness as to fail in the promise I have given, if ever any jealous transport of my soul . . !

SCENE IV.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA, A PAGE *presenting a letter to Donna Elvira.*

Elv. I was very anxious about this letter, I am very much obliged to you; let the messenger wait.

SCENE V.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

Elv. [*Low and aside*] I see already by his looks that this letter disturbs him. What a wonderfully jealous temper he has! [*Aloud*] What stops you, Prince, in the midst of your oath?

Garc. I thought you might have some secret together; I was unwilling to interrupt you.

Elv. It seems to me that you reply in a much altered voice; I see all of a sudden a certain wildness in your looks; this abrupt change surprises me. What can be the cause of it? May I know?

Garc. A sudden sickness at heart.

Elv. Such illnesses have often more serious consequences than one believes; some immediate remedy would be necessary; but, tell me, have you often such attacks?

Garc. Sometimes.

Elv. Alas, weak-minded Prince! Here, let this writing cure your distemper; it is nowhere but in the mind.

Garc. That writing, Madam! No, I refuse to take it. I know your thoughts and what you will accuse me of, if . . .

Elv. Read it, I tell you, and satisfy yourself.

Garc. That you may afterwards call me weak-minded and jealous? No, no, I will prove that this letter gave me no umbrage, and though you kindly allow me to read it, to justify myself, I will not do so.

Elv. If you persist in your refusal, I should be wrong to compel you; it is sufficient, in short, as I have insisted upon it, to let you see whose hand it is.

Garc. I ought always to be submissive to you; if it is your pleasure I should read it for you, I will gladly do so.

Elv. Yes, yes, Prince, here it is; you shall read it for me.

Garc. I only do so, Madam, in obedience to your commands, and I may say . . .

Elv. Whatever you please; but pray make haste.

Garc. It comes from Donna Inez, I perceive.

Elv. It does, and I am glad of it, both for your sake and mine.

Garc. [Reads] "*In spite of all that I do to show my contempt for the tyrant, he persists in his love for me; the more effectually to encompass his designs, he has, since your absence, directed against me all that violence with which he pursued the alliance between yourself and his son. Those who perhaps have the right to command me, and who are inspired by base motives of false honour, all*

approve this unworthy proposal. I do not know yet where my persecution will end; but I will die sooner than give my consent. May you, fair Elvira, be happier in your fate than I am. DONNA INEZ." A lofty virtue fortifies her mind.

Elv. I will go and write an answer to this illustrious friend. Meanwhile, Prince, learn not to give way so readily to what causes you alarm. I have calmed your emotion by enlightening you, and the whole affair has passed off quietly; but, to tell you the truth, a time may come when I might entertain other sentiments.

Garc. What? you believe then . . .

Elv. I believe what I ought. Farewell, remember what I tell you; if your love for me be really so great as you pretend, prove it as I wish.

Garc. Henceforth this will be my only desire; and sooner than fail in it, I will lose my life.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ELIZA, DON LOPEZ.

El. To speak my mind freely to you, I am not much astonished at anything the Prince may do; for it is very natural, and I cannot disapprove of it, that a soul inflamed by a noble passion should become exasperated by jealousy, and that frequent doubts should cross his mind: but what surprises me, Don Lopez, is to hear that you keep alive his suspicions; that you are the contriver of them; that he is sad only because you wish it, jealous only because he looks at everything with your eyes. I repeat it, Don Lopez, I do not wonder that a man who is greatly in love becomes suspicious.

But, that a man who is not in love should have all the anxieties of one who is jealous—this is a novelty that belongs to none but you.

Lop. Let everybody comment on my actions as much as they please. Each man regulates his conduct according to the goal he wishes to reach; since my love was rejected by you, I court the favour of the Prince.

El. But do you not know that no favour will be granted to him if you continue to maintain him in this disposition?

Lop. Pray, charming Eliza, was it ever known that those about great men minded anything but their own interest, or that a perfect courtier wished to increase the retinue of those same grandees by adding to it a censor of their faults?, did he ever trouble himself if his conversation harmed them, provided he could but derive some benefit? All the actions of a courtier only tend to get into their favour, to obtain a place in as short a time as possible; the quickest way to acquire their good graces is by always flattering their weaknesses, by blindly applauding what they have a mind to do, and by never countenancing anything that displeases them. That is the true secret of standing well with them. Good advice causes a man to be looked upon as a troublesome fellow, so that he no longer enjoys that confidence which he had secured by an artful subservience. In short, we always see that the art of courtiers aims only at taking advantage of the foibles of the great, at cherishing their errors, and never advising them to do things which they dislike.

El. These maxims may do well enough for a time: but reverses of fortune have to be dreaded. A gleam of light may at last penetrate the minds of the deceived nobles, who will then justly avenge themselves on all such flatterers for the length of time their glory has been dimmed. Meanwhile I must tell you that you have been a little too frank in

your explanations; if a true account of your motives were laid before the Prince, it would but ill serve you in making your fortune.

Lop. I could deny having told you those truths I have just unfolded, and that without being gainsaid; but I know very well that Eliza is too discreet to divulge this private conversation. After all, what I have said is known by everyone; what actions of mine have I to conceal? A downfall may be justly dreaded when we employ artifices or treachery. But what have I to fear? I, who cannot be taxed with anything but complaisance, who by my useful lessons do but follow up the Prince's natural inclination for jealousy. His soul seems to live upon suspicions; and so I do my very best to find him opportunities for his uneasiness, and to look out on all sides if anything has happened that may furnish a subject for a secret conversation. When I can go to him, with a piece of news that may give a deadly blow to his repose, then he loves me most; I can see him listen eagerly and swallow the poison, and thank me for it too, as if I had brought him news of some victory which would make him happy and glorious for all his life. But my rival draws near, and so I leave you together; though I have renounced all hope of ever gaining your affection, yet it would pain me not a little to see you prefer him to me before my face; therefore I will avoid such a mortification[7] as much as I can.

El. All judicious lovers should do the same.

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[7] Don Lopez bears a distant resemblance to "honest Iago" in Othello, though Molière has only faintly shadowed forth what Shakespeare has worked out in so masterly a manner.

SCENE II.

DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

Alv. At last we have received intelligence that the king of Navarre has this very day declared himself favourable to the Prince's love, and that a number of fresh troops will reinforce his army, ready to be employed in the service of her to whom his wishes aspire. As for me, I am surprised at their quick movements . . . but . . .

SCENE III.

DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

Garc. What is the Princess doing?

El. I think, my Lord, she is writing some letters; but I shall let her know that you are here.

Garc. I will wait till she has done.

SCENE IV.

DON GARCIA (*alone*).[8]

Being on the point of seeing her, I feel my soul shaken by an unusual emotion; fear as well as excess of feeling make me suddenly tremble. Take heed, Don Garcia, lest a blind caprice lead you to some precipice, and lest the great disorder of your mind cause you to yield a little too much to your senses. Consult reason, take her for your guide; see whether your suspicions are well founded; do not reject their voice, but yet take care not to believe them too readily, otherwise they might deceive you, and your first outburst might pass all bounds. Read carefully again this half of a letter. Ha, what would I, whose heart is full of agony, not give for the other half of it? But after all, what do

[8] See Appendix, Note A.

I say? This part suffices, and is more than enough to convince me of my misfortune:

"*Though your rival . . .*
you ought still . . .
It is in your power to . . .
the greatest obstacle . . .
I feel very grateful . . .
for rescuing me from the hands . . .
his love, his homage . . .
but his jealousy is . . .
Remove, therefore, from your love . . .
deserve the regards . . .
and when one endeavours . . .
do not persist . . ."

Yes, my destiny is sufficiently explained by these words, which clearly show that she wrote what she felt; the imperfect meaning of this ominous letter does not require the other half to be clear to me. Let us however act gently at first; let us conceal our deep emotion from this faithless woman; let us employ against her the same arts she makes use of. Here she comes. Reason, be thou mistress of my soul, and for some time at least, keep me from giving way to my passion!

SCENE V.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA.[9]

Elv. I trust you will pardon me for letting you wait.

Garc. [*In a low voice and aside*] How well she dissembles.

Elv. We have just now heard that the King, your father, approves your designs, and consents that his son

[9] See Appendix, Note B.

should restore us to our subjects. I am extremely rejoiced at this.

Garc. Yes, Madam, and my heart is rejoiced at it too; but . . .

Elv. The tyrant will doubtless find it difficult to defend himself against the thunderbolts which from all sides threaten him. I flatter myself that the same courage which was able to deliver me from the brutal rage of the usurper, to snatch me out of his hands, and place me safe within the walls of Astorga, will conquer the whole of Leon, and, by its noble efforts cause the head of the tyrant to fall.

Garc. A few days more will show if I am successful. But pray let us proceed to some other subject of conversation. If you do not consider me too bold, will you kindly tell me, Madam, to whom you have written since fate led us hither?

Elv. Why this question, and whence this anxiety?

Garc. Out of pure curiosity, Madam, that is all.

Elv. Curiosity is the daughter of jealousy.

Garc. No; it is not at all what you imagine; your commands have sufficiently cured that disease.

Elv. Without endeavouring further to discover what may be the reasons for your inquiry, I have written twice to the Countess Inez at Leon, and as often to the Marquis, Don Louis, at Burgos. Does this answer put your mind at rest?

Garc. Have you written to no one else, Madam?

Elv. No, certainly, and your questions astonish me.

Garc. Pray consider well, before you make such a statement, because people forget sometimes, and thus perjure themselves.

Elv. I cannot perjure myself in what I have stated.

Garc. You have, however, told a very great falsehood.

Elv. Prince!

Garc. Madam!

Elv. Heavens! what is the meaning of this? Speak! Have you lost your senses?

Garc. Yes, yes, I lost them, when to my misfortune I beheld you, and thus took the poison which kills me; when I thought to meet with some sincerity in those treacherous charms that bewitched me.

Elv. What treachery have you to complain of?

Garc. Oh! how double-faced she is! how well she knows to dissimulate! But all means for escape will fail you. Cast your eyes here, and recognise your writing.[10] Without having seen the other part of this letter, it is easy enough to discover for whom you employ this style.

Elv. And this is the cause of your perturbation of spirits?

Garc. Do you not blush on beholding this writing?

Elv. Innocence is not accustomed to blush.

Garc. Here indeed we see it oppressed. You disown this letter because it is not signed . . .

Elv. Why should I disown it, since I wrote it?[11]

Garc. It is something that you are frank enough to own your handwriting; but I will warrant that it was a note written to some indifferent person, or at least that the tender sentiments it contains were intended only for some lady friend or relative.

Elv. No, I wrote it to a lover, and, what is more, to one greatly beloved.

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[10] The lines, "Heavens! what is the meaning of this?" till "and recognise your writing," have been employed again by Molière in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv., Scene 3, (see vol. III.) The misanthrope Alcèste has also in his hand the written proofs of the faithlessness of the object of his love: but his suspicions are well founded, whilst those of Don Garcia are inspired only by jealousy.

[11] The words, "And this is the cause" until "since I wrote it," are, with a few slight alterations, found also in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv., Scene 3.

Garc. And can I, O perfidious woman . . . ?

Elv. Bridle, unworthy Prince, the excess of your base fury. Although you do not sway my heart, and I am accountable here to none but myself, yet for your sole punishment I will clear myself from the crime of which you so insolently accuse me. You shall be undeceived; do not doubt it. I have my defence at hand. You shall be fully enlightened; my innocence shall appear complete. You yourself shall be the judge in your own cause, and pronounce your own sentence.

Garc. I cannot understand such mysterious talk.

Elv. You shall soon comprehend it to your cost. Eliza, come hither!

SCENE VI.

DON GARCIA, DONNA ELVIRA, ELIZA.[12]

El. Madam.

Elv. [*To don Garcia*] At least observe well whether I make use of any artifice to deceive you; whether by a single glance or by any warning gesture I seek to ward off this sudden blow. [*To Eliza*] Answer me quickly, where did you leave the letter I wrote just now?

El. Madam, I confess I am to blame. This letter was by accident left on my table; but I have just been informed that Don Lopez, coming into my apartment, took, as he usually does, the liberty to pry everywhere, and found it. As he was unfolding it, Leonora wished to snatch it from him before he had read anything; and whilst she tried to do this, the letter in dispute was torn in two pieces, with one of which Don Lopez quickly went away, in spite of all she could do.

Elv. Have you the other half?

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[12] See Appendix, Note C.

El. Yes; here it is.

Elv. Give it to me. [*To Don Garcia*] We shall see who is to blame; join the two parts together, and then read it aloud. I wish to hear it.

Garc. "*To Don Garcia.*" Ha!

Elv. Go on! Are you thunderstruck at the first word?

Garc. [Reads] "*Though your rival, Prince, disturbs your mind; you ought still to fear yourself more than him. It is in your power to destroy now the greatest obstacle your passion has to encounter. I feel very grateful to Don Garcia for rescuing me from the hands of my bold ravishers; his love, his homage delights me much; but his jealousy is odious to me. Remove, therefore, from your love that foul blemish; deserve the regards that are bestowed upon it; and when one endeavours to make you happy, do not persist in remaining miserable.*"

Elv. Well, what do you say to this?

Garc. Ah! Madam, I say that on reading this I am quite confounded; that I see the extreme injustice of my complaints, and that no punishment can be severe enough for me.

Elv. Enough! Know that if I desired that you should read the letter, it was only to contradict everything I stated in it; to unsay a hundred times all that you read there in your favour. Farewell, Prince.

Garc. Alas, Madam! whither do you fly?

Elv. To a spot where you shall not be, over-jealous man.

Garc. Ah, Madam, excuse a lover who is wretched because, by a wonderful turn of fate, he has become guilty towards you, and who, though you are now very wroth with him, would have deserved greater blame if he had remained innocent. For, in short, can a heart be truly enamoured which does not dread as well as hope? And could you

believe I loved you if this ominous letter had not alarmed me; if I had not trembled at the thunderbolt which I imagined had destroyed all my happiness? I leave it to yourself to judge if such an accident would not have caused any other lover to commit the same error; if I could disbelieve, alas, a proof which seemed to me so clear!

Elv. Yes, you might have done so; my feelings so clearly expressed ought to have prevented your suspicions. You had nothing to fear; if some others had had such a pledge they would have laughed to scorn the testimony of the whole world.

Garc. The less we deserve a happiness which has been promised us, the greater is the difficulty we feel in believing in it. A destiny too full of glory seems unstable, and renders us suspicious. As for me, who think myself so little deserving of your favours, I doubted the success of my rashness.[13] I thought that, finding yourself in a place under my command, you forced yourself to be somewhat kind to me; that, disguising to me your severity. . . .

Elv. Do you think that I could stoop to so cowardly an action? Am I capable of feigning so disgracefully; of acting from motives of servile fear; of betraying my sentiments; and, because I am in your power, of concealing my contempt for you under a pretence of kindness? Could any consideration for my own reputation so little influence me? Can you think so, and dare to tell it me? Know that this heart cannot debase itself; that nothing under Heaven can compel it to act thus: if it has committed the great error of showing you some kindness, of which you were not worthy, know that in spite of your power, it will be able now to show the hatred it feels for

[13] Molière has with a few alterations placed this phrase beginning with "the less," and ending with "my rashness," in the mouth of *Tartuffe* in the play of the same name, Act iv., Sc. 5, (see Vol. IV.)

you, to defy your rage, and convince you that it is not mean, nor ever will be so.

Garc.[14] Well, I cannot deny that I am guilty: but I beg pardon of your heavenly charms, I beg it for the sake of the most ardent love that two beautiful eyes ever kindled in a human soul. But if your wrath cannot be appeased; if my crime be beyond forgiveness; if you have no regard for the love that caused it, nor for my heart-felt repentance, then one propitious blow shall end my life, and free me from these unbearable torments. No, think not that having displeased you, I can live for one moment under your wrath. Even whilst we are speaking, my heart sinks under gnawing remorse; were a thousand vultures cruelly to wound it, they could not inflict greater pangs. Tell me, madam, if I may hope for pardon; if not, then this sword shall instantly, in your sight, by a well-directed thrust, pierce the heart of a miserable wretch; that heart, that irresolute heart, whose weakness has so deeply offended your excessive kindness, too happy if in death this just doom efface from your memory all remembrance of its crime, and cause you to think of my affection without dislike. This is the only favour my love begs of you.

Elv. Oh! too cruel Prince!

Garc. Speak, Madam.

Elv. Must I still preserve some kind feelings for you, and suffer myself to be affronted by so many indignities?

Garc. A heart that is in love can never offend, and finds excuses for whatever love may do.

Elv. Love is no excuse for such outbursts.

Garc. Love communicates its ardour to all emotions, and the stronger it is, the more difficulty it finds . . .

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[14] This scene beginning from "Well" until the end, has, with several alterations rendered necessary by change of metre, been treated by Molière in his *Amphitryon*, Act ii., Sc. 6, (see vol. IV.)

Elv. No, speak to me no more of it; you deserve my hatred.

Garc. You hate me then?

Elv. I will at least endeavour to do so. But alas! I am afraid it will be in vain, and that all the wrath which your insults have kindled, will not carry my revenge so far.

Garc. Do not endeavour to punish me so severely, since I offer to kill myself to avenge you; pronounce but the sentence and I obey immediately.

Elv. One who cannot hate cannot wish anybody to die.

Garc. I cannot live unless you kindly pardon my rash errors; resolve either to punish or to forgive.

Elv. Alas! I have shown too clearly my resolution; do we not pardon a criminal when we tell him we cannot hate him?

Garc. Ah! this is too much. Suffer me, adorable Princess . . .

Elv. Forbear, I am angry with myself for my weakness.

Garc. [*Alone*] At length I am . . .

SCENE VII.

DON GARCIA, DON LOPEZ.

Lop. My Lord, I have to communicate to you a secret that may justly alarm your love.

Garc. Do not talk to me of secrets or alarms, whilst I am in such a blissful rapture. After what has just taken place, I ought not to listen to any suspicions. The unequalled kindness of a divine object ought to shut my ears against all such idle reports. Do not say anything more.

Lop. My Lord, I shall do as you wish; my only care in this business was for you. I thought that the secret I just discovered ought to be communicated with all diligence;

but since it is your pleasure I should not mention it, I shall change the conversation, and inform you that every family in Leon threw off the mask, as soon as the report spread that the troops of Castile were approaching; the lower classes especially show openly such an affection for their true King, that the tyrant trembles for fear.

Garc. Castile, however, shall not gain the victory without our making an attempt to share in the glory; our troops may also be able to terrify Mauregat. But what secret would you communicate to me? Let us hear it!

Lop. My Lord, I have nothing to say.[15]

Garc. Come, come, speak, I give you leave.

Lop. My Lord, your words have told me differently; and since my news may displease you, I shall know for the future how to remain silent.

Garc. Without further reply, I wish to know your secret.

Lop. Your commands must be obeyed; but, my Lord, duty forbids me to explain such a secret in this place. Let us go hence, and I shall communicate it to you; without taking anything lightly for granted, you yourself shall judge what you ought to think of it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DONNA ELVIRA, ELIZA.

Elv. What say you, Eliza, to this unaccountable weakness in the heart of a Princess? What do you say when you see me so quickly forego my desire for revenge, and, in spite of so much publicity, weakly and shamefully pardon so cruel an outrage.

[15] Compare Iago's reticence in Shakspeare's *Othello* (iii. 3.)

El. I say; Madam, that an insult from a man we love is doubtless very difficult to bear; but if there be none which makes us sooner angry, so there is none which we sooner pardon. If the man we love is guilty, and throws himself at our feet, he triumphs over the rash outbreak of the greatest anger; so much the more easily, madam, if the offence comes from an excess of love. However great your displeasure may have been, I am not astonished to see it appeased; I know the power which, in spite of your threats, will always pardon such crimes.

Elv. But know, Eliza, however great the power of my love may be, I have blushed for the last time; if henceforth the Prince gives me fresh cause for anger, he must no longer look for pardon. I swear, that in such a case, I will never more foster tender feelings for him: for in short, a mind with ever so little pride is greatly ashamed to go back from its word, and often struggles gallantly against its own inclinations; it becomes stubborn for honour's sake, and sacrifices everything to the noble pride of keeping its word. Though I have pardoned him now, do not consider this a precedent for the future. Whatever fortune has in store for me, I cannot think of giving my hand to the Prince of Navarre, until he has shown that he is completely cured of those gloomy fits which unsettle his reason, and has convinced me, who am the greatest sufferer by this disease, that he will never insult me again by a relapse.

El. But how can the jealousy of a lover be an insult to us?

Elv. Is there one more deserving of our wrath! And since it is with the utmost difficulty we can resolve to confess our love; since the strict honour of our sex at all times strongly opposes such a confession, ought a lover to doubt our avowal, and should he not be punished? Is he not greatly to blame

in disbelieving that which is never said but after a severe struggle with one's self?[16]

El. As for me, I think that a little mistrust on such an occasion should not offend us; and that it is dangerous, Madam, for a lover to be absolutely persuaded that he is beloved. If . . .

Elv. Let us argue no more. Every person thinks differently. I am offended by such suspicions; and, in spite of myself, I am conscious of something which forebodes an open quarrel between the Prince and me, and which, notwithstanding his great qualities . . . . But Heavens! Don Silvio of Castile in this place!

SCENE II.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON ALPHONSO, *under the name of Don Silvio*, ELIZA.

Elv. Ah! my Lord, what chance has brought you here?

Alph. I know, Madam, that my arrival must surprise you. To enter quietly this town, to which the access has become difficult through the orders of a rival, and to have avoided being seen by the soldiers, is an event you did not look for. But if, in coming here, I have surmounted some obstacles, the desire of seeing you is able to effect much greater miracles. My heart has felt but too severely the blows of merciless fate which kept me away from you; to allay the pangs which nearly kill me, I could not refuse myself some moments to behold in secret your inestimable person. I come, therefore, to tell you that I return thanks to Heaven, that you are rescued from the hands of an odious tyrant. But, in the midst of that happiness, I feel that I

[16] The words "since it is" until "one's self" have been used by Molière with some slight alteration in the *Misanthrope* Act iv., Scene 3, (see vol. III.)

shall always be tortured with the thought that envious fate deprived me of the honour of performing such a noble deed, and has unjustly given to my rival the chance of venturing his life pleasantly to render you so great a service. Yes, Madam, my readiness to free you from your chains was undoubtedly equal to his; I should have gained the victory for you, if Heaven had not robbed me of that honour.

Elv. I know, my Lord, that you possess a heart capable of overcoming the greatest dangers; I doubt not but this generous zeal which incited you to espouse my quarrel, would have enabled you, as well as any one else, to overcome all base attempts; but even if you have not performed this noble deed—and you could have done it—I am already under sufficient obligations to the house of Castile. It is well known what a warm and faithful friend the Count, your father, was of the late King, and what he did for him. After having assisted him until he died, he gave my brother a shelter in his states; full twenty years he concealed him, in spite of the cowardly efforts to discover him, employed by barbarous and enraged enemies; and now to restore to his brow a crown, in all its splendour, you are marching in person against our usurpers. Are you not satisfied, and do not these generous endeavours place me under strong obligations to you? Would you, my Lord, obstinately persist in swaying my whole fate? Must I never receive even the slightest kindness unless from you? Ah! amidst these misfortunes, which seem to be my fate, suffer me to owe also something to another, and do not complain that another arm acquired some glory, when you were absent.

Alph. Yes, Madam, I ought to cease complaining; you are quite right when you tell me so; we unjustly complain of one misfortune, when a much greater threatens to afflict us. This succour from a rival is a cruel mortification to me: but, alas! this is not the greatest of my misfortunes;

the blow, the severe blow which crushes me, is to see that rival preferred to me. Yes, I but too plainly perceive that his greater reputation was the reason that his love was preferred to mine; that opportunity of serving you, the advantage he possessed of signalizing his prowess, that brilliant exploit which he performed in saving you, was nothing but the mere effect of being happy enough to please you, the secret power of a wonderful astral influence which causes the object you love to become famed. Thus all my efforts will be in vain. I am leading an army against your haughty tyrants; but I fulfil this noble duty trembling, because I am sure that your wishes will not be for me, and that, if they are granted, fortune has in store the most glorious successes for my happy rival. Ah! Madam, must I see myself hurled from that summit of glory I expected; and may I not know what crimes they accuse me of, and why I have deserved that dreadful downfall?

Elv. Before you ask me anything, consider what you ought to ask of my feelings. As for this coldness of mine, which seems to abash you, I leave it to you, my Lord, to answer for me; for, in short, you cannot be ignorant that some of your secrets have been told to me. I believe your mind to be too noble and too generous to desire me to do what is wrong. Say yourself if it would be just to make me reward faithlessness; whether you can, without the greatest injustice, offer me a heart already tendered to another; whether you are justified in complaining, and in blaming a refusal which would prevent you from staining your virtues with a crime? Yes, my Lord, it is a crime, for first love has so sacred a hold on a lofty mind, that it would rather lose greatness, and abandon life itself, than incline to a second love.[17] I have that regard for you which is

[17] The words "Yes my Lord" until "second love" are also, with some alterations, found in *The Blue Stockings*, Act iv., Scene 2, (see Vol VI.)

caused by an appreciation of your lofty courage, your magnanimous heart; but do not require of me more than I owe you, and maintain the honour of your first choice. In spite of your new love, consider what tender feelings the amiable Inez still retains for you; that she has constantly refused to be made happy for the sake of an ungrateful man; for such you are, my Lord! In her great love for you, how generously has she scorned the splendour of a diadem! Consider what attempts she has withstood for your sake, and restore to her heart what you owe it.

Alph. Ah, Madam, do not present her merit to my eyes! Though I am an ungrateful man and abandon her, she is never out of my mind; if my heart could tell you what it feels for her, I fear it would be guilty towards you. Yes, that heart dares to pity Inez, and does not, without some hesitation follow the violent love which leads it on. I never flattered myself that you would reward my love without at the same time breathing some sighs for her; in the midst of these pleasant thoughts my memory still casts some sad looks towards my first love, reproaches itself with the effect of your divine charms, and mingles some remorse with what I wish most fervently. And since I must tell you all, I have done more than this. I have endeavoured to free myself from your sway, to break your chains, and to place my heart again under the innocent yoke of its first conqueror. But, after all my endeavours, my fidelity gives way, and I see only one remedy for the disease that kills me. Were I even to be for ever wretched, I cannot forswear my love, or bear the terrible idea of seeing you in the arms of another; that same light, which permits me to behold your charms, will shine on my corpse, before this marriage takes place. I know that I betray an amiable Princess; but after all, Madam, is my heart guilty? Does the powerful influence which your beauty possesses leave the

mind any liberty? Alas! I am much more to be pitied than she: for, by losing me, she loses only a faithless man. Such a sorrow can easily be soothed; but I, through an unparalleled misfortune, abandon an amiable lady, whilst I endure all the torments of a rejected love.

Elv. You have no torments but what you yourself create, for our heart is always in our own power. It may indeed sometimes show a little weakness; but, after all, reason sways our passions . . .

SCENE III.

DON GARCIA, DONNA ELVIRA, DON ALPHONSO, *under the name of don Silvio.*

Garc. I perceive, Madam, that my coming is somewhat unseasonable, and disturbs your conversation. I must needs say I did not expect to find such good company here.

Elv. Don Silvio's appearance indeed surprised me very much; I no more expected him than you did.

Garc. Madam, since you say so, I do not believe you were forewarned of this visit; [*to Don Silvio*] but you, Sir, ought at least to have honoured us with some notice of this rare happiness, so that we should not have been surprised, but enabled to pay you here those attentions which we would have liked to render you.

Alph. My Lord, you are so busy with warlike preparations, that I should have been wrong had I interrupted you. The sublime thoughts of mighty conquerors can hardly stoop to the ordinary civilities of the world.

Garc. But those mighty conquerors, whose warlike preparations are thus praised, far from loving secrecy, prefer to have witnesses of what they do; their minds trained to glorious deeds from infancy, make them carry out all their plans openly; being always supported by lofty sentiments, they

never stoop to disguise themselves. Do you not compromise your heroic merits in coming here secretly, and are you not afraid that people may look upon this action as unworthy of you?

Alph. I know not whether any one will blame my conduct because I have made a visit here in secret; but I know, Prince, that I never courted obscurity in things which require light. Were I to undertake anything against you, you should have no cause to remark you were surprised. It would depend upon yourself to guard against it; I would take care to warn you beforehand. Meanwhile let us continue upon ordinary terms, and postpone the settlement of our quarrels until all other affairs are arranged. Let us suppress the outbursts of our rather excited passions, and not forget in whose presence we are both speaking.

Elv. [*To Don Garcia*] Prince, you are in the wrong; and his visit is such that you . . .

Garc. Ah! Madam, it is too much to espouse his quarrel. You ought to dissemble a little better when you pretend that you were ignorant he was coming here. You defend him so warmly and so quickly, that it is no very convincing proof of his visit being unexpected.

Elv. Your suspicions concern me so little, that I should be very sorry to deny your accusation.

Garc. Why do you not go farther in your lofty pride, and, without hesitation, lay bare your whole heart? You are too prone to dissimulation. Do not unsay anything you once said. Be brief, be brief, lay aside all scruples; say that his passion has kindled yours, that his presence delights you so much . . .

Elv. And if I have a mind to love him, can you hinder me? Do you pretend to sway my heart, and have I to receive your commands whom I must love? Know that too much pride has deceived you, if you think you have

any authority over me; my mind soars too high to conceal my feelings when I am asked to declare them. I will not tell you whether the Count is beloved; but I may inform you that I esteem him highly; his great merits, which I admire, deserve the love of a Princess better than you; his passion, the assiduity he displays, impress me very strongly; and if the stern decree of fate puts it out of my power to reward him with my hand, I can at least promise him never to become a prey to your love. Without keeping you any longer in slight suspense, I engage myself to act thus, and I will keep my word. I have opened my heart to you, as you desired it, and shown you my real feelings. Are you satisfied, and do you not think that, as you pressed me, I have sufficiently explained myself? Consider whether there remains anything else for me to do in order to clear up your suspicions. [*To Don Silvio*] In the meanwhile, if you persist in your resolution to please me, do not forget, Count, that I have need of your arm, and that whatever may be the outbreaks of temper of an eccentric man, you must do your utmost to punish our tyrants. In a word, do not listen to what he may say to you in his wrath, and in order to induce you so to act, remember that I have entreated you.

SCENE IV.

DON GARCIA, DON ALPHONSO.

Garc. Everything smiles upon you, and you proudly triumph over my confusion. It is pleasant to hear the glorious confession of that victory which you obtain over a rival; but it must greatly add to your joy to have that rival a witness to it. My pretensions, openly set aside, enhance all the more the triumph of your love. Enjoy this great happiness fully, but know that you have not yet gained your point; I have too just cause to be incensed, and many

things may perhaps ere then come to pass. Despair, when it breaks out, goes a great way; everything is pardonable when one has been deceived. If the ungrateful woman, out of compliment to your love, has just now pledged her word never to be mine, my righteous indignation will discover the means of preventing her ever being yours.

Alph. I do not trouble myself about your antagonism. We shall see who will be deceived in his expectations. Each by his valour will be able to defend the reputation of his love, or avenge his misfortune. But as between rivals the calmest mind may easily become irate, and as I am unwilling that such a conversation should exasperate either of us, I wish, Prince, you would put me in the way of leaving this place, so that the restraint I put upon myself may be ended.

Garc. No, no, do not fear that you will be compelled to violate the order you received. Whatever righteous wrath is kindled within me, and which no doubt delights you, Count, I know when it should break forth. This place is open to you; you can leave it, proud of the advantages you have gained. But once more I tell you that my head alone can put your conquest into your hands.

Alph. When matters shall have reached that point, fortune and our arms will soon end our quarrel.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON ALVAREZ.

Elv. You can go back, Don Alvarez, but do not expect that you shall persuade me to forget this offence. The wound which my heart received is incurable; all endeavours to heal it make it but fester the more. Does the Prince think I shall listen to

some simulated compliments? No, no, he has made me too angry; and his fruitless repentance, which led you hither, solicits a pardon which I will not grant.

Alv. Madam, he deserves your pity. Never was any offence expiated with more stinging remorse; if you were to see his grief, it would touch your heart, and you would pardon him. It is well known that the Prince is of an age at which we abandon ourselves to first impressions; that in fiery youth the passions hardly leave room for reflection. Don Lopez, deceived by false tidings, was the cause of his master's mistake. An idle report that the Count was coming, and that you had some understanding with those who admitted him within these walls, was indiscreetly bruited about. The Prince believed it; his love, deceived by a false alarm, has caused all this disturbance. But being now conscious of his error, he is well aware of your innocence; the dismissal of Don Lopez clearly proves how great his remorse is for the outburst of which he has been guilty.

Elv. Alas! He too readily believes me innocent; he is not yet quite sure of it. Tell him to weigh all things well, and not to make too much haste, for fear of being deceived.

Alv. Madam, he knows too well. . . .

Elv. I pray you, Don Alvarez, let us no longer continue a conversation which vexes me: it revives in me some sadness, at the very moment that a more important sorrow oppresses me. Yes, I have received unexpectedly the news of a very great misfortune; the report of the death of the Countess Inéz has filled my heart with so much wretchedness, that there is no room for any other grief.

Alv. Madam, these tidings may not be true; but when I return, I shall have to communicate to the Prince a cruel piece of news.

Elv. However great his sufferings may be, they fall short of what he deserves.

SCENE II.

DONNA ELVIRA, ELIZA.

El. I waited, Madam, until he was gone, to tell you something that will free you from your anxiety, since this very moment you can be informed what has become of donna Inez. A certain person, whom I do not know, has sent one of his servants to ask an audience of you, in order to tell you all.

Elv. Eliza, I must see him; let him come quickly.

El. He does not wish to be seen except by yourself; by this messenger he requests, Madam, that his visit may take place without any one being present.

Elv. Well, we shall be alone, I will give orders about that, whilst you bring him here. How great is my impatience just now! Ye fates, shall these tidings be full of joy or grief?

SCENE III.

DON PEDRO, ELIZA.

El. Where . . . .

Ped. If you are looking for me, Madam, here I am.

El. Where is your master . . . .

Ped. He is hard by; shall I fetch him?

El. Desire him to come; tell him that he is impatiently expected, and that no one shall see him. [*Alone*] I cannot unravel this mystery; all the precautions he takes . . . . But here he is already.

SCENE IV.

DONNA INEZ, *in man's dress*, ELIZA.

El. My Lord, in order to wait for you, we have prepared . . . . But what do I see? Ah! Madam, my eyes . . .

Inez. Do not tell any one, Eliza, I am here; allow me to pass my sad days in peace. I pretended to kill myself. By this feigned death I got rid of all my tyrants; for this is the name my relatives deserve. Thus I have avoided a dreadful marriage; rather than have consented, I would really have killed myself. This dress, and the report of my death, will keep the secret of my fate from all, and secure me against that unjust persecution which may even follow me hither.

El. My surprise might have betrayed you, if I had seen you in public; but go into this room and put an end to the sorrow of the Princess; her heart will be filled with joy when she shall behold you. You will find her there alone; she has taken care to see you by herself, and without any witnesses.

SCENE V.

DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

El. Is this not Don Alvarez whom I see?

Alv. The Prince sends me to entreat you to use your utmost influence in his favour. His life is despaired of, unless he obtains by your means, fair Eliza, one moment's conversation with Donna Elvira; he is beside himself . . . but here he is.

SCENE VI.

DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

Garc. Alas, Eliza, feel for my great misfortune; take pity on a heart full of wretchedness, and given up to the bitterest sorrow.

El. I should look upon your torments, my Lord, with other eyes than the Princess does; Heaven or our mood is the reason why we judge differently about everything. But, as she blames you, and fancies your jealousy

to be a frightful monster, if I were in your place I should obey her wishes, and endeavour to conceal from her eyes what offends them. A lover undoubtedly acts wisely when he tries to suit his temper to ours; a hundred acts of politeness have less influence than this unison, which makes two hearts appear as if stirred by the same feelings. This similarity firmly unites them; for we love nothing so much as what resembles ourselves.

Garc. I know it, but alas! merciless fate opposes such a well intentioned plan; in spite of all my endeavours, it continually lays a snare for me, which my heart cannot avoid. It is not because the ungrateful woman, in the presence of my rival, avowed her love for him, and not for me; and that with such an excess of tenderness, that it is impossible I can ever forget her cruelty. But as too much ardour led me to believe erroneously that she had introduced him into this place, I should be very much annoyed if I left upon her mind the impression that she has any just cause of complaint against me. Yes, if I am abandoned, it shall be only through her faithlessness; for as I have come to beg her pardon for my impetuosity, she shall have no excuse for her ingratitude.

El. Give a little time for her resentment to cool, and do not see her again so soon, my Lord.

Garc. Ah! if you love me, induce her to see me; she must grant me that permission; I do not leave this spot until her cruel disdain at least . . . .

El. Pray, my Lord, defer this purpose.

Garc. No; make no more idle excuses.

El. [*Aside*] The Princess herself must find means to send him away, if she says but one word to him. [*To Don Garcia*] Stay here, my Lord, I shall go and speak to her.

Garc. Tell her that I instantly dismissed the person whose information was the cause of my offence, that Don Lopez shall never . . .

SCENE VII.

DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ.

Garc. [*Looking in at the door which Eliza left half open*] What do I see, righteous Heavens! Can I believe my eyes? Alas! they are, doubtless, but too faithful witnesses; this is the most terrible of all my great troubles! This fatal blow completely overwhelms me! When suspicions raged within me, it was Heaven itself, vaguely but ominously foretelling me this horrible disgrace.

Alv. What have you seen, my Lord, to disturb you?

Garc. I have seen what I can hardly conceive; the overthrow of all creation would less astonish me than this accident. It is all over with me . . . Fate . . . I cannot speak.[18]

Alv. My Lord, endeavour to be composed.

Garc. I have seen . . . Vengeance! O Heaven!

Alv. What sudden alarm . . . ?

Garc. It will kill me, Don Alvarez, it is but too certain.

Alv. But, my Lord, what can . . .

Garc. Alas! Everything is undone. I am betrayed, I am murdered![19] A man, (can I say it and still live) a man in the arms of the faithless Elvira!

Alv. The Princess, my Lord, is so virtuous . . .

Garc. Ah, Don Alvarez, do not gainsay what I have seen. It is too much to defend her reputation, after my eyes have beheld so heinous an action.

Alv. Our passions, my Lord, often cause us to mistake a deception for a reality; to believe that a mind nourished by virtue can . . . .

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[18] The words from "What have you seen" till "I cannot speak," are with some slight alterations, found in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv., Scene 2 (see Vol. III.)

[19] The last sentences of don Alvarez and don Garcia are also found in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv., Scene 2 (see Vol. III.)

Garc. Prithee leave me, Don Alvarez, a counseller is in the way upon such an occasion ; I will take counsel only of my wrath.

Alv. [*Aside*] It is better not to answer him when his mind is so upset.

Garc. Oh ! how deeply am I wounded ! But I shall see who it is, and punish with my own hand. . . . . But here she comes. Restrain thyself, O rage !

SCENE VIII.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ.[20]

Elv. Well, what do you want ? However bold you may be, how can you hope for pardon, after the way you have behaved? Dare you again present yourself before me ? And what can you say that will become me to hear ?

Garc. That all the wickedness of this world is not to be compared to your perfidy ; that neither fate, hell, nor Heaven in its wrath ever produced anything so wicked as you are.[21]

Elv. How is this ? I expected you would excuse your outrage ; but I find you use other words.

Garc. Yes, yes, other words. You did not think that, the door being by accident left half open, I should discover the caitiff in your arms, and thus behold your shame, and my doom. Is it the happy lover who has returned, or some other rival to me unknown ? O Heaven ! grant me sufficient strength to bear such tortures. Now, blush, you have cause to do so ; your treachery is laid bare. This is what the agitations of my mind prognosticated ; it was not without cause that my love took alarm ; my continual suspicions were hateful to you, but I was trying to discover the misfortune my eyes have beheld ; in spite of all your

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[20] See Appendix, Note D.

[21] The above words of Don Garcia are also in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv., Scene 3 (see Vol. III.)

care, and your skill in dissembling, my star foretold me what I had to fear. But do not imagine that I will bear unavenged the slight of being insulted! I know that we have no command over our inclinations; that love will everywhere spring up spontaneously; that there is no entering a heart by force, and that every soul is free to name its conqueror; therefore I should have no reason to complain, if you had spoken to me without dissembling; you would then have sounded the death-knell of my hope, but my heart could have blamed fortune alone. But to see my love encouraged by a deceitful avowal on your part, is so treacherous and perfidious an action, that it cannot meet with too great a punishment; I can allow my resentment to do anything. No, no, after such an outrage, hope for nothing. I am no longer myself, I am mad with rage.[22] Betrayed on all sides, placed in so sad a situation, my love must avenge itself to the utmost; I shall sacrifice everything here to my frenzy, and end my despair with my life.

Elv. I have listened to you patiently; can I, in my turn, speak to you freely?

Garc. And by what eloquent speeches, inspired by cunning. . . .

Elv. If you have still something to say, pray continue; I am ready to hear you. If not, I hope you will at least listen for a few minutes quietly to what I have to say.

Garc. Well, then, I am listening. Ye Heavens! what patience is mine!

Elv. I restrain my indignation, and will without any passion reply to your discourse, so full of fury.

Garc. It is because you see . . .

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[22] The whole of this speech, from "Now blush," until "mad with rage," has, with few alterations, been used in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv., Scene 3 (see Vol. III.)

Elv. I have listened to you as long as you pleased; pray do the like to me. I wonder at my destiny, and I believe there was never any thing under Heaven so marvellous, nothing more strange and incomprehensible, and nothing more opposed to reason. I have a lover, who incessantly does nothing else but persecute me; who, amidst all the expressions of his love, does not entertain for me any feelings of esteem; whose heart, on which my eyes have made an impression, does not do justice to the lofty rank granted to me by Heaven; who will not defend the innocence of my actions against the slightest semblance of false appearances. Yes, I see . . . [*Don Garcia shows some signs of impatience, and wishes to speak.*] Above all, do not interrupt me. I see that my unhappiness is so great, that one who says he loves me, and who, even if the whole world were to attack my reputation, ought to claim to defend it against all, is he who is its greatest foe. In the midst of his love, he lets no opportunity pass of suspecting me; he not only suspects me, but breaks out into such violent fits of jealousy that love cannot suffer without being wounded. Far from acting like a lover who would rather die than offend her whom he loves, who gently complains and seeks respectfully to have explained what he thinks suspicious, he proceeds to extremities as soon as he doubts, and is full of rage, insults, and threats. However, this day I will shut my eyes to everything that makes him odious to me, and out of mere kindness afford him an opportunity of being reconciled, though he insulted me anew. This great rage with which you attacked me proceeds from what you accidentally saw; I should be wrong to deny what you have seen; I own you might have some reason to be disturbed at it.

Garc. And is it not . . .

Elv. Listen to me a little longer, and you shall

know what I have resolved. It is necessary that our fates should be decided. You are now upon the brink of a great precipice; you will either fall over it, or save yourself, according to the resolution you shall take. If, notwithstanding what you have seen, Prince, you act towards me as you ought, and ask no other proof but that I tell you you are wrong; if you readily comply with my wishes and are willing to believe me innocent upon my word alone, and no longer yield to every suspicion, but blindly believe what my heart tells you; then this submission, this proof of esteem, shall cancel all your offences; I instantly retract what I said when excited by well-founded anger. And if hereafter I can choose for myself, without prejudicing what I owe to my birth, then my honour, being satisfied with the respect you so quickly show, promises to reward your love with my heart and my hand. But listen now to what I say. If you care so little for my offer as to refuse completely to abandon your jealous suspicions; if the assurance which my heart and birth give you do not suffice; if the mistrust that darkens your mind compels me, though innocent, to convince you, and to produce a clear proof of my offended virtue, I am ready to do so, and you shall be satisfied; but you must then renounce me at once, and for ever give up all pretensions to my hand. I swear by Him who rules the Heavens, that, whatever fate may have in store for us, I will rather die than be yours! I trust these two proposals may satisfy you; now choose which of the two pleases you.

Garc. Righteous Heaven! Was there ever anything more artful and treacherous? Could hellish malice produce any perfidy so black? Could it have invented a more severe and merciless way to embarrass a lover? Ah! ungrateful woman, you know well how to take advantage of my great weakness, even against myself, and to employ for your own purposes that excessive, astonishing, and fatal love

which you inspired.[23] Because you have been taken by surprise, and cannot find an excuse, you cunningly offer to forgive me. You pretend to be good-natured, and invent some trick to divert the consequences of my vengeance; you wish to ward off the blow that threatens a wretch, by craftily entangling me with your offer. Yes, your artifices would fain avert an explanation which must condemn you; pretending to be completely innocent, you will give convincing proof of it only upon such conditions as you think and most fervently trust I will never accept; but you are mistaken if you think to surprise me. Yes, yes, I am resolved to see how you can defend yourself; by what miracle you can justify the horrible sight I beheld, and condemn my anger.

Elv. Consider that, by this choice, you engage yourself to abandon all pretensions to the heart of Donna Elvira.

Garc. Be it so! I consent to everything; besides, in my present condition, I have no longer any pretensions.

Elv. You will repent the wrath you have displayed.

Garc. No, no, your argument is a mere evasion; I ought rather to tell you that somebody else may perhaps soon repent. The wretch, whoever he may be, shall not be fortunate enough to save his life, if I wreak my vengeance.

Elv. Ha! This can no longer be borne; I am too angry foolishly to preserve longer my good nature. Let me abandon the wretch to his own devices, and, since he will undergo his doom, let him—Eliza! . . . [*To Don Garcia*] You compel me to act thus; but you shall see that this outrage will be the last.

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[23] The phrase "Ah! ungrateful woman" until "inspired" is also found in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv., Scene 3 (see Vol III.)

SCENE IX.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA, ELIZA, DON ALVAREZ.

Elv. [*To Eliza*] Desire my beloved to come forth . . . Go, you understand me, say that I wish it.

Garc. And can I . . .

Elv. Patience, you will be satisfied.

El. [*Aside, going out*] This is doubtless some new trick of our jealous lover.

Elv. Take care at least that this righteous indignation perseveres in its ardour to the end; above all, do not henceforth forget what price you have paid to see your suspicions removed.

SCENE X.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA, DONNA INEZ, ELIZA, DON ALVAREZ.

Elv. [*To Don Garcia, showing him Donna Inez*] Thanks to Heaven, behold the cause of the generous suspicions you showed. Look well on that face, and see if you do not at once recognize the features of Donna Inez.

Garc. O Heavens!

Elv. If the rage which fills your heart prevents you from using your eyes, you can ask others, and thus leave no room for doubt. It was necessary to pretend she was dead, so that she might escape from the tyrant who persecuted her: she disguised herself in this manner the better to profit by her pretended death. [*To Donna Inez*] You will pardon me, Madam, for having consented to betray your secrets and to frustrate your expectations; but I am exposed to Don Garcia's insolence; I am no longer free to do as I wish; my honour is a prey to his suspicions, and is every moment compelled to defend itself. This jealous man

accidentally saw us embrace, and then he behaved most disgracefully. [*To Don Garcia*] Yes, behold the cause of your sudden rage, and the convincing witness of my disgrace. Now, like a thorough tyrant, enjoy the explanation you have provoked; but know that I shall never blot from my memory the heinous outrage done to my reputation. And if ever I forget my oath, may Heaven shower its severest chastisements upon my head; may a thunderbolt descend upon me if ever I resolve to listen to your love. Come, Madam, let us leave this spot, poisoned by the looks of a furious monster; let us quickly flee from his bitter attacks, let us avoid the consequences of his mad rage, and, animated by just motives, let us only pray that we may soon be delivered from his hands.

Inez. [*To Don Garcia*] My Lord, your unjust and violent suspicions have wronged virtue itself.

SCENE XI.

DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ.

Garc. What gleam of light clearly shows me my error, and, at the same time, involves my senses in such a profound horror that, dejected, I can see nothing but the dreadful object of a remorse that kills me! Ah! Don Alvarez, I perceive you were in the right; but hell breathed its poison into my soul; through a merciless fatality I am my worst enemy. What does it benefit me to love with the most ardent passion that an amorous heart ever displayed, if this love continually engenders suspicions which torment me, and thus renders itself hateful! I must, I must justly revenge by my death the outrage committed against her divine charms. What advice can I follow now? Alas! I have lost the only object which made life dear to

me! As I relinquished all hope of ever being beloved by her, it is much easier to abandon life itself.

Alv. My Lord . . .

Garc. No, Don Alvarez, my death is necessary. No pains, no arguments shall turn me from it; yet my approaching end must do some signal service to the Princess. Animated by this noble desire, I will seek some glorious means of quitting life; perform some mighty deed worthy of my love, so that in expiring for her sake she may pity me, and say, it was excess of love that was my sole offence. Thus she shall see herself avenged! I must attempt a deed of daring, and with my own hand give to Mauregat that death he so justly deserves. My boldness will forestall the blow with which Castile openly threatens him. With my last breath, I shall have the pleasure of depriving my rival of performing such a glorious deed.

Alv. So great a service, my lord, may perhaps obliterate all remembrance of your offence; but to risk . . .

Garc. Let me fulfil my duty, and strive to make my despair aid in this noble attempt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

Alv. No, never was anyone more astonished. He had just planned that lofty undertaking; inspired by despair, he was all anxiety to kill Mauregat; eager to show his courage, and to reap the advantage of this lawful deed; to endeavour to obtain his pardon, and prevent the mortification of seeing his rival share his glory. As he was leaving these walls, a too accurate report brought him the sad tidings, that the very rival whom he wished to forestall had already gained the honour he hoped to acquire; had anticipated

him, in slaying the traitor, and urged the appearance of Don Alphonso, who will reap the fruits of Don Silvio's prompt success, and come to fetch the Princess, his sister. It is publicly said and generally believed, that Don Alphonso intends to give the hand of his sister as a reward for the great services Don Silvio has rendered him, by clearing for him a way to the throne.

El. Yes, Donna Elvira has heard this news, which has been confirmed by old Don Louis, who has sent her word that Leon is now awaiting her happy return and that of Don Alphonso, and that there, since fortune smiles upon her, she shall receive a husband from the hands of her brother. It is plain enough from these few words that Don Silvio will be her husband.

Alv. This blow to the Prince's heart . . .

El. Will certainly be severely felt. I cannot help pitying his distress; yet, if I judge rightly, he is still dear to the heart he has offended; it did not appear to me that the Princess was well pleased when she heard of Don Silvio's success, and of the approaching arrival of her brother, or with the letter; but . . .

SCENE II.

DONNA ELVIRA, DONNA INEZ, ELIZA, DON ALVAREZ.

Elv. Don Alvarez, let the Prince come hither. [*Don Alvarez leaves*] Give me leave, Madam, to speak to him in your presence concerning this piece of news, which greatly surprises me; and do not accuse me of changing my mind too quickly, if I lose all my animosity against him. His unforeseen misfortune has extinguished it; he is unhappy enough without the addition of my hatred. Heaven, who treats him with so much rigour, has but too well executed the oaths I took. When my honour was outraged, I vowed

openly never to be his; but as I see that fate is against him, I think I have treated his love with too great severity; the ill success that follows whatever he does for my sake, cancels his offence, and restores him my love. Yes, I have been too well avenged; the waywardness of his fate disarms my anger, and now, full of compassion, I am seeking to console an unhappy lover for his misfortunes. I believe his love well deserves the compassion I wish to show him.

Inez. Madam, it would be wrong to blame the tender sentiments you feel for him. What he has done for you . . . He comes; and his paleness shows how deeply he is affected by this surprising stroke of fate.

SCENE III.

DON GARCIA, DONNA ELVIRA, DONNA INEZ, ELIZA.

Garc. Madam, you must think me very bold in daring to come here to show you my hateful presence . . .

Elv. Prince, let us talk no more of my resentment; your fate has made a change in my heart. Its severity, and your wretched condition have extinguished my anger, and our peace is made. Yes, though you have deserved the misfortunes with which Heaven in its wrath has afflicted you; though your jealous suspicions have so ignominiously, so almost incredibly, sullied my fame, yet I must needs confess that I so far commiserate your misfortune, as to be somewhat displeased with our success. I hate the famous service Don Silvio has rendered us, because my heart must be sacrificed to reward it; I would, were it in my power, bring back the moments when destiny put only my oath in my way. But you know that it is the doom of such as we are, to be always the slaves of public interests; that Heaven has ordained that my brother, who disposes of my hand, is likewise my King. Yield, as I do,

Prince, to that necessity which rank imposes upon those of lofty birth. If you are very unfortunate in your love, be comforted by the interest I take in you; and though you have been overwhelmed by fate, do not employ the power which your valour gives you in this place: it would, doubtless be unworthy of you to struggle against destiny; whilst it is in vain to oppose its decrees, a prompt submission shows a lofty courage. Do not therefore resist its orders; but open the gates of Astorga to my brother who is coming; allow my sad heart to yield to those rights which he is entitled to claim from me; perhaps that fatal duty, which I owe him against my will, may not go so far as you imagine.

Garc. Madam, you give me proofs of exquisite goodness in endeavouring to lighten the blow that is prepared for me, but without such pains you may let fall upon me all the wrath which your duty demands. In my present condition, I can say nothing. I have deserved the worst punishments which fate can inflict; and I know that, whatever evils I may suffer, I have deprived myself of the right to complain of them. Alas, amidst all my misfortunes, on what grounds can I be bold enough to utter any complaint against you? My love has rendered itself a thousand times odious, and has done nothing but outrage your glorious charms; when by a just and noble sacrifice, I was endeavouring to render some service to your family, fortune abandoned me, and made me taste the bitter grief of being forestalled by a rival. After this, Madam, I have nothing more to say. I deserve the blow which I expect; and I see it coming, without daring to call upon your heart to assist me. What remains for me in this extreme misfortune is to seek a remedy in myself, and, by a death which I long for, free my heart from all those tribulations. Yes, Don Alphonso will soon be here; already my rival has made his appearance; he seems to have hurried hither from Leon, to

receive his reward for having killed the tyrant. Do not fear that I shall use my power within these walls to offer him any resistance. If you allowed it, there is no being on earth which I would not defy in order to keep you; but it is not for me, whom you detest, to expect such an honourable permission. No vain attempts of mine shall offer the smallest opposition to the execution of your just designs. No, Madam, your feelings are under no compulsion; you are perfectly free. I will open the gates of Astorga to the happy conqueror, and suffer the utmost severity of fate.

SCENE IV.

DONNA ELVIRA, DONNA INEZ, ELIZA.

Elv. Madam, do not ascribe all my afflictions to the interest which I take in his unhappy lot. You will do me but justice if you believe that you have a large share in my heart-felt grief; that I care more for friendship than for love. If I complain of any dire misfortune, it is because Heaven in its anger has borrowed from me those shafts which it hurls against you, and has made my looks guilty of kindling a passion which treats your kind heart unworthily.

Inez. This is an accident caused, doubtless, by your looks, for which you ought not to quarrel with Heaven. If the feeble charms which my countenance displays have exposed me to the misfortune of my lover abandoning me, Heaven could not better soften such a blow than by making use of you to captivate that heart. I ought not to blush for an inconstancy which indicates the difference between your attractions and mine. If this change makes me sigh, it is from foreseeing that it will be fatal to your love; amidst the sorrow caused by friendship, I am angry for your sake that my few attractions have failed to retain a heart whose

devotion interferes so greatly with the love you feel for another.

Elv. Rather blame your silence, which, without reason, concealed the understanding between your hearts. If I had known this secret sooner, it might perhaps have spared us both some sad trouble; I might then coldly and justly have refused to listen to the sighs of a fickle lover, and perhaps have sent back whence they strayed . . .

Inez. Madam, he is here.

Elv. You can remain without even looking at him. Do not go away, Madam, but stay, and, though you suffer, hear what I say to him.

Inez. I consent, Madam; though I very well know that, were another in my place, she would avoid being present at such a conversation.

Elv. If Heaven seconds my wishes, Madam, you shall have no cause to repine.

SCENE V.

DON ALPHONSO (*believed to be Don Silvio*), DONNA ELVIRA, DONNA INEZ.

Elv. Before you say a word, my Lord, I earnestly beg that you will deign to hear me for a moment. Fame has already informed us of the marvellous deeds you have performed. I wonder to see, as all do, how quickly and successfully you have changed our lot. I know very well that such an eminent service can never be sufficiently rewarded, and that nothing ought to be refused to you for that never-to-be-forgotten deed which replaces my brother on the throne of his ancestors. But whatever his grateful heart may offer you, make a generous use of your advantages, and do not employ your glorious action, my Lord, to make me bend under an imperious yoke; nor let your love—for you know who is

the object of my passion—persist in triumphing over a well-founded refusal; let not my brother, to whom they are going to present me, begin his reign by an act of tyranny over his sister. Leon has other rewards which for the nonce, may do more honour to your lofty valour. A heart which you can obtain only by compulsion, would be too mean a reward for your courage. Can a man be ever really satisfied when, by coercion, he obtains what he loves? It is a melancholy advantage; a generous-minded lover refuses to be happy upon such conditions. He will not owe anything to that pressure which relatives think they have a right to employ; he is ever too fond of the maiden he loves, to suffer her to be sacrificed as a victim, even to himself. Not that my heart intends to grant to another what it refuses to you. No, my Lord, I promise you, and pledge you my word of honour, that no one shall ever obtain my hand, that a convent shall protect me against every other . . . .

Alph. Madam, I have listened long enough to your discourse, and might, by two words, have prevented it all, if you had given less credit to false tidings. I know that a common report, which is everywhere believed, attributes to me the glory of having killed the tyrant; but as we have been informed, the people alone, stirred up by Don Louis to do their duty, have performed this honourable and heroic act, which public rumour ascribed to me. The reason of these tidings was that Don Louis, the better to carry out his lofty purpose, spread a report that I and my soldiers had made ourselves masters of the town; by this news he so excited the people, that they hastened to kill the usurper. He has managed everything by his prudent zeal, and has just sent me notice of this by one of his servants. At the same time, a secret has been revealed to me which will astonish you as much as it surprised me. You expect a

brother, and Leon its true master; Heaven now presents him before you. Yes, I am Don Alphonso; I was brought up and educated under the name of Prince of Castile; this clearly proves the sincere friendship that existed between Don Louis and the King, my father. Don Louis has all the proofs of this secret, and will establish its truth to the whole world. But now my thoughts are taken up with other cares; I am clear how to act towards you; not that my passion is opposed to such a discovery, or that the brother in my heart quarrels with the lover. The revelation of this secret has, without the least murmur, changed my ardour into a love commanded by nature; the tie of relationship which unites us has so entirely freed me from the love which I entertained for you, that the highest favour I now long for is the sweet delights of my first chain, and the means of rendering to the adorable Inez that which her excessive goodness deserves.[24] But the uncertainty of her lot renders mine miserable; if what is reported be true, then it will be in vain for Leon to invite me, and for a throne to wait for me; for a crown could not make me happy. I only wished for its splendour in order to let me taste the joy of placing it on the head of that maiden for whom Heaven destined me, and by those means to repair, as far as I could, the wrong I have done to her extraordinary virtues. It is from you, Madam, I expect tidings as to what has become of her. Be pleased to communicate them, and by your words hasten my despair, or the happiness of my life.

Elv. Do not wonder if I delay answering you; for this news, my Lord, bewilders me. I will not take upon me to tell your loving heart, whether Donna Inez be dead or alive;

[24] Compare the manner in which Andrès, in *The Blunderer* (Act v., Scene 15), recognises his sister in Celia.

but this gentleman here, who is one of her most intimate friends, will doubtless give you some information about her.

Alph. [*Recognising Donna Inez*] Ah, Madam, in this dilemma I am happy to behold again your heavenly beauty. But with what eye can you look upon a fickle lover, whose crime . . .

Inez. Ah! do not insult me, and venture to state that a heart, which I hold dear, could be inconstant. I cannot bear the thought, and the apology pains me. All the love you felt for the Princess could not offend me, because her great worth is a sufficient excuse. The love you bore her is no proof of your guilt towards me. Learn that if you had been culpable, the lofty pride within me would have made you sue in vain to overcome my contempt, and that neither repentance nor commands could have induced me to forget such an insult.

Elv. Ah, dear brother,—allow me to call you by this gentle name,—you render your sister very happy! I love your choice, and bless fortune, which enables you to crown so pure a friendship! Of the two noble hearts I so tenderly love. . . .

SCENE VI.

DON GARCIA, DONNA ELVIRA, DONNA INEZ, DON ALPHONSO, ELIZA.

Garc. For mercy's sake, Madam, hide from me your satisfaction, and let me die in the belief that a feeling of duty compels you. I know you can freely dispose of your hand; I do not intend to run counter to your wishes. I have proved this sufficiently, as well as my obedience to your commands. But I must confess that this levity surprises me, and shakes all my resolutions. Such a sight awakens a storm of passion which I fear I cannot command, though I would punish myself, if this could make me lose that pro-

found respect I wish to preserve. Yes, you have ordered me to bear patiently my unfortunate love; your behest has so much influence over my heart, that I will rather die than disobey you. But still, the joy you display tries me too severely; the wisest man, upon such an occasion, can but ill answer for his conduct. Suppress it, I beseech you, for a few moments, and spare me, Madam, this cruel trial; however great your love for my rival may be, do not let me be a wretched witness of his felicity. This is the smallest favour I think a lover may ask, even when he is disliked as much as I am. I do not seek this favour for long, Madam; my departure will soon satisfy you. I go where sorrow shall consume my soul, and shall learn your marriage only by hearsay; I ought not to hasten to behold such a spectacle; for, without seeing it, it will kill me.

Inez. Give me leave, my Lord, to blame you for complaining, because the Princess has deeply felt your misfortunes; this very joy, at which you murmur, arises solely from the happiness that is in store for you. She rejoices in a success which has favoured your heart's desire, and has discovered that your rival is her brother. Yes, Don Alphonso, whose name has been so bruited about, is her brother; this great secret has just now been told to her.

Alph. My heart, thank Heaven, after a long torture, has all that it can desire, and deprives you of nothing, my Lord. I am so much the happier, because I am able to forward your love.

Garc. Alas, my Lord, I am overwhelmed by your goodness which condescends to respond to my dearest wishes. Heaven has averted the blow that I feared; any other man but myself would think himself happy. But the fortunate discovery of this favourable secret, proves me to be culpable towards her I adore; I have again succumbed to these wretched suspicions, against which I have been so often warned, and

in vain; through them my love has become hateful, and I ought to despair of ever being happy. Yes, Donna Elvira has but too good reason to hate me; I know I am unworthy of pardon; and whatever success fortune may give me, death, death alone, is all that I can expect.

Elv. No, no, Prince, your submissive attitude brings more tender feelings into my heart; I feel that the oath I took is no longer binding on me; your complaints, your respect, your grief has moved me to compassion; I see an excess of love in all your actions, and your malady deserves to be pitied. Since Heaven is the cause of your faults, some indulgence ought to be allowed to them; in one word, jealous or not jealous, my King will have no compulsion to employ when he gives me to you.

Garc. Heaven! enable me to bear the excess of joy which this confession produces.

Alph. I trust, my Lord, that after all our useless dissensions, this marriage may for ever unite our hearts and kingdoms. But time presses, and Leon expects us; let us go therefore, and, by our presence and watchfulness give the last blow to the tyrant's party.

APPENDIX.

A, page 339.

Part of the second act of Johnson's *The Masquerade* is an imitation of *Don Garcia of Navarre* (Act ii., Scene 5). We give the scene imitated. Don Garcia is called Sir George Jealous, and Don Lopez is named Whisper.

Enter SIR GEORGE JEALOUS, *with that Piece of the torn letter in his Hand which* WHISPER *took from* BETTY.

Sir George. Rage, rage, revenge! my trembling Limbs sink under me, inhuman and ungenerous Maid. Ah, take thou heed, take good heed, that now no blind Caprice mislead thee—guard I say, guard well the jealous Motions of thy Heart, les any of thy wonted, ill-grounded Suspicions shou'd impose again on thy too credulous Senses; consult thy Reason then, thy cooler Reason; let that sure Guide conduct thee; be thou well assured now that thy Suspicions have a solid Foundation. Yes, this Letter is a most certain un-erring Evidence of her Falsehood. It is, it is her Hand-writing, alas! too, too well I know it. Oh Heaven —— Oh my torn, bleeding, aking heart! I would purchase with my whole Estate the other half of this little Paper—Let me once more, yes, let me trembling read these broken lines that thus divide my soul with Fear and Rage. [*Reading.*

My Dear
Do not fear your Rival—
disturb not your poor Heart—
tho' your victorious Charms—
be assured I cherish most tenderly—
You know all my Heart is—
Sir George, who most odious—
the sole Lord and Master—

It is my Fate, 'tis my hard Fate, and I submit to it; alas; it is too plain; I have no occasion to see the other half of this Paper—she comes, the Syren comes; now let me cover, let me conceal my Resentment, I will try if I can play her own little wicked acts upon her, I'll rein my Rage with my Reason; yes, I will dissemble my Wrongs, and behold how she behaves under this apparent conviction.

B, Page 340.

The meeting between Sophronia (Donna Elvira), and Sir George (Don Garcia), and which is imitated from Molière's *Don Garcia of Navarre* (Act ii., Scene 5), is in *The Masquerade* as follows:—

Sophronia. I am glad you are returned, Sir *George*, I sent for you.

Sir George. [*Aside*] Oh the beauteous, guilty, faithless Charmer, how she hides her Crime!

Soph. You are to be concerned in a Project with us to Night . . . Now . . .

Sir G. Yes, Madam, but . . .

Soph. But, I'll ha no Buts . . .

Sir G. Change the Subject I beg you, attend me one moment only . . . and if I am not wholly your Aversion, pray will you tell me, and tell me directly, to whom you have lately written Madam.

Soph. To whom I have lately written! why that question?

Sir G. Only a little foolish Curiosity, that is all.

Soph. Curiosity is one of the Children of Jealousy.

Sir G. No, Madam, no, I am too punctual to your Commands to be jealous.

Soph. I will answer directly then. I have written twice, I think, to my Uncle Sir *Horatio* in *Yorkshire*, once to my Cousin *Celia*, and twice to the Lady Harriot Bloom; I have been particular . . . what now, are you satisfied?

Sir G. Are you sure you have not written to any one else lately?

Soph. No, certainly no, you astonish me!

Sir G. Before you are so very sure, ask your Memory a Question or two, and if that be not as treacherous as your Heart.

Soph. Sir.

Sir G. Madam.

Soph. Good Heaven! What is the meaning of all this? have you then, have you lost your Senses? speak . . . are you in Health?

Sir G. Yes, I have lost my senses, my Eyes have drawn a Poison in, that has infected my whole Frame; I am sick of a false perfidious Woman.

Soph. Unjust! ungrateful Man!

Sir G. Ah! that double Heart of thine knows all the little, subtle, fraudful Windings of Deceit . . . But to confound, and fix you at once, look here, Madam, behold this writing. Who was the happy Man that thus employed your tender Eloquence?

Soph. This letter . . . Oh! it seems here lyes the Foundation of all this jealous Wrath..

Sir G. Do you not blush when you behold it, Madam?

Soph. No . . . let the guilty blush.

Sir G. Is not this, say only, is not this your Handwriting?

Soph. I own it Sir, I did write this.

Sir G. What? Dare you own it too? and to my Face avow your Falsehood? And were all these affectionate, soft Sentiments, designed to entertain an Uncle, or a Kinswoman, say you?

Soph. I said not so . . . no, Sir, they were designed for one I love, for one whose Heart is mine; and may our mutual Affections increase without any noisy Interruption from jealous Impertinents.

Sir G. Oh! give me Patience, Patience.

Soph. Temper your Rage, with-hold your rash Reproaches. Altho' my Heart, yet disengaged, acknowledges no Authority from thee, nor is obliged to account to thee for any Motion, yet I will acquit myself of this wrongful, low accusation: Yes, my Innocence shall strike thee in so full, so strong a Light, that thou thyself shalt pronounce Judgment upon thyself.

Sir G. You talk haughtily, Madam, and in Clouds, dark, dark, and unintelligible.

Soph. Be patient only one Moment. [*Rings a hand bell.*

C, Page 343.

This scene from Molière (Act ii., Scene 6) is imitated by Johnson in *The Masquerade* as follows. Eliza is there called Betty.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Did your Ladyship ring, Madam?

Soph. *Betty*, tell this Gentleman what became of the Letter I gave you about an Hour since to lay upon my Cabinet.

Betty. Why, Madam, if your Ladyship won't be angry, I was reading the Letter in the Parlor here as I went along, and *Mr Whisper*, that Gentleman's Gentleman, who is always, I think, prying and peeping into everything, came behind me, and catching over my shoulder, before I was aware, an 't please your Ladyship, he snatch'd at the Letter, and I held it fast, but for all that, he tore away half of it, indeed, Madam, 't is true.

Soph. Where is the other half?

Betty. Here Madam, in my Pocket.

Soph. Give it me; now be gone. [*Exit Betty.*] Here sir, take this, we shall now soon see where the Guilt is, and where the Shame ought to be, read, Sir, and read aloud, I shall not blush. [*Sir George, reading to himself a little, his Hand shaking, and staring guiltily.*]

Soph. Begin, Sir, read, is your Rival very formidable?

Sir G. [Reads]

My Dear,

Do not fear your Rival, for so Mr Smart has declared himself, disturb not your poor Heart, fear nothing, Cœlia, tho' your victorious Charms have lost all their Power o'er your Lover, yet

be assured I cherish most tenderly the Friendship we have made. You know all my Heart is wholly and inviolably engaged to Sir George, who most odious and intolerable as he is in his jealous fits, is yet the sole Lord and Master of all my Wishes. SOPHRONIA.

Soph. Well, Sir, what say you now?

Sir G. [*In a low Tone*] A—— A—— Ma . . . Madam, I say, I say . . . I confess myself the most unworthy Wretch that breathes, this Object ought to strike me speechless. I see, I see the most execrable Injustice of my Accusation, and it wou'd be the last Impudence in me to plead.

Soph. Sir, I have only this to say, I am very sorry this Paper has discovered to you what I never designed you shou'd have known; farewell for ever.

Sir G. Stay, Madam, stay, stay but one Moment.

Soph. No, Sir, no, you shall abuse me no more with your infamous suspicions.

Sir G. Excuse a Wretch made miserable by an unhappy Accident. Consider, Madam, I cou'd not have lov'd you, and to that Excess I do, and have been insensible, wholly unstirr'd at this Letter: It certainly wou'd have alarmed a colder Heart than mine, when I believed myself robb'd of all the Treasure of my future happy Days. Tell me, Madam, think your self how any Man that loved must have behaved on this Occasion, if I have been drawn into this Error who am naturally warm?

Soph. You ought to have braved, and opposed every Evidence, after what I have often said to you . . . if you retained the least Respect, or indeed the least Merit.

Sir G. The less my Merit, Madam, the more, the stronger were my Fears; we see the most shining Glories are the most fading, and our Suspicions paint 'em to our Minds still flying. I, who know how little I can deserve you, know that very Thought breeds Fears and jealous Doubts.

Soph. Nay, Sir, if you are not conscious of any Thing wrong in this Behaviour, Heaven forbid that I . . .

Sir G. I am guilty, I don't defend my Folly, I only beg to be forgiven . . . and if that be too much, yet let me ask, in the Merit of the purest Affection that ever inspired the Heart of Man, tho' your Resentment be unappeasable, tho' my Crime be never to be remitted; tho' you have no Regard to that Love which occasioned it; nor to this Repentance which my Soul pours out before you: Yet, Madam, yet, suffer me by one happy Blow, at least, to ease my Heart of Tortures not to be endured. It is impossible to survive the Loss of you. Oh! Madam, say, if I am never to hope Forgiveness, tell me so, that I may punish this Heart, this Traytor, this perfidious, base, distrustful Heart, that thus has ruin'd its most wretched Master; I shall be happy if my Death defaces the Memory of me and my Crime, if no Traces remain within your Breast of the least Aversion to an unhappy Man.

Soph. Why do you talk thus?

Sir G. Turn, turn, and speak, Madam; pardon me but with a Look, if it is too much to speak to your Offender.

Soph. What, shall I pardon you once more, once more to be affronted by some new Transport of your jealous Rage?

Sir G. The Injuries that Love occasions, Love should pardon.

Soph. No Love can excuse such barbarous Usage.

Sir G. The Criminal is punished in his Crime.

Soph. No, no, say no more, you deserve it, and I must, I must hate you.

Sir G. Will you then, can you hate me for loving you to this Excess? Your Suppliant but intreats for Justice, Madam; hold me not in Torture, give me my Death or Pardon.

Soph. Oh Lord! . . . Oh Lord! . . . I shall forgive him, I find I shall.

Sir G. Resolve, Oh! then resolve at once, let not this precious, tender Moment of your Goodness waste, but pardon me.

Soph. Alas! 't is done I fear, and I fear I shall repent it, when one says one cannot hate a Criminal, what has he more to wish?

Sir G. Oh my Adorable! my dearest Desire!

Soph. No more . . . no more fooling . . . I must leave you . . . remember to deserve this Mercy, Sir . . . your Servant . . .

Sir G. You will give me leave, Madam, to wait on you to your Chariot.

Soph. For Love sake, Sir, endeavour for the future to be more a Master of your Passions, or this Tempest, which perpetually rises in your Imagination, will one time or other wreck you.

Sir G. I will endeavour, Madam; tho' the Learned in the Art of Love tell us, these little Breezes sweeten, and doubly endear every Reconcilement.

Storms rise unseen in tender Lovers Minds,
And Summer Seas are plough'd by Southern Winds;
Soon the vex'd Waves their wonted Calm regain,
And the short Jars of Love are lost in Love again.

D, Page 363.

Sir George in *The Masquerade* (Act iv.) has discovered Fidget, Cælia's maid-servant, dressed as Mr Smart, embracing Sophronia, just as Don Garcia of Navarre sees that Donna Elvira is embraced by Donna Inez, in man's clothes. The *éclaircissement* in Johnson's play is pretty nearly imitated from Molière, and is as follows:

Sophronia. So Sir George . . . what you are come to beg Pardon now for your last jealous Folly at the Masquerade? . . . Well, what have you to say?

Sir George. I say that all the Evils, all the Curses that Despair can

Invent or Misery Endure . . . are not to be Compared to thee, thou false one.

Soph. Hey day, what in one of your Mad Freaks again so soon?

Sir G. No, no, I am no longer jealous now; My Heart is free . . . Have I not seen that Coxcomb, that Ideot, that contemptible Wretch *Smart* in your Arms? did I not, even now, behold your strict Embraces? I saw you lead him thro' the Gallery to your Bedchamber . . . Yes, I saw with what Pain you were separated from your Soul's desire: Oh Heaven, Just Heaven support me, since I must bear the weight of Infamy and Shame. What, has the Maiden Blood that used to Paint thee to my doting eyes the Mirror of Sweet Chastity and Beauty: . . . alass the white . . . what has it left thee quite . . . abandon'd thee to thy own Shameless Errors? Mark . . . Mark thou faithless Woman, those frequent Starts of jealous Rage that seized me were but the careful Warnings of that Genius which presides o're Honest Hearts . . . yes, they were dictated by Heaven . . . and yet presume not that I'll tamely bear this Outrage, this Dishonour . . .

Soph. I wait till you have done Sir . . . and now I wou'd ask only whether I have leave to speak in my Turn . . .

Sir G. What fine Words? What new Artifice? What Cunning have you left to excuse you now?

Soph. Sir, if you have anything further to say I will attend . . . I am determined to hear you with Patience . . . and all I wou'd beg is, that you will give me a peaceable Hearing for two or three moments in my Turn only . . .

Sir G. Well Madam, 't is agreed, I'll Hear you . . . Good' Heaven from whence proceeds this Patience? . . . this Coward, Coward Patience . . .

Soph. You shall see I will temper my Resentment, Sir George, and answer to this ungoverned Rage of yours as calmly.

Sir G. Because you See, and Know, and Feel that . . .

Soph. Remember your Promise one Moment . . . 't is my Turn . . . I admire the Oddness of my Fortune, there is nothing certainly so Monstrous, so without Example, and so little to be supported by Reason, as your treatment of me; you profess you Love me (and I have Reasons to believe your professions are sincere) and yet you most diligently Employ every Moment of your Life to persecute me . . . yes, amidst the warmest Protestations of the Ardour of your Passion, you have not Esteem enough for me to defend my Actions against the smallest false Appearances; 't is plain, and now I see—Sir—you are not to break in upon me—now I see 't is impossible to Hope for Happiness with a Man who can entertain Opinions of me so Mean and so Ungenerous, as you every Moment conceive; a Lover of the least Honour would Distrust his Passions, his Reason, his Eyes, everything sooner than his Mistress . . . but Sir, I Overlook all, I forgive your Rage, your ill Treatment, everything that shou'd make you hateful to me; this Appearance I own

might shake you with Reason; I don't blame you for being moved at what you thought you saw, but . . .

Sir G. What I thought I saw . . .

Soph. Sir, Sir, One Moment's more Attention, and you shall know my final Resolution . . . If notwithstanding this Object which has surprised you, you will, as sure as you ought, demand of me no other Proof than my Word, to Condemn this Error of your Eyes; if you will pay that Deference to my Virtue, to give up every Idle Thought in Honour of it, if you will Discharge your Suspitions, and avow an Implicit Absosolute Obedience in this particular to what I shall affirm only: These marks of your Submission and Esteem Sir *George*, shall this Moment Efface your Crime; I will withdraw my Resentment, and promise you, as the Reward of your being Satisfied in my Honour, I promise you my Vows, my Heart, my Hand for ever.

Sir G. What: If I will give up my Reason, and my Eyes, and . . .

Soph. Still, still your Rage disturbs us both; . . . I say only if you will submit to give up your Suspitions now, which I agree with you are well founded, without expecting one Reason from me, or the least Explanation, I am Yours: But if you Refuse, mark me well, yes I say if you Refuse me this Request, and Oblige me now to convince you of my Innocence; if you force me to produce the glaring evidence of this wrong you have done my Vertue, I am ready to do it, Sir, . . . I am prepared to satisfie you . . . but be assured that instant I'll Renounce you, nothing in Earth or Heaven so far shall be divided; I will choose Destruction, Infamy, every thing before you, here is your Choice Sir . . . take your Alternative, be satisfied now which way you like best.

Sir G. Good Heaven! Was ever anything Invented with more Art, more Woman's Cunning? . . . How carefully she covers her Perfidy. Oh you know, you know too well the weakness of my Heart . . . No, no, you shall not Conquer, your forc'd Tenderness has worked up an Artifice to Amuse and Divert the Justice of my Resentment, you wou'd most dexterously turn aside that Blow you know not how to avoid directly, and by a well Dissembled Innocence, refuse to clear your self of this Crime, but upon such Conditions as you believe my Heart will never yield to. You are deceived, Madam, my Heart is Free, yes, I resolve to see your last Excuses, justify your self, now, this Moment do it, too well you know it is not in your Power.

Soph. Consider Sir, I beg you to consider you will shut your self out for ever, not only from my Affection, but my Esteem.

Sir G. Be it so; Be it so; what can be more miserable than the State I now am in?

Soph. You'l Repent this, when you force me to produce my Evidence.

Sir G. No, No, in vain you wou'd with Idle Threats defeat my just Resentment, produce the Wretch, that thro' my Astonishment at your Folly only, escaped my Vengeance before; produce, produce him this

Moment, and I'll punish thee in him, I'll greatly punish thee, yes, I'll forgive for my Revenge the loss of all that once was All to me . . .

Soph. This is too much to bear; you have provoked me, and I will produce him . . . since you will perish, I consent you shall . . . attend . . . you shall be satisfied. [*Exit Sophronia.*

Sir G. My heart leaps and trembles, I stand methinks upon a Precipice; my Limbs shake under me with Rage and Horror.

[*Sophronia returns with Fidget.*

Soph. I hope you will excuse me Mrs Fidget, for betraying a Secret I was so lately Intrusted with. There Sir, there, there's your Rival.

[*Exeunt.*

Sir G. [*Alone*] Just Heaven, what do I see? What has my rash, unjust and violent Passion for ever lost me? Every thing: Every thing: What is before me now? Despair and Night; a long, long Night: Yet wou'd not so glaring an Appearance have startled a more resolved and trusting Lover? but your senses have deceived you often, and therefore they deserved no Credit Sir—how often have they Abused you . . .

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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